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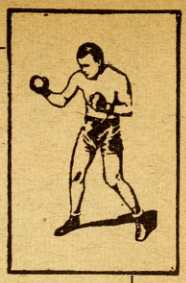

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In Our Next Issue

The Louis-Mann championship fight will be brought home to those who were unable to see it, with several pages of photographs taken by our cameraman at the ringside and an analytical story of the battle by the Ring Editor. You'll get a bird's eye view of this titular affair even though you are thousands of miles from the scene of action.

Who were the "whoop-dee-doo" fighters, the fellows who smacked them dead in their tracks and the others who were freaks, clowns and daredevils of the ring? You'll get the answer in a most interesting article by that great boxing scribe of New York, Hype Igoe. It's a story you'll enjoy.

Have you ever given thought to the type of punches that made heroes out of the great fighters of the past? The series now running in The Ring, "Blows that Count," the second installment of which appears in the next number, will tell you what they were.

The Middleweights are now in the spotlight. With this in mind, The Ring is publishing a special series on "Great Middleweight Fighters of the past." Prof. Mike Donovan is the subject of our next article. Follow it.

In addition, special articles by A. D. Phillips, Bob Edgren, Daniel M. Daniel, George T. Pardy, Eddie Borden and Meyer Ackerman.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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MIDNIGHT STRIKES *for*

Here are three powerful reasons for the retirement of Braddock—Missus and his two sons.

THERE is one thing about that heavyweight picture. It keeps changing. And they say change means life. And life means interest, clicking turnstiles, busy box offices, and plenty of discussion.

The world situation is shaping up for a Joe Louis-Max Schmeling battle for the heavyweight title in early Summer, likely in June. There are many who still insist that this fight never will take place but there is every indication that it will be staged—and with great profit to one Miguel Jacobs, of New York.

However, the things that Schmeling did in his battle with Ben Foord, of South Africa, in Germany did not make Jacobs any too happy.

In fact, quite a few things have disturbed Miguel's equanimity. First he got a little shock when one of his big cards, Tommy Farr, lost his decision to Jim Braddock.

It was a bitter pill for Mike, but he said to himself, "It's an ill wind that blows no good. I can use Braddock and Farr again, and they ought to pack the Garden."

Just when negotiations for the return bout were at their height, Braddock astonished the boxing world by announcing his retirement from competition.

After fifteen years of fighting, after fifteen years of ups and downs, Jim and Joe Gould decided that it was time for Braddock to hang up his gloves. Now we learn that Jim and Joe are to be partners in the restaurant venture in New York, and also are to manage fighters.

* * *

BEFORE discussing the Braddock retirement, let me say something about Schmeling. There is a widespread feeling that when—and if—Max meets Joe again, he will give him the knockout wallop once more.

However, everything seems to point to a Louis victory. Schmeling is not improving. He has been too long on the shelf. He is not meeting worthy competition because it is obvious that he cannot afford to. To top it all off, he is getting old. Tab this—Louis over Schmeling, by a knockout—when and if.

Foord is by no means a first rate fighter. In the RING's ranking of fighters for the year 1937, I find Foord in the sixth group. That means, there were some thirty-five heavyweights, anyway, who were regarded as Foord's superior. Yet Foord was able to last a dozen rounds with Max.

True enough, the South African was not able to place Schmeling in jeopardy. But Max lacked zest. He did not have any power in his punch, his campaign lacked fire.

Schmeling explained that he had done exactly what he had planned to do—use the fight to work himself into shape.

However, those who saw the first five rounds of Max's eight heater with Thomas in New York, and then read about the Foord fight—or heard this encounter's progress over the radio—began to wonder just where the German Uhlan really stood in the heavyweight picture.

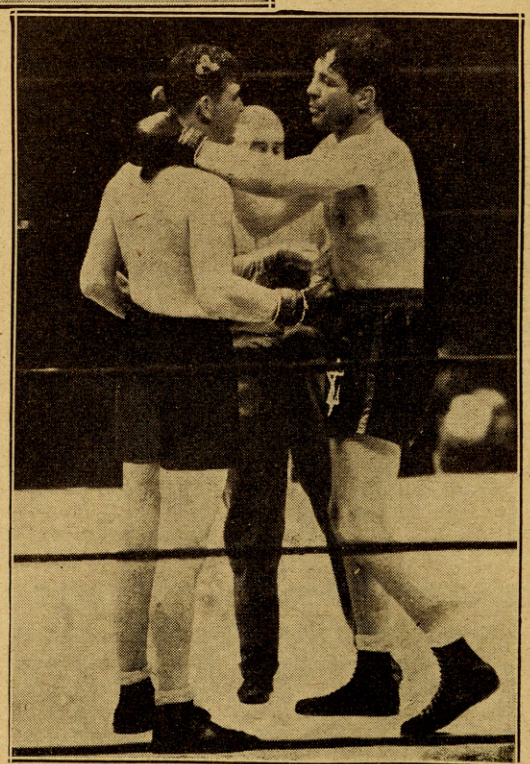
* * *

NOW let us get back to Jimmy Braddock. In quitting the ring at this time, he has done a very wise thing. Jim is an old man as ringsters go. He would have risked serious injury had he gone on.

Braddock had accumulated enough money for the modest style in which he lives. He never has gone haywire financially, never has gone Park Avenue. He knows just what a dollar means because only too often he did not have that dollar.

The story of the Cinderalla Man of the ring, for whom midnight at last has struck, is too familiar to bear repetition here. We all know how he was headed for the fistic bone yard when he stopped Corn Griffin and started the comeback.

We all know how he worked on the docks when there was work to be had. How he had to go on relief, how he became a janitor in a Jersey City apartment.

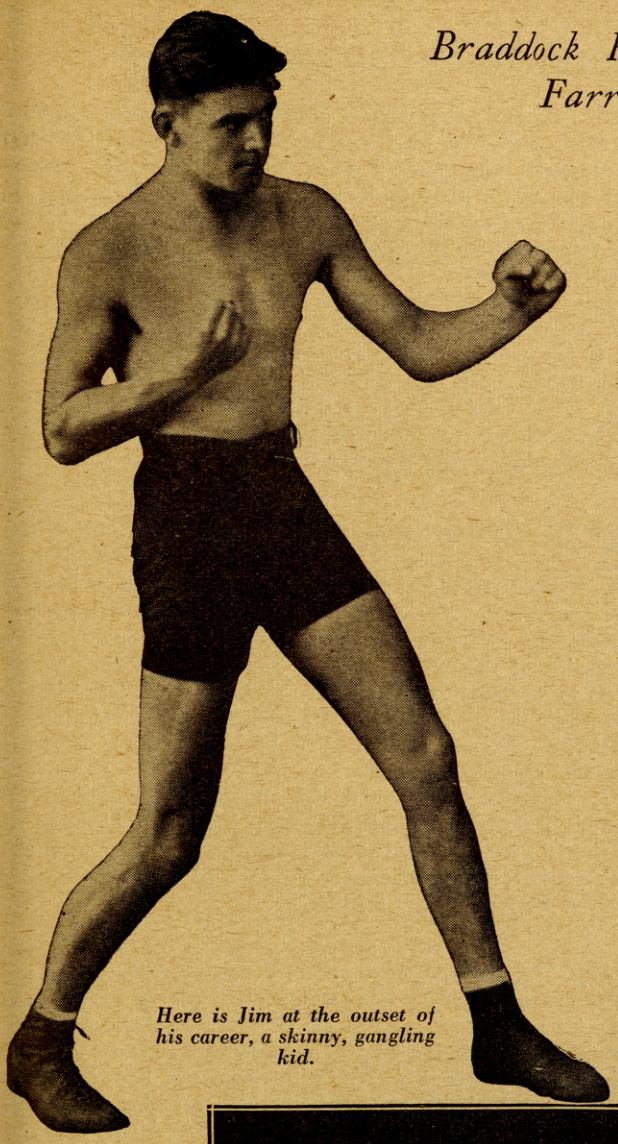


The crest of the Braddock career—congratulation by Baer, at the close of the fight in which Jim took the heavyweight title from Max.

RING'S "Cinderella Man"

Braddock Retires in Full Flush of Victory Over Farr and Gains Plaudits of the Fans

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Here is Jim at the outset of his career, a skinny, gangling kid.

It is a thrill to see a man like that quit just after so glorious a victory as the one Jim achieved against Tommy Farr.

Braddock could have gone on fighting. He could have had at least two big houses in the Garden. He had projected himself right back into the foreground in the heavyweight discussion. With Schmeling doing so mediocre a job against Foord, the Braddock triumph became a very important circumstance.

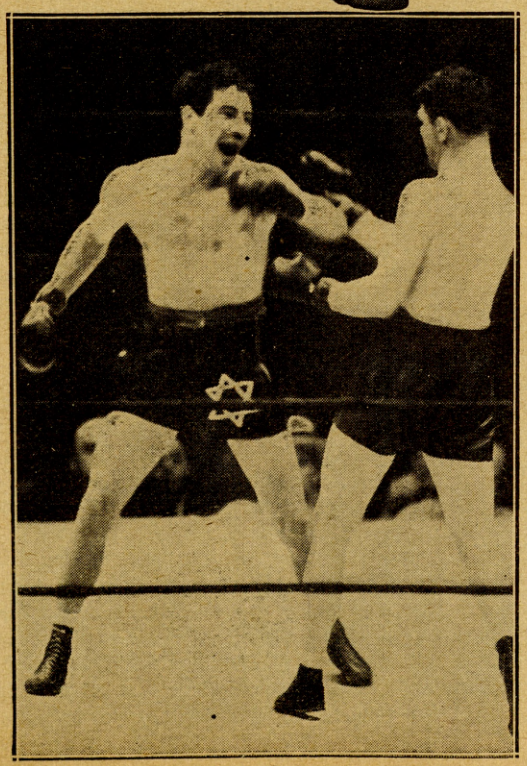
But Braddock stepped out and announced his retirement, and now we must go on without Jim to be reckoned with to any degree. He has joined an illustrious crew—Dempsey, Tunney among them—the cohorts of the once glorious and now inactive.

It is hoped that Braddock's retirement is definite. In view of the poor lot of heavyweights campaigning in the ranks today, it is possible that Jersey Jim might yet feel the urge to take one more fling at the game with a view towards regaining the world championship, which rests so unsecurely on the head of Joe Louis.

With the probable return fight between Louis and Schmeling for the title some time this summer, Braddock may feel that, on the strength of his victory over Tommy Farr less than two months ago, he would be in a position to challenge the victor for titular honors.

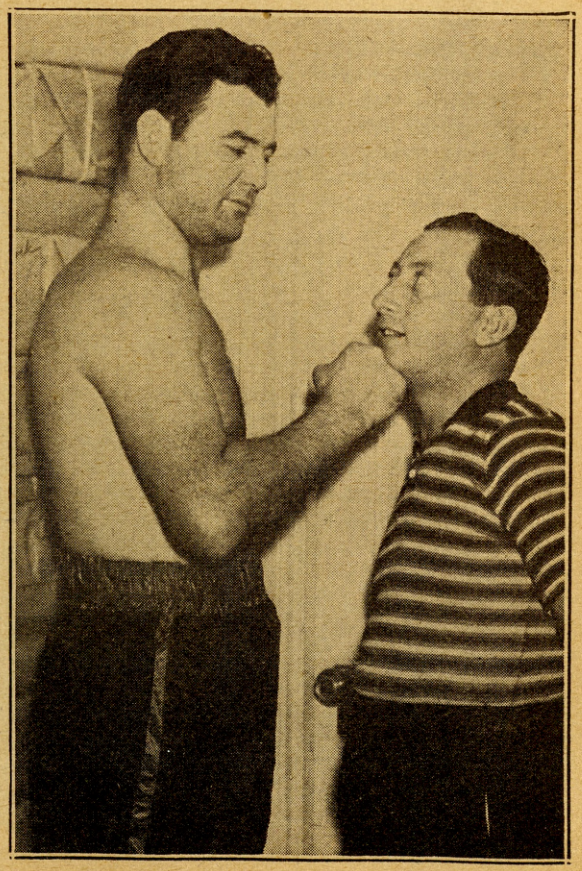
But one fight can cause a lot of damage to a campaigner who has given his best at all times in ring warfare, and it is the sincere hope of the writer that Jim Braddock gives his entire attention to the new business into which he is stepping. Braddock numbers many people among his friends, and if the former ruler of the heavyweight brigade will pay as strict attention to his new business venture as he did in the boxing game, there is little cause for alarm over Braddock's entry into a new field.

Jim Braddock will be a success.



A fistic feature in Braddock's life—his staunch and clever stand against the wild assault of a chagrined Baer.

Jim "lands" a right to the jaw of Joe Gould, his manager, pal, advisor and now partner in business. It is the right of friendship.



Middleweight Pot Boiling

By MEYER ACKERMAN

FOR many years, sports critics throughout the world have been bemoaning the fact that the old-time type of middleweight who ruled the roost in the late nineties, has not been seen in the modern field of pugilism. The Stanley Ketchells, Kid McCoys, Tommy Ryan, Philadelphia Jack O'Briens, and others of their caliber have long since passed from the picture, and the cry has often been heard, "Oh, for the days of the old middleweight stars."

While we must admit that a Ketchell, McCoy, O'Brien, or a Ryan is a rarity in boxing, a fighter not to be found every day in the year, we cannot get away from the fact that in 1937 there came to the fore a little army of middleweights who surpass in ability any that had been seen in action during the past decade, with the possible exception of a mere handful, among them Mickey Walker, Tiger Flowers and Harry Greb.

Today the field presents a batch of young fighters who compare favorably with many of the stars of yesteryear, and it will not be surprising if in 1938, we find one or more rolling up such a sensational record that their names will go down in ring history alongside those of the masters of the past.

Freddie Steele, Fred Apostoli, Al Hostak, Glen Lee, Ken Overlin, Ben Brown Jock McAvoy Marcel Thil—these among at least a half dozen others have set the middleweight world afire again and inspired new activity the kind that has placed the 160-pound division head over shoulders above any other class in the fistic pastime of the day. Alongside the above, place the names of Teddy Yarosz, Billy Conn, Lou Brouillard, Solly Krieger, Walter Woods, Carmelo Candel, Kid Tunero and Ossie Stewart, and you have a batch of boys from among whom the promoters can select enough good talent for at least a dozen thrilling contests. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the most active division in the ring today is the middleweight class?

* * *

FREDDIE STEELE, United States middleweight champion; Marcel Thil, French titleholder; Jock McAvoy, recognized 160-pound king of the British Empire; Fred Apostoli, sensational knockout conqueror of Steele and Thil; Ken Overlin, lurking in the background with a victory scored over the Belting Bellhop from the Coast this past year—here we have a bubbling pot of boiling middleweights, great fighters in this or any other day, hopefully holding their hands high towards the pedastal upon which lies the purple robe of fistdom, flaunting emblem of world supremacy.

A truly marvelous array of fistic talent, a circle that defies the crashing through of other top-notch performers!

Swinging down the road in a gale of thundering fists comes Al Hostak, Seattle's sensational newcomer to the class, whose dynamite-laden fists have blazed a trail of knockouts it will be difficult to surpass, what with young Al having kayoed every opponent he faced last year. Then we have Glen Lee, the Coast wildcat by way of Nebraska, whose relentless attack, blazing pace and fighting heart have catapulted him into the front ranks of the pretenders to the throne. It will be difficult for the critics to overlook the Nebraskan's winning effort against Walter Woods in his first fight as a middleweight, and his sensational nine-round knockout victory over Harry Balsamo following the Woods shindig. In that bout his pounding fists battered the features of the Brakeman into a gory mess and forced Harry to ask the referee to halt the proceedings.

* * *

"OH, for the days of the old middleweight stars!" is a phrase that has oft been heard by the old-timers who revel in the masters of the past. But what, may I ask, is wrong with the present batch of middleweights?

How many of those who sat in the Garden the night that Fred Apostoli turned in what was probably the greatest individual performance seen in many years, will forget the savage intensity with which the curly-thatched San Franciscan battered the United States middleweight champion around the ring, forcing the referee to stop the fight in the ninth round with Steele completely outclassed?

How many will forget the figure of the champion staggering around the ring under the withering fire, hopelessly out of it, but refusing to go down as the savage fire continued to pour into his body and face!

It is the contention of the writer that the Apostoli of that night, turning in a super-human effort, would have been a match for any middleweight that ever lived!

* * *

KEN OVERLIN is fighting in grand style since the night he was stopped in his championship fight with Steele, and is ready and anxious to fight any 160-pounder in the country. The Norfolk pugilist has the style of slapping and cuffing, and combined with ring generalship, is a match for the champion of this or any other country. That Overlin has the class to warrant top consideration in the country today is evidenced by the sensational decision he scored over Fred Apostoli in the Hippodrome in New York last year, in which he displayed potential championship caliber.

An illness which dropped him on the flat of his back following his battle with Steele is what Ken attributes to his downfall against the hard hitting champion, but that is all over now, and you can expect to see the same Overlin who toured the country beating down all comers in the class.

* * *

DOWN in the Cotton section the raves are on the wires concerning young Ben Brown, a lad who is compiling an enviable record over some of the most formidable opposition in the country. Brown is a tall, rangy fellow with a great knowledge of the science of boxing. He is still a youngster, however, and it is possible that before many months have passed, he will have outgrown the division. He still is capable of making the weight though, and as a middleweight, must be given serious consideration.

In showing his boxing brilliance, he has scored over fighters of the caliber of Billy Hood, Amos Tiger, Ray Lyle, Joe Dundee, and Carmen Barth among others. In his last few starts, though, he has been taught to set himself to learn how to punch with knockout effectiveness and the result has been that he has stopped the tough Paul Pirrone, Tony Fisher, Buck Everett and Bill Williams. The Atlantan has all the necessary qualifications that go toward making a great fighter, and in time may bring a title to the country that is knee deep in cotton.

* * *

IN the dynamic Lee, we have a top-flight middleweight with a knockout over Baby Saban and victories over Ceferino Garcia and Izzy Janazzo, outgrowing the 147-pound class and blasting his way to the top of the middleweight ladder with his brilliant victory over Walter Woods and kayo of Harry Balsamo.

Jock McAvoy, the champion of the British Empire, proved in the past year that he still hasn't lost his knack of punching an opponent into complete submission. Larruping along the knockout trail, and there is no faster road to recognition, jolting Jock has finished Eddie Phillips, Jack Hyams, Alban Mulrooney and Vasile Serbanesco. It is not at all unlikely that McAvoy will be brought to this country to engage in a championship contest.

(Continued on page 43)

LEE *Becomes No. 2 Man*

Nebraskan's Thrilling Twelve Rounder Against Apostoli Puts More Life Into Middleweight Situation

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

FIRST Fred Apostoli whipped Freddy Steele, and a sufficient number of ring followers gasped to make it a real sensation.

Then Glen Lee, route-going, hard-socking middleweight from Edison, Neb., made Apostoli step fast and furious to gain a hairline decision in their twelve-round encounter in that same Madison Square Garden ring in New York.

And now, the picture is far different than that of only a few months ago, when some of the wisest experts felt that Steele was all alone, safe in a supremacy which apparently was not to be challenged seriously in 1938.

Steele has slipped from the No. 1 man in the middleweight ranks, to the No. 3 man.

By fighting Apostoli to a standstill, Lee moved into the No. 2 spot, and so the middleweight ranking right now is: 1, Apostoli; 2, Lee; 3, Steele. Beyond these three, a lotta birds named Gus.

If there is any promise of more sensations in the class, they will come from the direction of Al Hostak of Seattle and Ben Brown of Atlanta.

Over on the other side they would toss Jock McAvoy into this cauldron, but it seems to me that Jock is a light 'eavy and should be rated in that section rather than with the middles.

Lee came into New York with aspersions on his class and his record. The regulars around the Garden were inclined to sneer a trifle, and ask, "Who is this Lee guy? All he did was to build himself up at the expense of Ceferino Garcia and Izzy Jannazzo."

Lee's first two starts in New York resulted in victories over Walter Woods and Harry Balsamo.

There was nothing to rave about in Glen's victory over Woods, a fair boxer who gave Lee trouble in the first half dozen heats.

In the ninth-round knockout over Balsamo, Lee looked better. Yet, there were sceptics, who could not give Balsamo any rating and his conqueror any great credit for the achievement.

However, Lee proved, against Apostoli, that his record was founded on clean, impressive achievement and that the name of Lee from now on would have to be reckoned with in the more illustrious niches of boxing form.

And now, we have Apostoli and Lee matched for fifteen rounds in New York on April 1.

In their recent battle, Fred was a strong favorite at 1 to 3. But now the quotation will be very close to even money.

So close was the Apostoli-Lee fight that Referee Donovan gave the decision to Lee. The judges, McPartland and Monroe, gave the nod to Apostoli.

McPartland scored the fight this way; Apostoli, 9 rounds; Lee, 3.

Monroe scored this way; Apostoli, 9 rounds; Lee, 2; even, 1.

But Donovan backed up his verdict for Lee with the announcement that he had scored: Lee, 6 rounds; Apostoli, 5; even, 1.

Donovan was not exactly right, according to the way I saw the fight. Yet, he was closer to the true score than was either of the judges.

The way I saw it, Apostoli got six rounds, Lee five, and one was even. A shade, but yet, in my opinion, enough of an advantage to give the decision quite definitely to Apostoli.

Had the fight gone only ten rounds, Lee conceivably would have got the verdict. Yet, that would not be a statement fair to Apostoli, because a fighter gaits himself for a set distance, once he discovers that the man in the ring with him is not to be bowled over by a quick rush for the verdict.

* * *

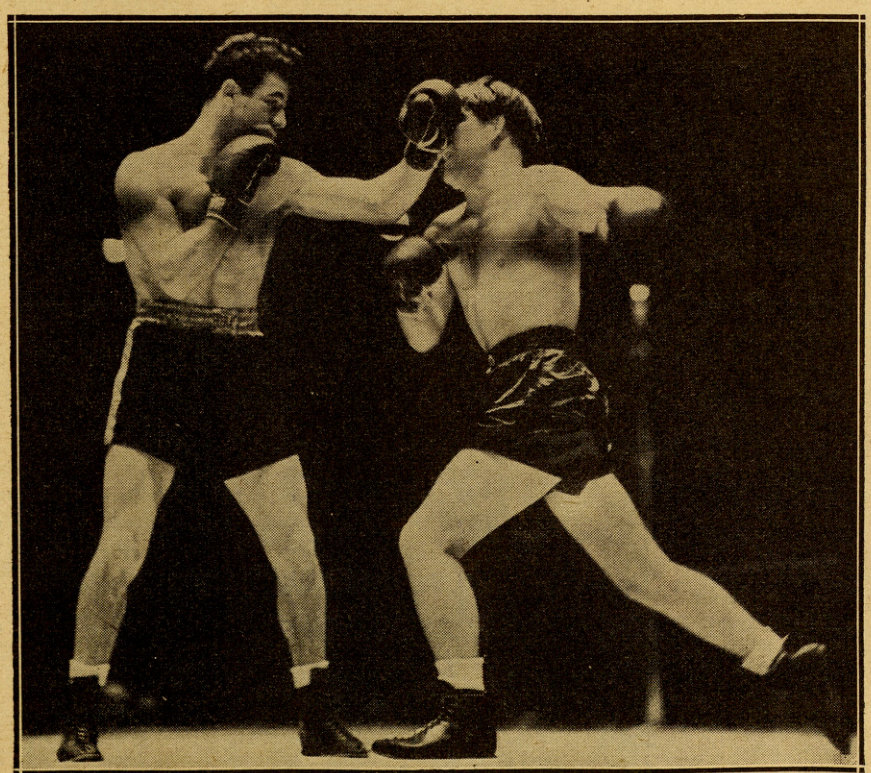
THERE was no knockdown in this fight. In the first round, Apostoli hit Lee so hard on the mouth, it looked like early curtains for the Nebraskan. In the fifth, left jabs and hooks and right uppercuts had Lee staggering all over the ring, and once more it looked as if Glen would get his quietus.

In the eighth round Apostoli's great punch—a right hand uppercut—had Lee in more trouble.

Lee's righthander to the chin in the tenth made Apostoli wobble and sent the big crowd ga-ga. After the bouncing around Lee had taken, this sudden shift in the tide was a new breath of life for the Lee backers and they made the most of it vocally.

This Lee man is one of your old-style fighters who can take it as well as dish it out, and who can travel a distance.

It is refreshing indeed to see such grand fighters as Apostoli and Lee throw new impetus and red corpuscles into the middleweight situation. The return fight between Apostoli and Lee will be awaited with the keenest expectation. It should be of fifteen rounds duration.



Fred's left jab just found its mark, but that does not stop the socking Nebraskan. Apostoli is on the left.

THOSE THUMPING

ALWAYS there comes to boxing a period in which the faithful throw up their hands and wail:—

"There isn't a fighter on the horizon. Oh, that we had some of the old-timers with us again! Guess we'll have to go home and commune with our old record books and the old English prints!"

They cried the same lament in the days of Daniel Mendoza, Richard Humphries, Tom Cribb, Handsome Jem Belcher, James Figg, Jack Broughton, right down to Joe Louis' present reign.

They were crying it when John L. Sullivan began to fight Demon Rum as the only opponent left, worthy of his steel. Then what happened? Dashing James J. Corbett dropped out of the California skies and created a brand new era in Fistiana. Corbett became king and they were wondering about ever finding a man his equal in science, speed and utter brilliance.

That man came along! He didn't have all the attributes of the matchless Californian, but one good sock in the solar plexus made everything even and another era was created. Science and speed were forgotten when they began to marvel at the breadth of Bob Fitzsimmons' shoulders, the depth of his chest and the bulging of his biceps. He was a "freak," they said, yet no man alive could stand up under his punches.

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES, shaggy of chest and dome, came meandering — took the best wracks Bob had in his working kit, scored a knockout and had to retire finally when there were no more worlds to conquer. Foolishly, he listened to bad advice and came back after being out of the ring for six years, in an effort to head off Jack Johnson, who had won the "title" from little Tommy Burns in Australia.

When Johnson defeated Jeffries with ridiculous ease, the same old crowd of Job's comforters renewed the wail of "The great ones are gone—boxing is a dead duck. It is the end of it!"

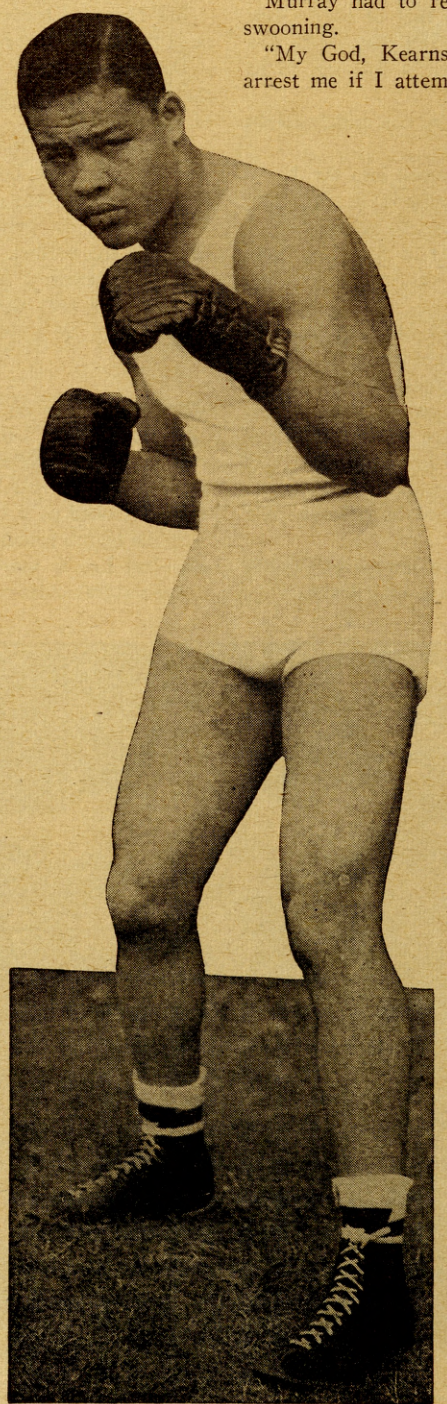
Ah, but thanks to an ever-growing army of young prospects, boxing does not die! Boxing goes on and on and on with the march of time!

When Jess Willard finally downed fat Jack Johnson they considered Jess hardly more than a lucky "White Hope."

"Caught Jack Johnson on the way out," they opined which, after a fashion, was a pretty drab appreciation of the Pottawatomie mule skinner's ability.

Nobody even dreamed that Jack Dempsey was coming up out of the distance! He was a half grown young giant out of Salt Lake, Utah, and was going through the early stages of beak busting without benefit of trombones, tomtoms or house-top orations.

The late Jack Curley, heeding the call of Charley Murray of Buffalo, N. Y., brought Carl Morris up to that town to meet the youngster called Jack Dempsey. Old-timers thought that it was a sin to use the Nonpareil's name! Murray, the promoter, nor Curley had ever seen Dempsey. They had no idea about what he weighed, how tall he was, whether he was clever or merely a puncher.



Joe Louis, who revived boxing interest, and brought prosperity back to the sport.

The day that Jack Kearns brought Dempsey into Buffalo, he sent for Murray, who, because of Morris' reputation, had a huge advance sale. Murray walked into the Kearns room at the hotel and while Murray talked of the coming bout, he scarcely noticed a youngster stretched out on the bed. It was a beastly hot day and this youth was clothed as is.

When Murray asked for Dempsey, Kearns said:

"There he is on the bed. Jack, get up and shake hands with Charley Murray, the man who is putting us in with Carl Morris."

Murray had to reach for the foot of the bed to keep from swooning.

"My God, Kearns, are you trying to kid me? Why they'll arrest me if I attempt to put this kid in with big Carl Morris. Here is your car-fare back to Chicago where you came from. Get out before I'm hanged in effigy."

* * *

THEN Dempsey, now on his feet, spoke up:

"Listen, Mister Murray. I can fight. Honest I can. Please don't send me away without getting a crack at Morris. I'll promise to hang him over the ropes for you. Don't pay us a penny if I don't."

Murray was between the devil and the deep sea. Always a gambler with his attractions, he finally gave in but made Kearns promise to keep Dempsey out of sight until the time came for the bout.

That night was perhaps the most important of Dempsey's whole life. He did win. He did hang Morris over the ropes and when he did, Dempsey looked down into the press row where the white-faced Murray was sitting and called:

"I told you I'd hang him over the ropes for you, Mister Murray. Here he is."

* * *

JACK CURLEY came back to New York and one of the first persons he met was the writer.

"I've just seen the next heavyweight champion of the world," began Curley. "Jack Dempsey of Utah is the best natural fighter I've ever seen," said Curley.

Personally, I thought that Curley merely was trying to save the face of Morris in boosting the man who had whipped him. Curley was sincere, as I found out later. He predicted that Dempsey would be a sure winner over Jess Willard.

Murray was so enthused that he made a special trip to New York City to sing the praises of the new wonder.

"He will stop Willard in THREE rounds," declared Murray. "There never has been anybody like him in my time, I guess anybody's time," said the Buffalo promoter.

TONICS

Sockers Like Dempsey, Louis, Jeffries, and Schmeling Have Lifted Boxing Out of Periodic Doldrums

By HYPE IGOE

THIS writer caught up with the new wonder at Toledo. He was captivating in his fury and his punching. I boldly picked him to win the title in FOUR rounds and I still say I hit it right on the nose. Because of the assinine rule which says a man loses in the round he just has FINISHED if he retires between that and the round to come, they made Dempsey win in the THIRD round, the one in which the capable Mr. Murray had said he'd do it! That silly rule caused this writer to miss hitting the triumph of the new champion by one round because I picked him to win in the THIRD, a round he had completed and which was ring history the moment the bell rang.

Some day and I suppose it is going to take campaigning to the end of my days, they are going to change the CUSTOM, not any RULE and write into the records that a man has lost only in the round to come.

It is presumed, or was, by the old-timers, that the good Marquis of Queensberry meant that the one minute's rest between rounds belonged to a round just completed. I take it that when the Marquis wrote: "THE ROUNDS TO BE OF THREE MINUTES' DURATION, AND ONE MINUTE'S TIME BETWEEN ROUNDS," he meant that the rest period was a thing apart from any two given rounds. It is just so reasonable to suppose that the minute's rest, a preparation for the round to come, belongs to that coming round as it is to assume that it was a part of a round just finished. Once a round ENDS it is ring history and I protest and always will, that you can't go jimmying back into a completed round in order to make a man LOSE in a round he might well have won!

If it is discovered, between rounds that a man winning a previous round has broken his hand and retires, it does seem stupid to say that he lost in a round in which he was master. The whole business would be simplified if all boxing commissions and governing bodies simply ruled that, no matter what transpires in a corner between rounds, the bell must be rung denoting the start of the next round. Then, that endless and always present argument along the press rows concerning "IN WHICH ROUND DID HE LOSE?" would come to a happy landing.

* * *

OFTEN I'm called on to decide bets and I hate to rule away a loser's money when I KNOW, as in the case of Dempsey and Willard, that Jack really won in the fourth and not the third as it is written into the record books. Willard walked to his corner, unassisted at the end of the third round at Toledo and then "retired" before the bell had rung in the fourth. How simple it would have been to have waited another thirty seconds, rung the bell and declared Dempsey the winner when Willard, as was his determination, refused to come out for the fourth.

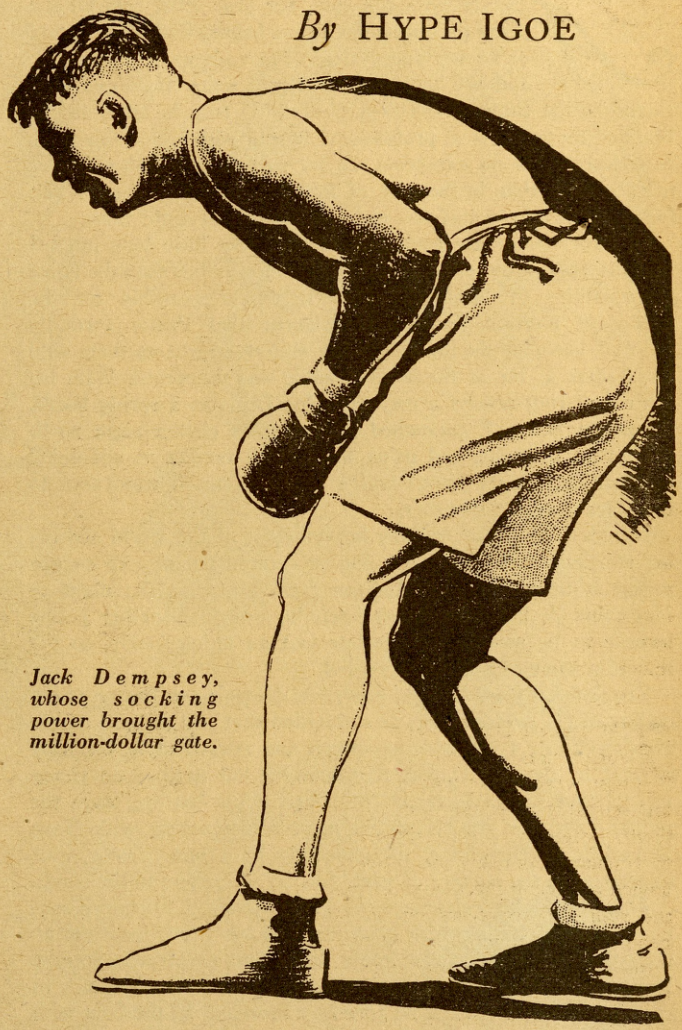
This is mentioned because of its tendency to create arguments and I am sure that nearly every reader of these pages will agree that I am correct. I know that Nat Fleischer disagrees with me, but some day I hope to convert him.

Dempsey went along for seven long years, meeting everybody who stuck out his neck. All save Harry Wills. Dempsey has been charged with avoiding Wills. Actually he signed to meet the "Brown Panther" but officials at Washington requested Tex Rickard not to put on the match. They were afraid that the race riots which followed Johnson's victory over Jeffries might be re-enacted should Wills win.

The articles of agreement for that bout now rest in the bronze box in the cornerstone of new Madison Square Garden, placed there by Rickard as being "useless" the day the cornerstone was laid!

Dempsey and Jack Kearns, the same man who had flashed Dempsey on a pop-eyed public at Buffalo, came to a parting of the ways and to that separation, do I lay the blame for Dempsey's defeat as a champion.

Because Dempsey refused to share his ring earnings with Kearns further and because Dempsey would not sign to make a match while still legally bound to Kearns, three years of idleness overtook the hero of Toledo.



Jack Dempsey, whose socking power brought the million-dollar gate.

Three years, half the time Jeffries had loafed between rounds, yet enough to do the damage. Even a steel muscled fellow like Dempsey would disintegrate. While he was going through the process of disintegration another one of those always-bobbing up young fellows came along in Gene Tunney. He challenged and folks laughed.

* * *

TUNNEY had the last laugh because he accomplished what he had concentrated on doing, outpointed Dempsey in a ten-round bout in Philadelphia just as Jim Corbett, years before had mumbled his belief, for three years, that he kould knock out John L. Sullivan.

Tunney took Tom Heeney on as an easy finale and retired. In rather quick succession came Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer and Braddock.

All this time, a young Negro was setting Detroit afire with his hitting and his fighting. When Tunney retired, Joe Louis, a personality undreamed of so far as a future champion was concerned, yet he came along to knock out Braddock for the title.

All this goes to show that no matter how formidable a champion may be, there ever will be a younger man come along to upset ring history, belief in *(Continued on page 43)*

The ROAD BACK

By TED CARROLL

AS is always the case, the year 1938, like all the years preceding since time began, finds the obscure of former years raised to new places of high estate, and the one time greats in many instances consigned to the limbo of mediocrity. This is true in all walks of life, and the business of professional boxing with which this piece is concerned, is no exception. In no particular instance is this more evident than in the case of Bob Pastor, a young man who four months ago, occupied a niche in the hall of fistic fame.

Of course there are some unkind ones who have long insisted that the vocal prowess of James J. Johnston rather than the fighting qualities of "Rah-rah" Robert, was responsible for the prominent position in the boxing scene that Pastor formerly enjoyed, but none the less the young man was right up there with the leaders as far as the boxing public was concerned. With his ten round ring around a rosy with Joe Louis as a spring board, the astute James J. catapulted his collegiate clouter right up to the top of the heap, and using the Nestell verdict as additional ammunition, Jaunty James was a source of much annoyance to rival heavyweight sponsors.

It was as the fifth ranking heavyweight of the world according to many critics, that Bob Pastor entered the ring to engage young Nathan Mann in Madison Square Garden the night of November 26 last, 50 minutes later, he was just another young hopeful as he made a disconsolate exit an unimpressive, to put it mildly, loser of a decisive verdict.

The decision itself had not proved as damaging to Pastor as the caliber of his performance, an exhibition that had no hint of the swashbuckling, free swinging, rough and rugged style formerly affected by the N.Y.U. lad. Apparently it has dawned on young Robert that his early tactics of rough house battling were the proper ones, for reports of his most recent outing with Hans Haverlick in Buffalo, speak glowingly of a new Pastor, ever aggressive in the manner of yore, tossing all caution to the winds.

This should be welcome news to the pleasant mannered collegian's many friends who have deplored his transition from an honest-to-goodness brawler into a safety first performer. So now Pastor is beating his way back, trudging that hard road back to the high place in fistiana he formerly occupied. In the bout with Buck Tracey at the Royal Windsor Club, he again displayed aggressiveness and put his man away in two rounds after scoring four knockdowns, but in order to get back in the good graces of the fight public, he'll have to meet a better opponent than Tracey was. Bob is capable and should be given better competition. His chances of getting up there once more are excellent, for he is still a youngster. His record shows only three losses in his pro career, and he has shown much ability in some of his contests in the past.

* * *

THERE never was a fighter quite like Kid Chocolate, the slick haired, ebony, statuesque little Cuban who electrified New York fight crowds for several years. In his prime, the satiny Keed was a sable symphony in action as he skipped about the ring, his every move a classic of swift, savage rhythm.

Cherubic in countenance, catlike in movement, Chocolate added to his great natural gifts a vivid, charming personality that made him one of the greatest idols and attractions in the history of pugilism. Consequently, it is no wonder that the magnetic Kid's career was curtailed by the bright lights and hot spots of Paris, Madrid, Havana and New York's Harlem.

The Kid fought 165 times before he was defeated, but once he hit the skids, his decline was rapid. The betting was 10 to 1 with no takers, that the Kid had fought his last fight in America when he was badly beaten by little Petey Hayes, in Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, 1934. Broken in health and spirit, he returned to his native Cuba, and nothing was heard of him for a year when a report drifted up to this country of Kid Chocolate's defeat by one Chauvez in South America.

This convinced the world of pugilism that this dazzling figure's days were definitely done and there was much sorrow over the Kid's blighted career among his legion of admirers in the United States. That is, everyone was convinced but Chocolate.

* * *

DIFFERENCES that had arisen between his original manager and discoverer, Luis Guiterrez, who guided him to the featherweight and junior lightweight championships of the world and a fortune, were adjusted and the year 1936 found Kid Chocolate back in the ring. His first foes were naturally not very formidable, and the one time wonder still had enough left to beat them handily.

After a series of victories over inept opposition, the Kid set sail for the scene of his days of glory, New York. The magic of his name was still sufficient to pack the old St. Nick Arena for the first bout of his comeback campaign. It developed that the Cuban had overreached himself, however, for tough Phil Baker was too much for Chocolate and beat him handily.

Undeterred by this setback, the Kid bounced hight back, this time against less rugged opposition, and showed flashes of his old form. Since that December defeat at the hands of Baker, the ex-darling of Havana has not suffered a defeat. He has made steady progress over his first attempts at a comeback and while his foes have not been of top ranking ability, he has done well with such capable youngsters as Young Chappie, Johnny De Foe, Bernie Friedkin, and Baker, whom he turned the tables on in Havana last Sept. 5th.

While expecting the Kid to regain his old position in the world of boxing is probably asking too much, he has progressed far enough to gain ranking among the first ten featherweights selected by THE RING for the year, a remarkable achievement, all things considered. Everyone who ever knew him, rejoices that Kid Chocolate has at least come this far along the road back.

* * *

WHEREAS "comeback" is hardly the word to use when discussing a boxer who has lost but one bout in three years and that to the world champion, Pedro Montanez seems to belong in the ranks of those who are trudging the road back. The brilliant Porto Rican, who had many votes as THE RING's greatest fighter before his astounding reversal of form against Ambers, lost much ground in that single contest and is practically starting all over again.

No one seems to know the real reason for the slashing Montanez's desultory performance against Ambers. Unlike most critics, Manager Lou Burston does not attribute it to the weight. "No," explains Lou, "since the Ambers fight, Pedro hasn't weighed over 138½ lbs. for any fight, he is an honest-to-goodness lightweight. He's far from a welter although we do want to get Barney Ross. Who wouldn't? He's the champion, you know. And never mind the nonsense about Pedro partying all over town. For the Ambers fight he spent three weeks in the country. For all his other winning fights he lives in Harlem. No," insisted Lou, "it was just a bad night, that's all."

Since the Ambers catastrophe, Pedro has had four bouts against second rate opposition, winning all easily. His present plans call for several tune-up fights followed by a March match with Henry Armstrong.

* * *

A YEAR ago Gunnar Barlund was being prominently mentioned as a prospective opponent for Louis, no less, in a summer bout. The fighting son of Finland, first of his race to attain any real prominence in the

(Continued on page 42)

ROAD BACK
-BOB- PASTOR
....RATED AMONG THE FIRST FIVE... A SHORT WHILE AGO.. N.Y.U.'S BOB IS BATTLING HIS WAY BACK!!!...
PEDRO MONTANEZ
...ALTHO HE HAS ONLY LOST ONE FIGHT IN AMERICA!! THE PORTO RICAN IS STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN!!!...
GUNNAR BARLUND.. COUNTED OUT OF THE HEAVYWEIGHT PICTURE!!! ..HE'S NOW MENACING THE LEADERS!!!...
THIS FAMOUS FORMER CHAMPION IS MAKING A DETERMINED EFFORT TO GET BACK "UP THERE"!!!...
"KID" CHOCOLATE
TED CARROLL

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jim Braddock Retirement Surprises Had Become Serious Factor Again With Fine Victory Over Tommy Farr

JAMES J. BRADDOCK has hung up his gloves. One of the most likeable characters in the history of boxing has retired from competition. To Braddock go nothing but well-wishes. To Jim, in his new undertaking, go nothing but the sincerest hopes for his success, hopes for his continued health and even greater prosperity.

Coming so close in the wake of his surprise triumph over Tommy Farr, Braddock's retirement was a dramatic thing.

Usually, fighters follow victory with at least one more effort to cash in.

Braddock could have had one big shot, perhaps he could have gone on to at least two more opulent matches. But, though Braddock not so far back had to go on relief, he is not of the money-hungry legion. He had enough, and he wanted to quit before he was hurt.

And so I say good luck, and good-bye as a fighter. And the ring is all the richer for your having been in it, and all the poorer for your retirement.

The Braddocks are only too few and far between in boxing.

* * *

JIMMY BRADDOCK, the Cinderella man of the fistic sport, the W.P.A. dock worker who amazed the boxing world by coming off the relief to win the world heavyweight championship, came back with just as astounding a victory over Tommy Farr to project himself again right into the thick of the heavyweight scramble. However, Jim projected himself right out, by retiring. The victory wasn't by any great margin, but according to the judges, it was just enough to beat the Welshman. It was a split verdict, an unusual one, as a matter of fact, because of the difference of opinion of each of those to whom was entrusted the point scoring.

Referee Johnny McAvoy, who took the place of Arthur Donovan in the first important engagement in which Donovan hasn't worked in New York in many months, gave four rounds to each, with two even, but because of the spurt made by Braddock in the last two rounds in which he all but smothered Farr with a variety of punches, McAvoy awarded the verdict to Braddock, as the rules permit him to do. Judge Lecron handed Braddock six rounds to four for Tommy and Judge Lynch did just the opposite—he gave four to Braddock and six to the Welshman. Thus, the British Empire champion went down to defeat by a hairline decision and Braddock, the Man Who Came Back Once, repeated, and now stands in a pretty spot in the heavyweight division.

That the fight was a very close one may be gleaned from the following:

1. That a consensus of the score of all three officials showed that fourteen rounds were tallied for each of the contestants.

2. That of eighty-four boxing critics sitting at the ringside, not one, in my investigation, had scored more than six of the ten rounds for either contestant.

3. That the consensus of ringside experts showed the score to be 5 to 4 in Farr's favor.

4. That the referee saw the bout even, but figured that the final rally of Braddock gave him the edge and voted accordingly.

MY score card tally showed five rounds for each fighter, but I awarded the fight to Farr because, in my opinion, he was the aggressor, he hit harder as the welts on Jimmy Braddock's side showed, yet I could have called the fight a draw and not been wrong because of the great display of fighting courage, speed and hitting power displayed by the former world champion. But I would not have taken the bout away from Tommy. That's how close the affair was.

The third round in which the Welshman was penalized for flicking and back-hand punching after three warnings, proved the fatal blow to Tommy. Had he not lost that round which he otherwise had won, the referee's score would have favored him and he would have been declared the winner.

Braddock, the grand old war horse, received a rousing reception, his victory being a most popular one. Unbelievable as it might appear, he actually outfought and outhit his ten years younger rival in the final stages of the battle and again proved to the world that he is the ring marvel of the century. How he was able to pace himself as he did and then fight at the whirlwind clip which he displayed in the ninth and tenth rounds in which he scored at will with an assortment of blows that took the house by storm, was a miracle. But then miracles have happened in the life of Jimmy Braddock before and probably will continue to happen.

* * *

IN the ninth round his left jab set Farr back on his heels and a jarring right-hand uppercut actually took Tommy off his feet and raised him in the air but he kept his balance and didn't go down. Jimmy broke down the battering body attack of Tonypandy Tommy with hooks, jabs and uppercuts that amazed the throng of 19,000 persons who paid $80,000 to see the mill and pandemonium reigned. That's how it usually goes when an old-timer, a veteran who has given honest service as has Braddock in his long years of ring activity. They like to see him manhandle youth and the convincing manner in which he took Farr into camp in those two rounds seemed to please the majority.

Sometimes such a rally affects the judges and referee into making them forget all that the victim has given during the earlier rounds but in the Farr-Braddock mill I don't thing that was the case. Each official gave the verdict exactly as he saw it and the scribes were about equally divided on the judges' accuracy.

Thus the charge of Farr's followers, especially his ghost writer, that he was jobbed and robbed, can't hold water. Tommy fought a good battle and so did his opponent, and though in my reckoning Farr was the victor, the verdict is one that cannot, by the largest stretch of imagination, be classified as belonging to the category of "jobbing" or "robbing."

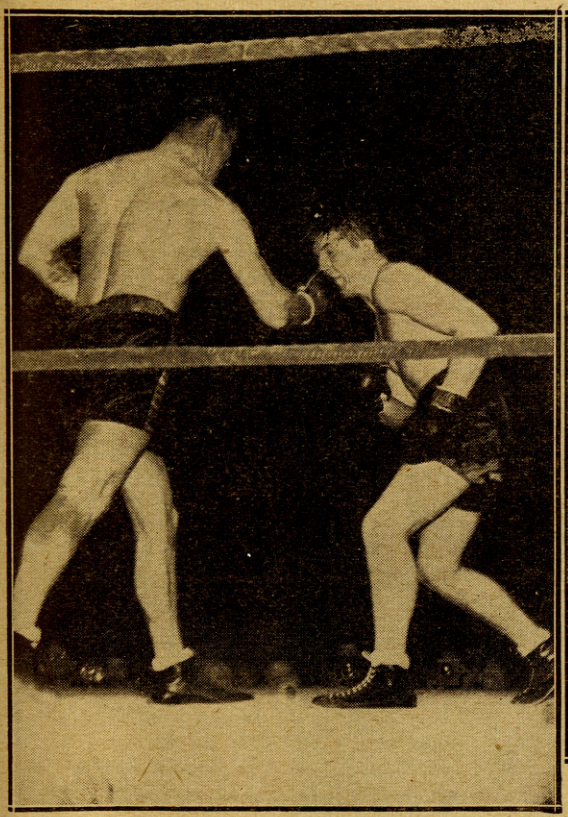
* * *

NEITHER man heard the final gong, so furious an attack was being waged as the bout neared the end. The clamor of the crowd had drowned out the clang of the bell and on they went, fighting for several seconds until parted.

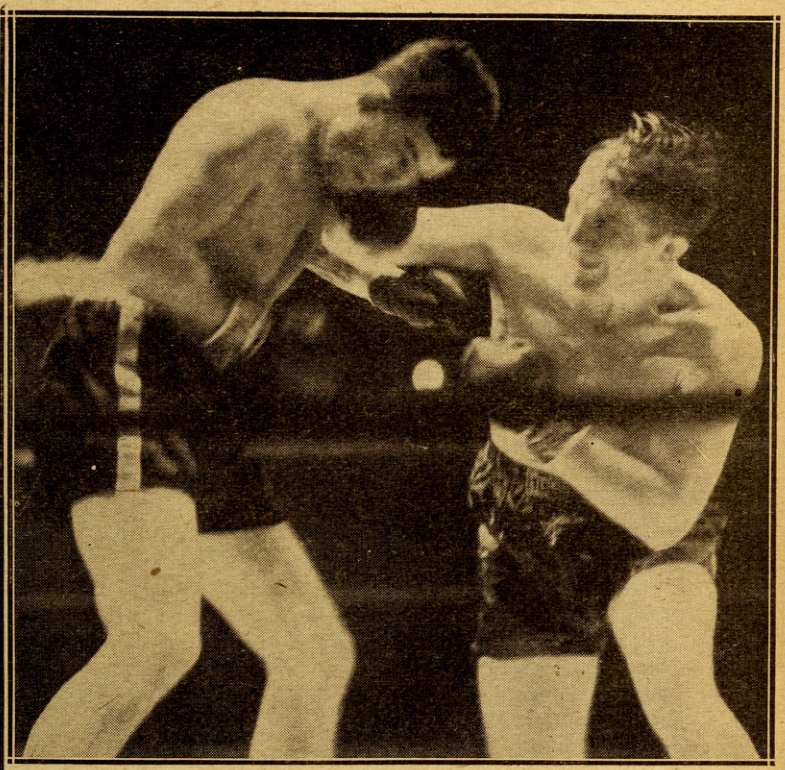
The fight was over. Braddock had again come back. Jimmy, the man who had beaten off the years that weighed so heavily upon him, was the hero of the hour.

Farr stood in his corner for a few moments awaiting the decision. Then he broke down. Tears were in his eyes. He gulped

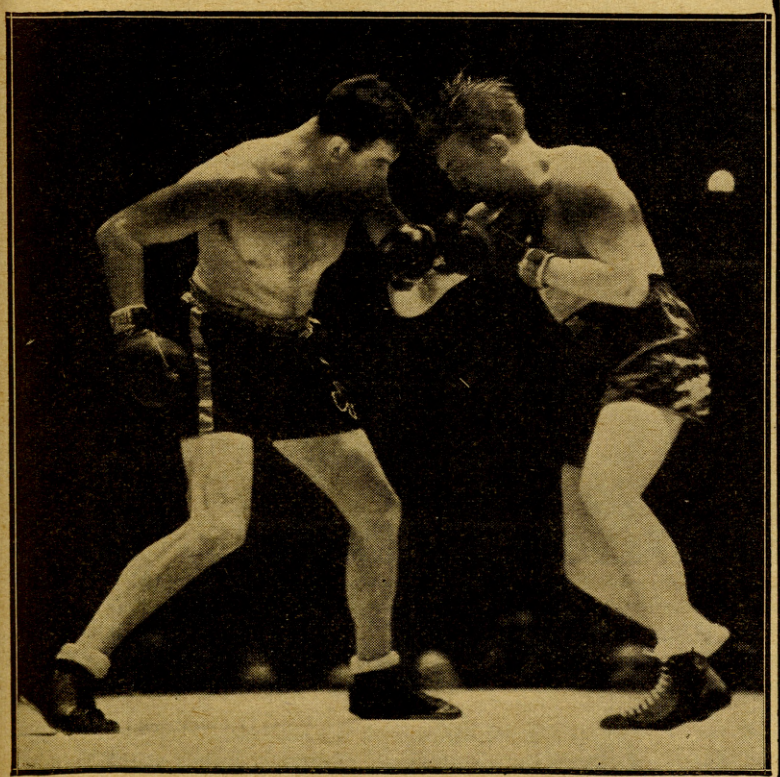
Prelude to Retirement



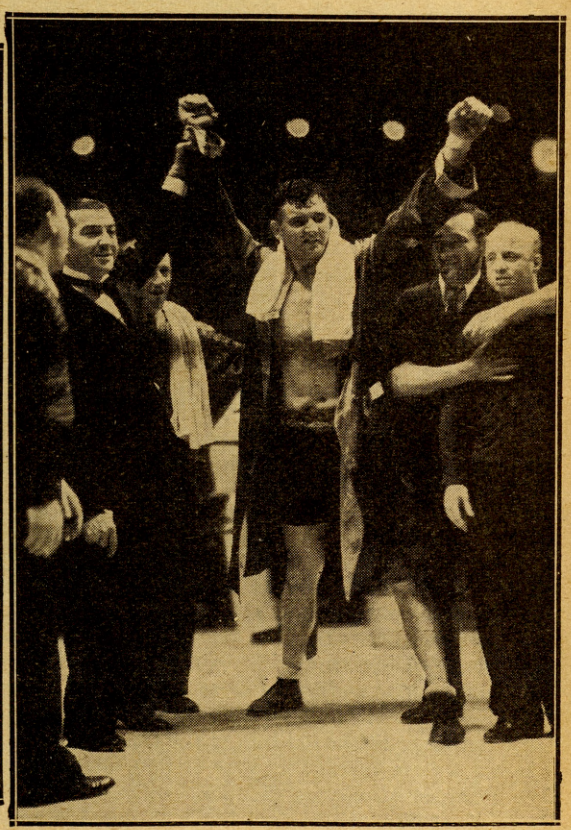
Jimmy cutting loose with one of his long right-hand uppercuts which landed, but Tommy moved with the punch, lessening its effectiveness



This shows Farr and Braddock in a scrimmage with Farr's desperate lefts and rights landing with telling force. Tommy has just delivered a right cross and is ready to shoot his left hook.



Braddock ready for a punch-for-punch exchange, but Tommy is covering up while Jimmy is set to land another of his heavy rights to Farr's body.



Jimmy Braddock's right hand is raised in token of victory as his jubilant handlers surround him.

as he almost raced out of the ring without acknowledging the time-worn hand-shake of the victor, and for the first time in his career, the British Empire champion heard himself hissed and booed. He took it to heart. He went to his dressing room and there temporarily barred all newspapermen except his ghost writer, Charley Barnett.

Ill-advised by this comrade, who threatened the scribes, Tommy sulked, kept mum and refused to see his real pals—the boys of the press, until he was convinced of the error of his ways. When he returned to the true Tommy Farr, the genial fellow who had become as much of an idol in American fisticuffs as are our own stars, he took his defeat in the proper spirit and cleared the path for the friendly relations that had existed prior to his outbreak.

The outbreak of Tommy and Barnett must be forgiven when one considers the strain under which each worked. Victory to the Welshman meant so much for Tommy and Charley, that in defeat, they saw red. It is my personal opinion that what Tommy needs most if he wants to get back to the top, is a change in the attitude of some of his camp staff and a little curbing of his ghost writer.

* * *

GETTING back to the fight, viewing it from any angle, it lacked the stirring, sensational milling that was expected until Braddock broke loose in the ninth round. With one exception prior to that, the eighth, there was little to choose in each of the previous sessions so far as variety goes.

The eighth was Farr's best round. He did in that session what Braddock performed in the last two. He rushed Jimmy all over the ring, pounded his body with hard welts, jarred him with right-hand punches and otherwise stole the whole show.

It looked at that point that he would pull through without any difficulty. Apparently, however, the stymie in the form of the Cinderella Man, the Man Who Came Back, was overlooked.

As already told, Braddock started that ninth by coming out on his toes and taking all the play away from his British rival. He connected with so many lefts and rights—hooks and jabs—that his army of adherents—and there was an army on hand—was brought to its feet, cheering like wild men. Braddock not only had youth and a sturdy frame to beat in Farr, but he also had to overcome the thought of the terrific beating he took from Louis last June, and he did both to the Queen's taste.

It was a close fight, mates. Any of three decisions could have been regarded as correct—a draw verdict, or one for either Braddock or Farr. If the fight had taken place in England and the positions were reversed—with Braddock in Farr's shoes—I think the decision would have gone to the same man.

Here is smiling Jim Braddock with the paper crown of retirement—the crown that tops off achievement in the ring, and caps hope for the future.

LITTLE GEORGE DALY, after an American campaign of five months, returned to England with Ted Broadribb a few weeks ago, a far improved fighter than what he was when he came here as a sparring mate of Tommy Farr. Having absorbed the American style, Daly, a clever, shifty boxer, who also carries a pretty good wallop, made good in the States. With the knowledge that he acquired here, he goes back to his native land well fortified to give the best lightweights in the British Empire a stiff argument.

I will not be in the least surprised to see Daly carry off the British Empire championship. He has it in him, and with his fighting spirit, and an abundance of courage to aid him, he should go a long way in his chosen profession.

Best of luck, Georgie, you made an excellent impression both as a man and a fighter, while in our midst.

* * *

FOLLOWING a custom I started thirty-four years ago, I took my annual pilgrimage to a far off land shortly after the last issue went to press. When this issue appears, I'll be basking in the sun of Puerto Rico, where I will again judge the bantamweight championship fight, this time between Sixto Escobar, the challenger, and Harry Jeffra, the champion. The fight should be as thrilling as was the one between Sixto and Lou Salica last year. Upon my return, I'll have a special story, highly illustrated, on this battle.

A few days after my return, I'll fly to California to appear with Al Jolson in a novel air program. I'll present Henry Armstrong with the South African Gold Belt for the world featherweight title, which belt was previously won by Petey Sarron. It is the belt awarded by the *Herald* of Johannesburg and of which I am the custodian until it is won three times by the same individual, when it becomes his permanent possession.

I'll also present Henry with THE RING Featherweight Championship Belt and with a combination Gold and Silver Medal, THE RING Merit Award, voted to him by the scribes of the world. It will be the first time in radio history that such awards have been made on the air, and will be the first time that any fighter ever received three such trophies at one time.

But you must remember, there is only one Henry Armstrong.

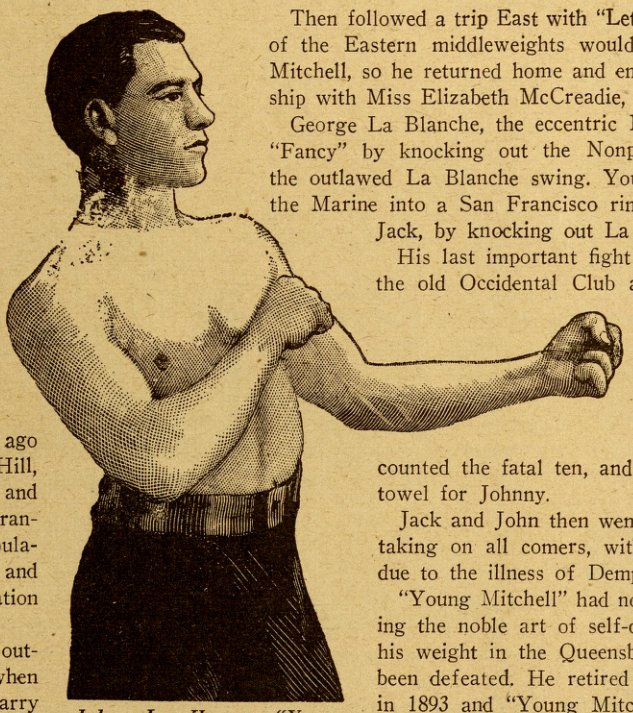
* * *

THEN following my visit to California, I shall make another long journey on behalf of boxing. I shall go to England, where I will present Benny Lynch with THE RING Flyweight Championship Belt, which he won when he beat Small Montana, but which I still have in my possession. *(Continued on page 42)*

California Honors Pioneer of Boxing

By EDWARD CONLON

ON January 30, 1868, a boy was born in San Francisco who was destined to bring fame to that city in the field of pugilism. Seventy years later, that same boy, forerunner of an army of Fistic Greats who put California on the map, retired from the service of the city where he was born, honored by many friends who on the occasion, threw a testimonial dinner to him. The name of the honored gentleman, a credit to the profession which he represented for many years, his city, state and country, is John L. Herget, "Young Mitchell" to those who know their ring history.



John L. Herget "Young Mitchell."

John L. Herget began life 70 years ago on the slopes of historic Telegraph Hill, the son of the pioneer gunsmith, John and Mary (Sherer) Herget. In 1868, San Francisco was approaching 150,000 in population and was still dependent on ships and overland stage coaches for communication and travel with the East.

Our young hero first became known outside his neighborhood at the age of 16, when he was introduced to the "Fancy" at Harry Maynard's Place, then located at 425 Pine St. The parents of young Johnny Herget looked with disfavor upon their sturdy son associating with the sluggers of that day, so he assumed the moniker of "Young Mitchell," in honor of Charlie Mitchell, the heavyweight champion of England.

Young Mitchell learned his trade of fighting in the tough school of experience, without benefit of athletic clubs or amateur tournaments. The boys had to fight at Maynard's and no hippodroming. The young featherweight beat all the local boys and then in 1885 he knocked out the American featherweight champion, Jack Keenan, in 35 rounds at historic Platts Hall, now the site of the Mills Building.

In the same year he participated in one of the classic fights in the annals of the prize ring. He and Billy Hamilton entered the ring near San Rafael, but were banished by the sheriff. The following day at West Berkeley, they went 11 rounds before the law stopped them and on the following day at Alviso, Hamilton was grounded in the twenty-third round. That, my friends, was a fight. I think it is the only one on record that was fought on three different days in three different counties.

* * *

IN 1887, the good ship Alameda cleared for Australia bearing our Johnny and his friend, Buffalo Costello. That was quite a step for two young lads. Their visit to the land of the Kangaroo is still remembered there. It led to the invasion of America by many famous Australian pugilists, including Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Murphy, Young Griffo and many others.

Upon his return from Australia, "John L.," in partnership with the famous boxing instructor, Walter Watson, opened a wet goods emporium where the Golden Gate Theatre now stands. He spent his spare time as a referee and second, acting in the latter capacity for Peter Jackson, in his first fights in America.

Then followed a trip East with "Let er go" Billy Jordan. None of the Eastern middleweights would do business with Young Mitchell, so he returned home and entered into another partnership with Miss Elizabeth McCreadie, which still exists.

George La Blanche, the eccentric Marine, had astonished the "Fancy" by knocking out the Nonpareil Jack Dempsey with the outlawed La Blanche swing. Young Mitchell finally forced the Marine into a San Francisco ring and avenged his friend, Jack, by knocking out La Blanche in twelve rounds.

His last important fight was for a $5000 purse at the old Occidental Club at the northeast corner of New Montgomery and Howard Streets. He disposed of the late Reddy Gallagher of Denver in 13 rounds, and none other than Peter Jackson counted the fatal ten, and Jack Dempsey swung the towel for Johnny.

Jack and John then went on a tour of the country, taking on all comers, with John doing double duty, due to the illness of Dempsey.

"Young Mitchell" had now spent 10 years expounding the noble art of self-defense to the best men of his weight in the Queensberry world and had never been defeated. He retired on his well-earned laurels in 1893 and "Young Mitchell" became Mr. John L. Herget in the business life of his native city.

He served with distinction as a member of the Board of Supervisors and later entered the employ of the city, in which he rose to an important executive position from which he is now being honorably retired.

Throughout his long career, John L. Herget has lived according to the rules of the game. In the Queensberry realm, his reputation was spotless, which won for him the respect of his opponents and the admiration of his friends, among whom were the Nonpareil Jack Dempsey of blessed memory and the immortal Peter Jackson.

The complete record of this famous fighter follows:

1884—Jack Campbell, San Francisco, won on foul, 10 rounds; Tom Carroll, San Francisco, K.O., four rounds; Frank Frayne, San Francisco, K.O., three rounds.

1885—Jim Boyd, San Francisco, K.O., four rounds; Pete O'Brien, San Francisco, K.O., eight rounds; Bob Turnbull, San Francisco, K.O., 7; Jack Keenan, San Francisco, K.O. 35; Billy Hamilton, San Rafael, Cal., stopped Sheriff, one round; fought again following day at Berkeley, Calif., stopped by Sheriff, 11 rounds; fought on third day at Alviso, Cal., Herget winning by a K.O. in 23 rounds.

1886—Billy Hamilton, Berkeley, Calif., K.O. nine rounds; Tom Cleary, San Francisco, K.O., 12 rounds.

1887—Billy Murphy, Sydney, Australia, K.O., four rounds; Jack Hall, Sydney, Australia, Draw, 47 rounds; Jack Malloy, Sydney, Australia, Draw, 36 rounds; Sam Jones, Newcastle, Australia, K.O. three rounds; Bill Powell, Wallsend, Australia, K.O., three rounds; Peter Boland, Albury, Australia, Draw, 40; Peter Boland, Melbourne, Australia, Draw, six rounds; Peter Boland, Melbourne, Australia, six rounds; Barney Donovan, Auckland, N. Z., K.O. four rounds.

1888—Tom Cleary, San Francisco, K.O., 30 rounds; Paddy Gorman, San Francisco, K.O., 27 rounds.

1889—Sailor Brown, San Francisco, K.O., 21 rounds; Denny Kelleher, Boston, Mass., Draw, 27 rounds.

1890—Jack Burke, Seattle, Wash., K.O., three rounds; Dan Murphy, Seattle, K.O. three rounds; Billy West, Tacoma, Wash., K.O., three rounds; Tom Ward, Portland, Ore., K.O. two rounds.

1891—George La Blanche, San Francisco, K.O. 12 rounds; Reddy Gallagher, San Francisco, K.O., 13 rounds; Jim O'Brien, Portland, Ore., K.O., three rounds; Bill Dacey, Brooklyn, N. Y., K.O., two rounds; Tom Leary, Brooklyn, N. Y., K.O., four rounds; Charles Norton, Newark, N. J., won, four rounds; Ed Fitzgerald, Newark, N. J., K.O., three rounds; Jack McGinn, Newark, N. J. K.O., three rounds; Fred Woods, Philadelphia, Pa., won, four rounds; Jim Broad, Baltimore, Md., K.O., three rounds.

1892—No fights.

1893—Jim Ryan, Oakland, Calif., Draw, eight rounds; retired in 1893.

BOXING SHOWMEN

By
BILL DOHERTY
(One-time Heavyweight Champion of Australia)

THE show tent and the strident call of "Who'll take a glove?" have always fascinated me, and looming large in my earliest memories are the boxing showmen of those days, many of them aces of the ring who had already become world-famous or who were afterwards to achieve that distinction. The old men were the most interesting, numbering amongst them scarred and broken-knuckled warriors who had battled long and hard on the turf for a few pounds in the days of Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy.

There were others, too, more ancient, who could remember Bendigo, Deaf Burke, John Morrissey and others, and on one occasion in my father's hotel in Footscray, the Rising Sun, I remember being introduced to an old white-haired English gentleman, a traveller, who had sparred with Tom Cribb and who had seen Tom Molineux in his palmy days riding on the box seat of a stage coach on an English road, the wonder and admiration of all the sporting bloods of the district.

My first impressions of America, apart from what the schoolmaster had given me, came from old Harry Sallars and Abe Hicken, two bruisers of the old school who had fought and won something of a reputation in the United States. Both Hicken and Sallars used to tour Melbourne and the suburbs with boxing booths to the huge delight of youngsters of my age, and as if they were not enough to give us a glimpse of romance of the prize ring, Jem Mace and Larry Foley used to put in an appearance now and again to give exhibitions and even to spar with anyone from the audience in a show tent.

* * *

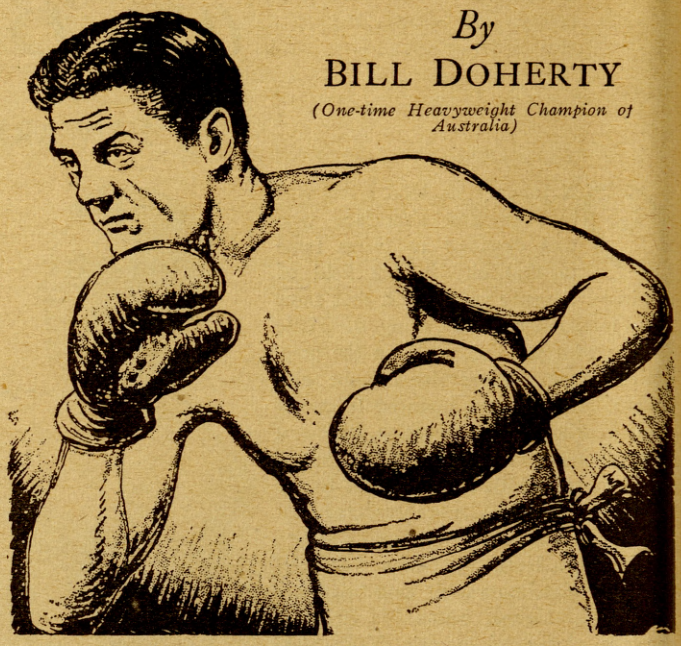
IT is difficult to convey to anyone today the enormous prestige and influence on the history of the ring exercised by that pair. Mace was really the last great fighter under the London rules, which had then received their death blow, and people seemed to realize this fact and to go to see him for the same reason that they would go to a zoo or a museum. And then, of course, he had known and sparred with Tom Sayers and Heenan and had fought Tom King, the conqueror of Heenan.

Practically all the old champions of the palmy days of the ring had been known personally by Mace and as a youngster I heard him talk of them in the parlor of my father's hotel. He could talk of Tom Cribb, Jem Ward, Tom Spring, Bendigo, Jem Burke, Joe Goss, Joe Coburn and Tom Allen.

And as for Foley, although he had never been outside of Australia, his reputation in his native land for courage, colorful ability and hitting power was such that any match or spar with which he had anything to do was sure to attract flatteringly large crowds. Peter Newton, Frank Slavin, Peter Jackson, Mick Dooley and others almost as widely known also used to be in evidence in the show tents round about Footscray when I was a lad.

Many years later, when I had achieved something of a reputation, after much hard battling and with the taste of many a defeat in my mouth, I, too, became a boxing showman, and learned that the man who takes on all comers day after day, even in sparring contests, generally has a pretty tough time. It was in South Africa that I first became sufficient of a draw card to be featured on a circus program, and it did not take me long to realize that it was necessary to develop a special technique in order to avoid becoming a physical wreck in the first week.

Those were the days of the gold boom both in Africa and Australia, when both countries were filled with tough and hardy prospectors and miners, men whose gameness was beyond question and who would fight to last gasp if put upon their mettle. My plan was to indicate quietly when one came up to spar with me that we were both to play light, and then, if the hint were not taken, I would paste him heavily in the wind on the first occasion that offered, but would do it so that the weight and effect of the punch would not be too evident to critical members of the audience.



Kid McCoy, the "kidder" of the roped square.

FOLLOWING upon this when he was practically at my mercy, I would refrain from dealing out severe punishment, and then, as the miners were generally decent sorts, not without a sense of gratitude, the rest of the bout would be just a lively spar. It was absolutely disastrous, I found, to hit such a man hard about the head and mark him, because that would mean humbling him before his friends in the audience, and from then on he would be a first class problem which only a knockout could solve—and quite a good chance that he and not I would swing the K.O.

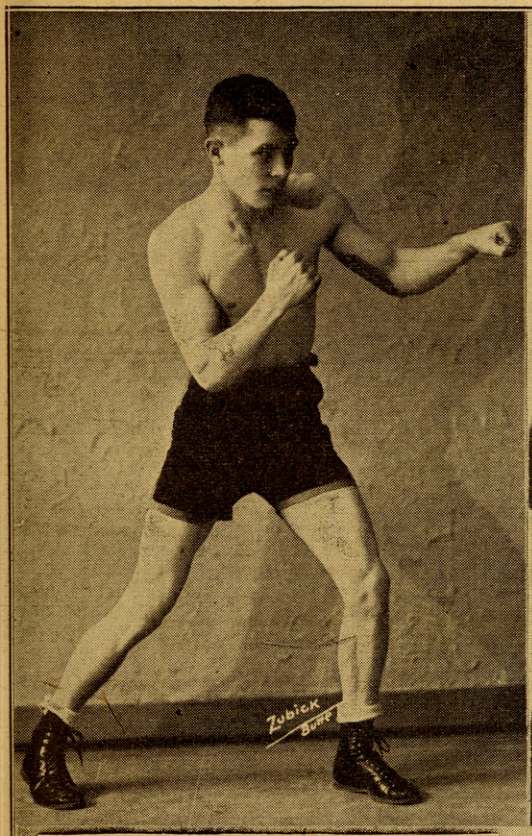
My technique I found to be quite satisfactory and yet it differed widely from that employed by two of my friends of those days, Joe Goddard and Kid McCoy. Goddard was so tough that he simply never worried about what would happen to him and generally entered the ring under a guarantee to stop his opponent in a few rounds or else forfeit a considerable sum of money. Old John L. Sullivan, I believe, used also to adopt that plan. "A round or two for a pound or two" was Goddard's catch cry, and although I saw him run up against some tough fighters, none of them succeeded in qualifying as claimants for Joe's stake.

Kid McCoy adopted still another method. He was a born "kidder" and in Africa in those days, would take on all comers, even big, tough niggers from the underground workings in the diamond mines. Like Goddard, but for a different reason, the Kid never worried about what his opponent might do to him—Goddard was protected by his toughness, and Kid McCoy by superlative cleverness.

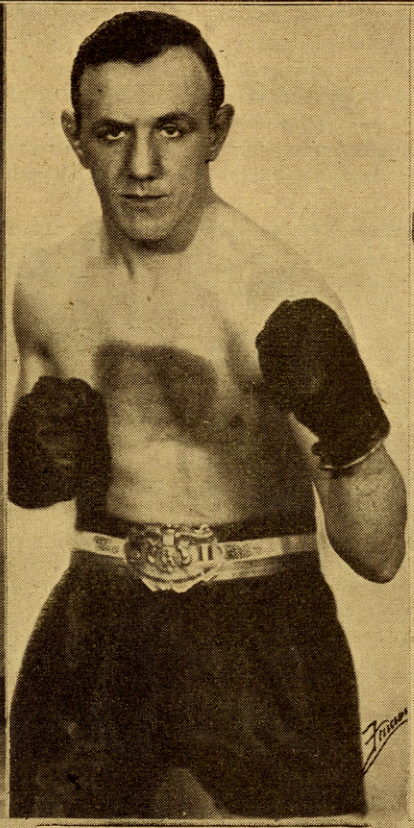
Anyone who sparred with the Kid would be surprisingly successful for a few rounds, and would be having it so much his own way that there would be roars of surprise and delight from the audience as the "green 'un" apparently scored point after point over the clever and widely known professional. But all the time, of course, the Kid would be riding the hard punches and taking the easy ones where they would hurt least, and sizing his man up until he thought the pantomime had lasted long enough, whereupon he would knock the luckless newcomer cold with a hook to the chin, and do it so that it didn't look like an accident, either.

However, I would not advise any young boxer to try to emulate the style of McCoy or Goddard when sparring with members of the public. Like John L. Sullivan, they were in a class of their own and inimitable. My method, which was perfected in the hard school of experience, is passed on as sound and safe to anyone who will accept the advice of an old-timer.

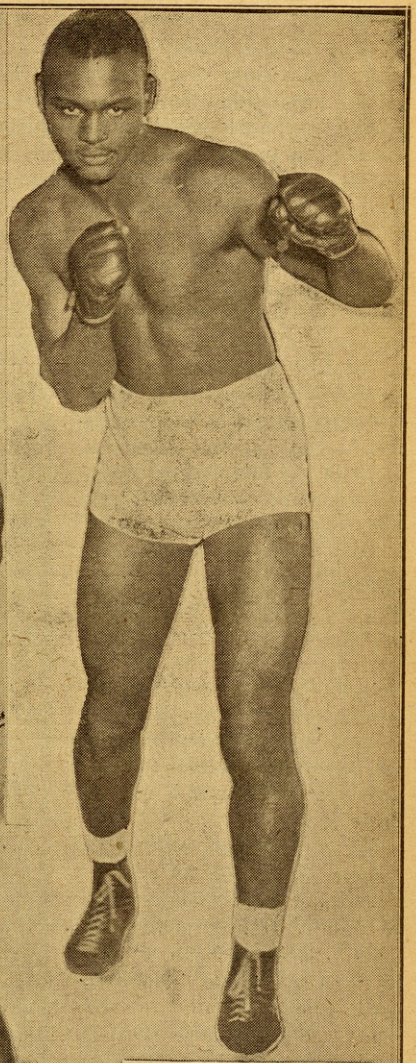
THE CROWD-PLEASERS



Lloyd Pine, classy Ohio featherweight.

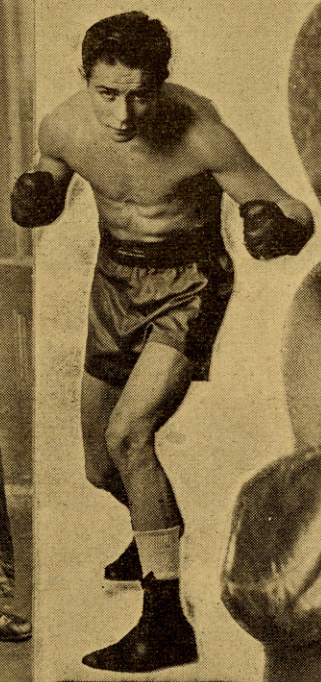


Harold "Babe" McLeod, classy Montreal, Canada, lightweight.



Battling Monroe, Southern light-heavy, now in Detroit.

Kayo Castillo, rugged Bath, Maine, lightweight.



Jimmy McCusker, Rocky Mountain bantam leader.

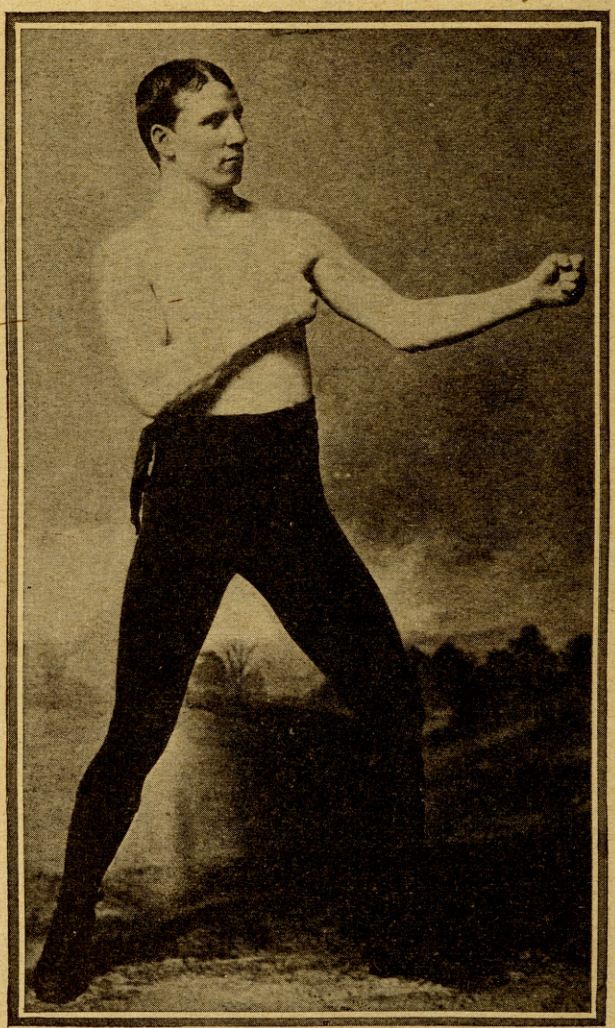
Jackie Kid Wilson, former Cleveland amateur, now on the Coast.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

THERE always have been great fighters in the middleweight class. Go through the records of the various divisions of boxing during the last half century and you'll find that the best fighters of all time, taken as a whole, are the middleweights. There have been more classy ring warriors in that division than in any other. Today, that is no exception. The middleweight section holds the spotlight with more and better fighters than in any other. It is the division of sockers. It is the class that possesses the sturdiest, most courageous knockout artists in boxing—each of the first ten men a potential champion.

With this issue, THE RING will start a series on the middleweight class. It will cover the story of the best fighters from the time of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, and will be a most valuable collection of historic, romantic fistic data. Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, was ranked by all the competent experts of the past that he was unquestionably listed among the all-time greats. He was an ideal type. I am convinced that he was everything claimed for him—a great boxer and a regular champion.

He was one of the picturesque "Three Jacks" of the early American Prize Ring—Jack McAuliffe, Jack Dempsey and John L. Sullivan. After a glorious career, Dempsey met a long, lanky, knock-kneed freckled fighter who had come to this country from Australia and who it was thought would be just another victim for Dempsey's skill. The name of the new-comer was Bob Fitzsimmons, and against this Cornishman, who at the time was only twenty-nine—he fought until he was past forty—Dempsey had no chance at all. But he fought gamely and doggedly until the end came in the thirteenth round.



Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

Since that time, the middleweight section, with few exceptions, has been the one bright spot in pugilism. It has boasted of such famous ring warriors as Stanley Ketchel, Joe Thomas, Billy Papke, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Kid McCoy, George Chip, Jack Dillon, Les Darcy, Tommy Ryan, Jack and Mike Twin Sullivan, George Chip, Eddie McGoorty, Mike Gibbons, Frank Klaus, Dave Shade, Mike O'Dowd, Harry Greb, Mickey Walker and Tiger Flowers, a splendid array of sturdy battlers.

Down the line we shall go—covering the field of top-flight artists. How did the title pass on? Who were the best performers? What were the highlights in the lives of the famous middleweights? These and other items will be thoroughly covered in the series that starts with this issue, with the life story of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

* * *

DEMPSEY was the middleweight champion of America from 1886, when he took the title away from George La Blanche, until January 4, 1891, when Bob Fitzsimmons knocked him out in the thirteenth round of their fight at New Orleans. During the days of the championship he travelled from coast to coast, which is saying a great deal considering the transportation facilities of the time, and defended his enviable position among all those who chose to do the fistic fling with him.

He was an Irishman by birth, having first caused a disturbance in County Kildare, December 15, 1862. He was only four years old when his parents took him, bag and baggage, across the Atlantic to the shores of America and settled in Brooklyn. Ten years later Jack was apprenticed to a cooper, and he remained at the hoop business until 1880, when his fondness for wrestling lured him slowly away from his trade.

By the time the year of 1883 came along, Jack didn't care whether he ever saw a barrel again, for he had taken up boxing and had been told that he was good at it. Almost at the start he was gifted with strength, science, good judgment, courage and coolness. What more could he want?

Jack's first fight inside the ropes was with Ed McDonald at Staten Island, N. Y., April 7, 1883, and was awarded the decision on a foul after twenty-seven rounds. The purse was for $100 and the men fought according to London prize ring rules.

After the twenty-fifth round, both men were slow to the call of time, with Dempsey a bit the better. At the beginning of the twenty-seventh, Ed caught Jack by the legs and threw him, whereupon the referee declared Dempsey the winner.

Dempsey's next fight was with Jack Boylan of Dublin. The match was made on August 6, 1883. They met August 4 of the same year on the turf in front of Harry Hill's Pavilion, Flushing Bay, N. Y. The men fought twenty-three rounds in twenty-six minutes, when Dempsey was declared the winner.

* * *

JACK battled his way up the rough and tumble road for three years, fighting with all whom it was possible to get matches, until he met George La Blanche, the "Boston Marine," on March 14, 1886. Some authorities considered each man the middleweight champion prior to the battle, nevertheless they all agreed that the winner of this fight was to be the champion.

The men fought for $1,000 a side and a purse of $1,500. La Blanche weighed 155 pounds and stood five feet six inches, while Dempsey was five pounds lighter and had a height advantage of two inches. The fight was originally supposed to come off on March 12. All preparations had been made to have it take place at Harrison, N. Y., but at the last moment George refused to fight because there were over one hundred people on the dock, and the articles of agreement stipulated that there should only be forty.

The actual battleground, however, was at Larchmont, N. Y., and the fight ended victoriously for Dempsey after thirteen rounds. The betting was in favor of La Blanche.

ON PARADE

By A. D. PHILLIPS

La Blanche started the ball rolling by delivering a right to Jack's neck and receiving in return a stinger to the breast. A smart exchange followed in which Dempsey landed a terrific right on the neck which staggered the Bostonian for a second. George was not disconcerted for long, though, and he proved this by rushing at the Brooklynite and pummeling him in the neck—a spot which seemed to be the favorite rendezvous of both men.

Dempsey cut loose in the fourth. He forced the fighting and landed a left and right to the face, followed by one to the right eye which shadowed that optic. Then came a rattling left to the wind—all in such rapid succession that the man from Massachusetts had no chance for a comeback.

Dempsey's onslaught was so great in the sixth that he proved to the long-odds fans that their money was on the ragged edge of nowhere, for Jack pummelled and pounded almost at will.

* * *

IT was in the eighth that George spat out four front teeth and received a beating around the face that made La Blanche slacken what speed he had and give all the appearances of a beaten man.

Dempsey forced the fighting in the tenth and began anew a work of disfigurement and, with sharp uppercuts, repelled several of George's charges. But La Blanche planted right and left body blows upon the champion. The latter dodged one and George fell against the ropes, but he quickly recovered himself and came in.

La Blanche foolishly lowered his hands and Dempsey shot in a right to the jaw that sent George to the ground with a terrific thud.

Dempsey had the lead in the eleventh and twelfth and at the beginning of the thirteenth, La Blanche sprang at his opponent like a panther and, with his bleeding visage lowered, he rushed in and with his right and left he did some damage to the ribs. The end was near, however, for Dempsey delivered a staggering stroke above the heart.

La Blanche fought back like a Trojan, but his knees were weak and his direction wild. Dempsey smashed him in the neck and the Bostonian fell to the floor on his back. He tried to rise, but keeled over. Again and again the plucky fighter attempted to gain his feet, but that was impossible. The fight was over and Jack was unquestionably the middleweight champion of America.

* * *

THERE were many fights before December 13, 1887, but because of their minor importance, and lack of space, we will jump to this date, when he fought Johnny Reagan forty-five rounds in two rings and finally knocked him out. The grounds were somewhere on Long Island; the men fought at 154 pounds for $1,000 a side and with kid gloves.

A small crowd of only twenty, the men and their seconds, left New York on a small tug and arrived at a point on the eastern part of Long Island, a short time after daybreak. After dickering around for a couple of hours the men entered the ring, which had been pitched right on the shore. Reagan wore a pair of shoes with a long spike near the toe of each. Dempsey and his seconds protested, but the objection was overruled.

In the very first round Jack was given two very deep digs in the leg below the knee, and a foul was subsequently claimed, but upon a very earnest apology from Reagan, Jack proclaimed that he would fight him anyway and would beat him, too.

The fight went on. By the third round the incoming tide had reached the ankles of the men, and several of the party thought it best to change the location. Dempsey was determined to fight on, however.

Round by round, the water became deeper until after the eighth round the men were wading knee deep. It then became imperative to change.

The party retired to the steamer and went out on the Sound until about noonday they saw a desirable location at the top of a small hill at Whitestone, N. Y. Jack's leg was so sore from the gash which he received that he had to be carried to the ring. His backers wanted him to wait a couple of weeks until the leg should heal. Dempsey couldn't see any percentage in this, either, as he couldn't train, and would be soft and out of condition by the time the fight was to come off.

The fight went on. During the next twenty rounds there was a great deal of wrestling, in which Jack had the advantage. Reagan was terribly punished by many body blows though, and had resorted on several occasions to slipping down to avoid being knocked down.

* * *

TO the surprise and consternation of all those assembled, Reagan was still standing up for more when the fortieth round came into being.

Reagan missed a wicked left-hand blow at Jack's head at the start of the forty-first. Dempsey responded with a terrific body punch. Johnny caught a hot one on the chin in an attempt to plant a left-hander on the body. They embraced each other for a moment and then Reagan slipped through Jack's arms like an eel to the ground.

Reagan, with his face bleeding, with both eyes damaged, with bruises galore all over his body, feebly answered the call of time for the forty-third. He was desperate and rushed at Dempsey, who retreated to his corner, only to tear back, grab Johnny and throw him to the ground, making a noise like thunder.

Despite his weak and piteous condition, Reagan was there for the forty-fourth. Jack smashed him three times full in the face and then threw him again with tremendous force. Reagan was almost gone when picked up, nevertheless, he very pluckily, though slowly, answered the call of time for the forty-fifth and last round. Johnny was bleeding very freely from the nose and mouth, and was plainly getting very weak. Jack let him have his left and right full in the face. Reagan clinched to save himself and just then his seconds threw up the sponge.

Dempsey then shook hands with his beaten foe, and then, in spite of the game leg, sprang over the ropes and ran to the boat—still the middleweight champion of America.

Reagan today is hale and hearty and is a member of the New York State Athletic Commission's staff of inspectors.

* * *

ON January 31, 1888, he defeated Dominick McCaffrey at Jersey City in ten rounds, for the gate receipts. The following November 15 he drew with Mike Donovan in six rounds, for the gate proceeds, at Brooklyn, N. Y., and polished off several other opportunities during the year.

August 27, 1889, was a bad day for Jack, for it was then that he took on George La Blanche for a return engagement at the California Athletic Club, San Francisco, Calif., and was knocked out in the thirty-second round.

The odds were in favor of Jack, $100 to $40, and every sort of prediction pointed with a favorable finger to Dempsey until the fight started. It was soon realized that Jack was not in good condition and that La Blanche couldn't have been better prepared. The battle was with skin-tight gloves and the stakes were for $5,000. Jack lost everything. Dempsey weighed 151 and La Blanche 161. Fortunately for Dempsey, La Blanche was a few pounds outside the middleweight limit.

The fight was not interesting. Jack was not the fighter that night that he was in the habit of being. He didn't seem to be able to use the hands that had made his fame. His feet seemed to be glued to the resin, and in the early part of the fight the saddening change that had come over the hero was depressing to the crowd.

The scrap went on until the thirty-second round, when the jig came up. La Blanche, with a *(Continued on page 44)*

BLOWS *that* COUNT

Modes of Attack Employed by Topnotch Fighters and a Description of the Punches Used Most Effectively

By THE RING EDITOR

RECENTLY, THE RING Publisher received a letter from a Canadian reader asking him for an article on the modes of attack employed by the topnotch fighters of recent years, with a description of the blows each used most effectively. Of course, such an assignment cannot be answered in the small amount of space that could be devoted in a letter, and the writer was promised that in the near future such an article, or series, would appear in this publication. With this issue comes the first of several that I have written on the subject.

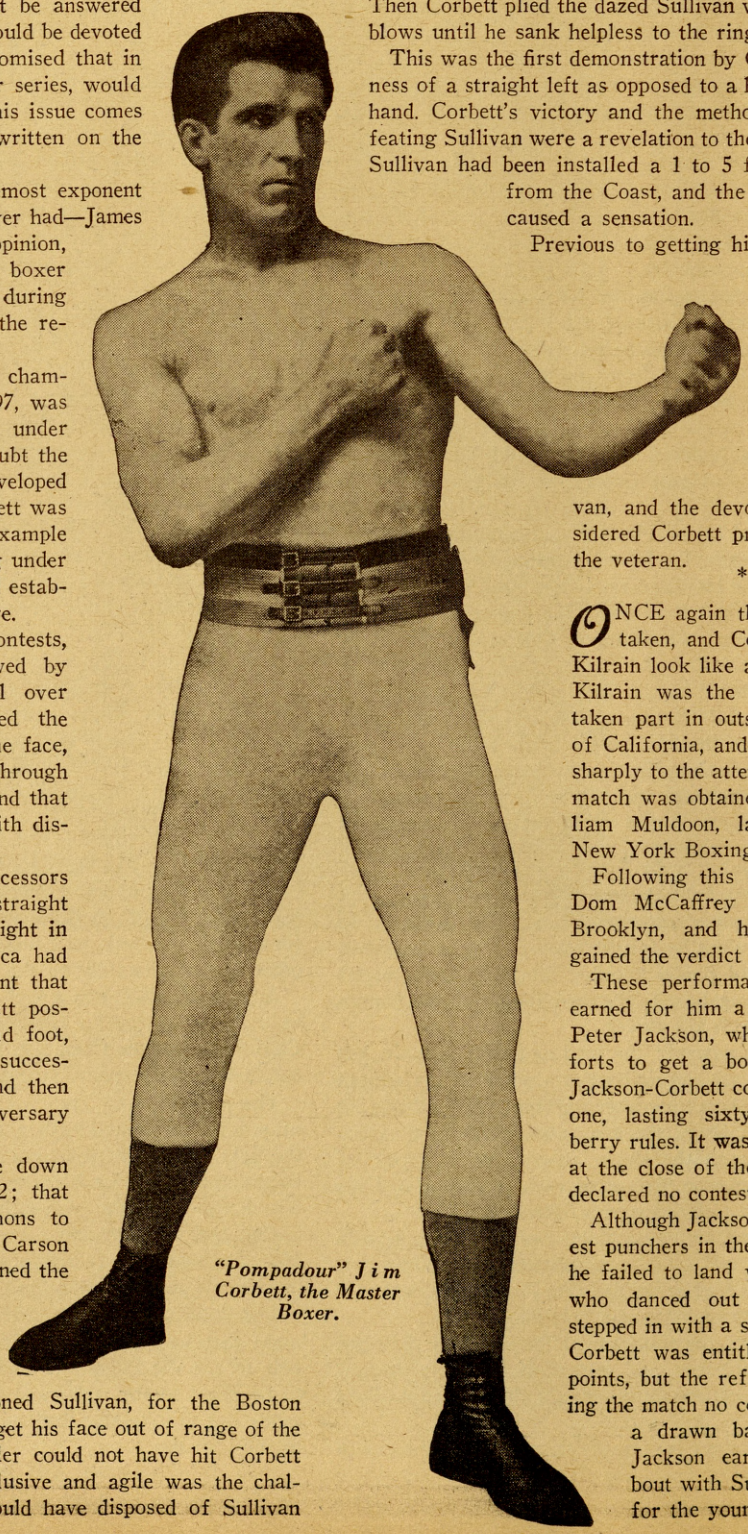
The first will deal with the foremost exponent of scientific boxing America has ever had—James J. Corbett, the man who, in my opinion, were a trophy set aside for the boxer who has done most for the sport during American ring history, would be the recipient, and Bob Fitzsimmons.

James J. Corbett, heavyweight champion of America from 1892 to 1897, was the first title-holder in America under Queensberry rules, and without doubt the cleverest defensive fighter ever developed in this or any other country. Corbett was iconoclastic as a boxer, for by his example he relegated the system of fighting under London rules to the scrap heap and established a new style of ring procedure.

Corbett, by his example in ring contests, set a precedent that was followed by young and ambitious boxers all over America. The Californian proved the efficacy of the straight left for the face, for he won nearly all his victories through the medium of a rapierlike left hand that reached the faces of opponents with discouraging persistency.

It is true that many of his predecessors were proficient in the use of a straight left for the face, yet no heavyweight in the history of the ring in America had perfected the left jab to the extent that Corbett had. In his youth, Corbett possessed amazing speed of hand and foot, and this enabled him to deliver a succession of rapid jabs to the face and then get out of danger before his adversary could counter.

It was this left jab that wore down Sullivan at New Orleans in 1892; that brought the formidable Fitzsimmons to his knees in the sixth round at Carson City in 1897, and that nearly regained the title for Corbett in his battle with Jeffries at Coney Island in 1900.



"Pompadour" Jim Corbett, the Master Boxer.

It was not a hard task for Corbett to defeat the ill-conditioned Sullivan, for the Boston Strong Boy was utterly unable to get his face out of range of the youngster's left, and the title-holder could not have hit Corbett with a handful of bird shot, so elusive and agile was the challenger. Unquestionably Corbett could have disposed of Sullivan before the twenty-first round, but the Californian, who was one of the most cautious boxers in the game, feared to take a chance against the big fellow's right swing.

Corbett therefore played a waiting game and gradually weakened Sullivan to a point where he was no longer dangerous. Then Corbett plied the dazed Sullivan with uppercuts and body blows until he sank helpless to the ring floor.

This was the first demonstration by Corbett of the effectiveness of a straight left as opposed to a heavy swing with either hand. Corbett's victory and the methods he employed in defeating Sullivan were a revelation to those interested in boxing. Sullivan had been installed a 1 to 5 favorite over the youth from the Coast, and the upset of the champion caused a sensation.

Previous to getting his match with Sullivan, Corbett had shown his facility as a boxer by outpointing Jake Kilrain in a six-round bout in New Orleans, February 18, 1890. Kilrain at that time was regarded as the leading rival of Sullivan, and the devotees of the sport considered Corbett presumptuous in meeting the veteran.

* * *

ONCE again the wiseacres were mistaken, and Corbett's left hand made Kilrain look like a novice. The bout with Kilrain was the first that Corbett had taken part in outside of his native state of California, and it served to bring him sharply to the attention of the public. The match was obtained for Corbett by William Muldoon, later chairman of the New York Boxing Commission.

Following this contest, Corbett boxed Dom McCaffrey a four-round bout in Brooklyn, and his reliable left hand gained the verdict for him on points.

These performances of the youngster earned for him a match with the great Peter Jackson, who had failed in his efforts to get a bout with Sullivan. The Jackson-Corbett contest was a sensational one, lasting sixty-one rounds, Queensberry rules. It was stopped by the referee at the close of the sixty-first round and declared no contest.

Although Jackson was one of the heaviest punchers in the heavyweight division, he failed to land with effect on Corbett, who danced out of danger and then stepped in with a straight left to the face. Corbett was entitled to the decision on points, but the referee's action in declaring the match no contest left it practically a drawn battle. The battle with Jackson earned Corbett the title bout with Sullivan, paving the way for the youngster to gain the title.

HAVING won the championship, Corbett became careless in his mode of living (following the example of Sullivan), and while he made a good left hand fight against the Cornishman in Nevada, the superior stamina of the freckle fisted fighter prevailed. After Fitz had lost the crown to Jeffries, Corbett laid plans to regain the title. He knew that Jeffries was an indifferent boxer and rather slow of movement, and Corbett felt confident that his lightning left would be the key to reopen the championship door.

The bout was staged at Coney Island in 1900, and was limited to twenty-five rounds. In this contest Corbett gave the most remarkable exposition of the effectiveness of a left hand lead for the face in the history of the ring. He had prepared himself carefully for the encounter, devoting six months to the task of getting into condition, and while on the surface he looked well, it was apparent in the final rounds that his vitality failed him at the critical moment.

For twenty rounds, Corbett shot an accurate left hand to the face of the Boilermaker, and never missed the mark. The Californian was in and out like a flash, and on several occasions he landed five or six successive jabs on the face of the lumbering Jeff without a return.

At the end of the twenty-second round, Corbett led in points by 1,000 to 0, and could the ex-champion have kept on his feet to the end of the twenty-fifth round, he would have recovered the title. Corbett ascribes his defeat in the twenty-third round to carelessness, but such is not the fact. Corbett's vitality deserted him in the twenty-third round, and he came to a dead stop.

Tommy Ryan, Jeff's chief second, saw that Corbett had shot his bolt, and he urged the Boilermaker to go in and win. Jeff, who had not made a lead up to that time, shot a left to the stomach and a right to the jaw, toppling Corbett to the canvas.

In justice to Corbett, it must be said that he popularized boxing with gloves under the Queensberry code, and this served to eliminate the London rules, with their many objectionable features.

* * *

NEVER in the history of boxing has a knockdown blow caused so much discussion as that which Robert Fitzsimmons landed on James J. Corbett at Carson City, Nev., on the afternoon of March 17, 1897. It was called the solar plexus punch, because it jolted that part of Corbett's anatomy where the plexus (the medical term for a network of nerves) was located.

It is questionable if Gentleman Jim or Ruby Robert had the slightest idea that either had a plexus in the immediate vicinity of the "bread basket."

No doubt had either been informed previous to the battle that he had a plexus he would have insisted on a postponement of the contest till such time as he recovered from the ailment. Many a boxer had been hit on the plexus previous to the Carson battle, and he ascribed his distress to a blow in the pit of the stomach. Or, in the vernacular of the ring, "he got a wallop in the pantry that knocked the wind out of him."

That is exactly what happened to Corbett in the momentous fourteenth round of the Carson combat. Fitz's crushing left drive to the stomach, followed by an uppercut to the chin with the same hand, crumpled Corbett on the ring floor.

The force of the blow not only knocked the champion down but disarranged his breathing apparatus to the extent that Corbett was unable to take a long breath for at least a minute. His mouth was wide open and his eyes were staring as he tried to pull himself up on the ring ropes. He was not unconscious, but his muscles and lungs were temporarily at a standstill.

* * *

ACCORDING to precedent set in bare knuckle days, when a boxer was not declared to have been knocked out unless he were unconscious, Corbett was merely "stopped" by Fitz. Like nearly all the features of the London rules and customs, the knockout precedent was brutal and senseless.

The procedure under Queensberry and commission rules is a decided improvement. When a boxer fails to arise before ten is counted by the referee, the fighter is declared to have been "knocked out of time." The same applies to a boxer if the referee intervenes to prevent unnecessary punishment, or if the seconds toss a towel as a token of defeat. Also if a fighter fails to answer the gong at the beginning of a round.

All reliable records indicate that Corbett was knocked out. "Stopped" may be a more euphonious term, but is lacking in significance. In any event, it is desirable that all the vicious features of the London rules be completely eliminated from modern boxing.

Following the Carson fight, a physician who had not seen the contest but heard a description of the blow that felled Corbett, declared that the champion had been hit on the solar plexus. The son of Esculapius, however, failed to inform the public that Fitz employed his favorite blows in dethroning Corbett. These were a straight left to the pit of the stomach, followed by a jolt to the chin with the same hand.

These blows were preceded by what is known as the "left shift," a move in which the freckled fighter was particularly proficient. It was through the medium of the shift that Fitz usually gained an opening for a shot at the body.

* * *

FITZ was a left foot and hand forward fighter, and the shift consisted merely of a sudden change by which his right foot would come forward. In paving the way for a shift and blow to the stomach, Fitz first began swinging his right over Corbett's head, with the view of inducing the champion to raise his guard. This having been accomplished, Fitz then feinted with his right as if to shoot at the jaw. Up went Corbett's hands to protect his face, whereupon Fitz shifted by stepping forward with his right foot, bringing him close to Corbett. Fitz's left then shot to Corbett's stomach with terrific force, and the champion's body bent forward. Fitz, using the same hand that struck the solar plexus region, uppercut his opponent on the chin, and the title changed hands.

Fitz used the shift and body blows in nearly all his victories, Sharkey, Dunkhorst, Ruhlin and several others being victims of that mode of attack. Owing to Jeffries' crouch, Fitz was unable to employ successfully the left shift.

Fitz's left hand was his most effective weapon, despite the fact that he as a horseshoer handled the hammer with his right.

The night that Fitz shifted on Ed Dunkhorst, the human freight car, in the Hercules A. C., Brooklyn, many of the spectators thought the ring would be smashed. Dunkhorst weighed more than 300 pounds and was no doubt the fattest man that ever tried to box. The bout took place April 30, 1900, and in the first round Fitz kept walking around Dunk as though looking for a vulnerable spot. Fitz was warned not to let the freight car fall on him.

In the second round Fitz decided to shift, and when he shot his left into the folds of fat on Dunkhorst's stomach it seemed that his arm disappeared as far as the elbow. When Fitz withdrew his glove, there was a noise like a horse pulling a hoof out of a mud puddle. Then Dunkhorst fell with a crash and many ringsiders precipitately fled, fearing the ring would fall. When Dunk opened his eyes he complained that the engineer had not sounded his whistle at the crossing.

The knockouts of Fitz stamped the freckle-faced battler from Cornwall as the reviver of the lost art of feinting and helped him to establish a record over the world's leading heavyweights that made him one of the greats of all time.

The unique style of Fitzsimmons would have made him a dangerous foeman for any heavyweight that ever lived, and it would be nothing short of silly to compare Ruby Robert with the present batch of big fellows. He would have waded through them as a duck does through water, and his tremendous punching power would easily have blasted many a young hopeful into fistic oblivion.

The art of feinting, of which there was no master like Fitz, would have had our modern crop of heavyweights floundering and flopping by themselves. That the art died with Fitzsimmons has become an accepted fact.

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN

THERE'S another Englishman in our midst.

Not a heavyweight this time, but a fellow fighting among the lightweights and seeking recognition in the 135-pound class. It will be wise to watch his progress. Because from the record he has made on the other side, he bears watching.

Jimmy Vaughan is his name, and he is out of Becontree, England, a 22-year-old lad with enough experience behind him, and ability in him to progress far up the lightweight ladder. He is managed by Johnny Sharpe of London, and has been taken over by the veteran Charley Harvey while doing combat in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

To recommend him, he has a sterling victory over Phil Zwick, and more recently knocked out Frankie Hill, a fighter who had previously scored decisions over George Daly and George Odwell. Two shorts years ago, Vaughan boxed a slashing draw with Aldo Spoldi who made some fine fights in this country, and since then everything possible has been done to entice Jimmy Walsh, Harry Mizler or Dave Crowley into the same ring with him. It is to no avail, however. They want no part of him.

He is a real honest-to-goodness club fighter of the style for which Americans are noted and liked, and in the departments of being able to give and take a punch, he ranks with the best. In about seven years of fighting, no opponent has been able to hit him with a sleeping potion, and his ability to take a good poke has been proved time and again.

He is so far better than the average youngster, that even so good a judge of fistic flesh as Ted Broadribb says he would have to concede him an edge were he to fight Pedro Montanez. According to Broadribb, Vaughan would not back up for Pedro in the close exchange of punches, and as young Jimmy must be conceded an edge in boxing ability, it is easy to discern why he would be the choice over the Pride of the Tropics.

So it would be best to watch the strides made by Jimmy Vaughan while in this country, and see what he has in his fistic makeup that causes the best fighters in England to avoid him.

* * *

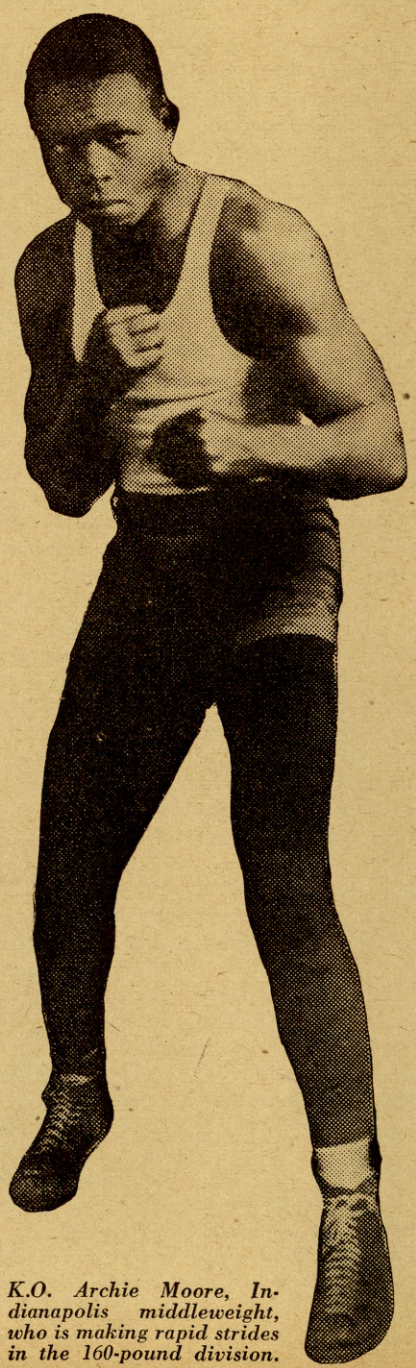
ANOTHER St. Louis born product is making good in the squared circle. Archie Moore, the 20-year-old finalist of the 1936 St. Louis Golden Gloves, is the young man of whom we speak. He is setting a fast pace among the middleweights in the vicinity of Indianapolis. A good puncher who has compiled an enviable knockout record, the sports writers of the town have him tabbed as K.O. Archie Moore.

At this writing, Moore has had 22 fights in the professional ranks. He has knocked out 16 opponents, won five decisions and boxed a draw with the veteran Sammy Jackson in a contest in which many clearly thought that he was entitled to the decision. In a later scrap, he proved Jackson's master by winning in clean-cut fashion.

A sickly looking young man, Archie turned to boxing to help build up his body and gain strength, but decided to turn to the game as means of livelihood when he saw that he was possessed with natural ability. He took the few pennies he had saved while working on some odd jobs and headed east to display his wares. His destination was New Haven but he got as far as Indianapolis where he asked the promoter to get him a fight.

He showed on that week's boxing card and scored a one-round knockout. So impressive did he look, he was taken in tow by Cal Thompson, a local business man and manager of a good stable of fighters. He developed fast under Thompson's wing and became a main bout fighter.

He has scored knockouts over such good boys as Joey Huff, Deacon Logan, Dynamite Payne and Charley Dawson, and among the prominent fighters he has whipped are Sammy Christian and Sammy Kid Slaughter, twice. At present Moore has hurled a challenge into the face of Wendall Bubp, state champion, whom he is very anxious to meet.



K.O. Archie Moore, Indianapolis middleweight, who is making rapid strides in the 160-pound division.

* * *

A YOUNG altar boy is trying to make his mark in the professional pastime, and if he can display as much determination in the ring as he did in trying to convince his mother that it was safe for him to fight, he will go a long way.

He is in the fistic firm of Tony Brown and Jimmy Marsh, and he answers to the name of Frank Aiello. Born in Haverhill, Mass., of Italian parents, the family moved to the "Chinatown" district of New York, and if there is any tougher section than that in good old Gotham town, the writer has yet to hear of it.

He is a young man with a good voice and to this day is serving as an altar boy in the Church of the Transfiguration. When he was 16 years of age he ran back to his old birthplace, for which he had always pined, and sought honors in the amateur ranks. He vowed that he would never return to the Big Town until he had won the championship of the New England States.

Because his mother objected to his fighting, and with the fear that his name would be seen in print and brought to her attention, he changed his monicker to Enrico Conti, and under that name, won the title. He is such a lover of music and so admired the late Enrico Caruso, that he adopted Caruso's first name for himself while battling as an amateur.

When he came back to New York, he went back to singing as an altar boy. However, the urge for fighting was still in him, and slowly he started to break the news to his mother. She wouldn't stand for it, but when the youngster threatened that he would run away again, she finally consented to him becoming a fighter. However, before she consented, she made him promise that he would still serve his mass for another year. Frankie is keeping his word.

And so, the young man who won the Diamond Belt Title, State Championship,

Golden Gloves in Boston, Mass., and the Haverhill City Title, is realizing his ambition, that of fighting in the professional ranks. He has won five fights thus far in seven starts, but even in losing, young Frank Aiello has shown ability that stamps him as a real comer.

* * *

FRANKIE MARTIN, the Canadian titleholder, had best beware. Davey Paul is on his trail, and if rumors are correct that they will meet in the very near future with the Canadian championship on the line, the fight may well bring to light a young man who is the present rage of the Canadians, a ring champion in the making.

That Paul is better than just an average fighter you have our word. We caught him in close to two dozen fights in New York. He has a little of what it takes.

Paul started a successful career in the amateur ranks around Ontario, Canada. His punching fists carried him to the flyweight title in the Ontario Golden Gloves, and later brought him as far as the final class in the bantamweight division of the British Empire games. So impressive did he look, he was advised to turn to the professional ranks.

Davey travelled to Detroit to embark upon his pro career, and ran up a fine record of 26 consecutive victories. Among his victims were Johnny Thomas, the Michigan State champion, whom he defeated twice; Henry Gowatch, Johnny Edwards, Billie Burke, and Johnny Mitchell. He progressed so well in his fighting career that he decided to show his wares in New York, the big city where he felt he might get a break.

After dropping close decisions to Victor Vallee, a pretty good young one, and the Havana Kid, Paul went on a winning rampage that saw him come out on top in battles with Willie Skidmore, Willie Felice, Les Guesno, Jimmy English, Sammy Garcia, Tony Pagano, Louis Sierro, Indian Billy Hill and Johnny Schibella. Quite an imposing record, but Paul felt the pangs of homesickness, and went back to Toronto to continue his glove-swinging career.

Since his return home, Paul has continued to show real fighting form as his victory over Gamelin Dumas, and kayoes of Ted Galacher and Barney Ruffner, will attest. At this writing, the 21-year-old Paul has dropped but three decisions in a career that has seen him swinging among professionals for a little less than two years. He is managed by Sam Levy, a competent handler who knows the intricacies of steering a fighter along smooth channels.

* * *

WHILE in Toronto, let's turn our gaze on little Georgie Pace, the Brown Bomber of the bantam ranks, who was born 21 years ago in the same town in Alabama where Joe Louis first saw the light of day.

The little dynamic punching bantamweight chummed with Jesse Owens, the Olympic champion, while attending Central high school. He entered the amateurs and climaxed 60 bouts by winning the Cleveland Golden Gloves bantamweight title in 1933. He then went to Boston for the national tournament where he reached the finals only to lose out when he found he could not make the weight.

Pace, one of a family of thirteen children, and the only one in the family to ply his wares in the cauliflower industry, was first spotted by Johnny Kilbane as a good prospect. In his first fight, it is reported that he soured on the game when he only received $23 for his fistic efforts. Here is where Kilbane stepped into the picture and turned the colored flash over to his present manager, Tom Stanley.

Kilbane, a coach of boxing in public schools in Cleveland, spent many an hour in teaching this dusky chunk of T.N.T. the art of self-defense, and aside from his punching prowess, taught him the finer points of boxing. That Johnny is proud of his product goes without saying.

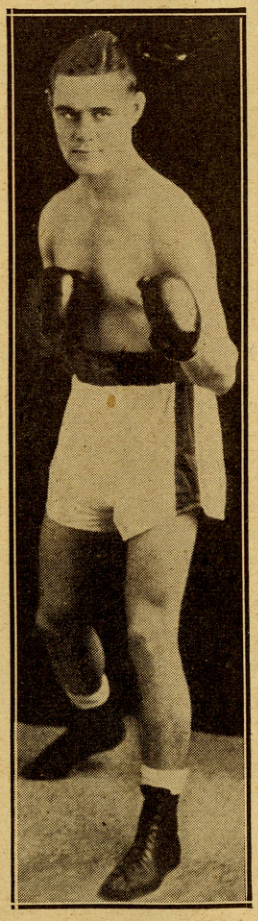
Pace is setting a terrific pace. At the time information concerning the dusky warrior came into The Ring office, Pace had been a principal in but 17 fights. Of these he has chilled 10 opponents, while coming out on the winning end in six others. He lost but one fight, that to Indian Quintana in Montreal.

It is no disgrace losing to a fighter who has been up on top of the bantamweight division for a good number of years now, Quintana being not only good enough to challenge for the world title, but fighting for it. At that it was a close fight in which Pace made it very, very close.

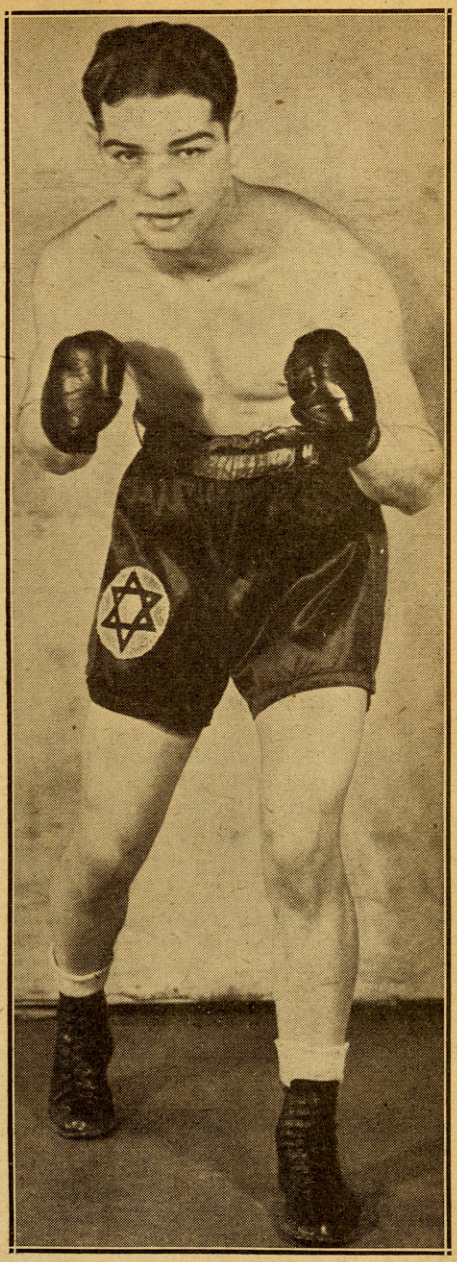
He's a good fighter who bears watching, and we have the word of Johnny Kilbane, who should know fight merchandise, that Pace figures to go a long way up the fistic ladder.

Cleveland has long been noted for turning out crack bantamweights and it is hoped that Pace will take the place of such stellar battlers as Carl Tremaine, one of the hardest hitters that the 118-pound division boasted during the days when the bantams were the most popular division in the land. Jackie Kid Wolfe was another clever bantam who made ring history for Cleveland.

During the years of 1921-22-23-24-25, there were Joe Lynch, Pete Herman, Johnny Buff, Joe Burman, Abe Attell, Goldstein, Bud Taylor, Frankie Jerome, Pal Moore, Young Montreal and quite a few others who comprised a formidable group among the bantamweights.



Jimmy Vaughan, England's outstanding lightweight contender, who is now campaigning in this country under Charley Harvey's banner.



Davey Paul, crack Ontario featherweight, who is in line for a chance at the Canadian championship.

Irish Reader Takes Prize

Fight Fan From Overseas Leads Second Batch of Five In Most Valuable Boxer Contest

LAST month THE RING Magazine gave five prizes to readers whose letters on the Most Valuable Boxer of the year had featured the most fistic meat, the most substance. However, after having picked the first five, the editor decided there had been so splendid a response, and the readers had put so much fine effort and valuable time into their compositions, that it would be only just to reward five more.

Then came the difficulty. How to establish the fine distinctions which would set five over five others. The dilemma could be met in only one way and that was to give ten more awards, instead of five.

The second batch of five prize-winning letters herewith is presented. The third set will be published next month.

The best letter of the five printed in this issue comes all the way from Kerry, Ireland. The winner is John O'Shaughnessy, and he picks Max Schmeling as the Most Valuable Boxer. It will be recollected that THE RING choice was Henry Armstrong, Negro featherweight.

There is some weakness in the O'Shaughnessy letter, as he builds too much of his thesis on the knockout over Louis, and that did not occur in 1937. However, the Irish composition has so much merit, it must go to the top of the list.

The No. 2 prize goes to a fight fan from Jamaica, British West Indies—C. J. E. Mullins. He names Armstrong. The third award goes to a fourteen-year-old student of a high school in Hyannis, Mass. His name is Frankie Mack. Then comes the letter sent in by a man who identifies himself simply as John Doe. He is No. 5724 in the prison at Marquette, Mich.

The last of the five awards goes to James L. Marlin, of Portland, Tenn. Armstrong is Marlin's man. The five prize winners have the privilege of selecting a year's subscription to THE RING, or any book on the list published by The Ring Book Shop,—for example, the wrestling history called "From Milo to Londos," which is enjoying a fine sale.

The five prize-winning letters follow:

To THE RING *Editor:*

I believe that all the requirements named by you for the most valuable boxer award of THE RING magazine for 1937 are best met by Max Schmeling. My second choice is Joe Louis. My third choice is Tommy Farr.

Schmeling has proved in his hard climb up the ladder of fame, that boxing science and skill were great assets in helping him to reach the top rung. His sensational K.O. win over "The Brown Bomber" brought Schmeling's boxing skill to the fore, when Max stalled and boxed scientifically until the 12th round, when the "Uhlan" brought across his terrific right which exploded the myth of "Joe Louis, super-man of boxing."

Max always has fought a clean fight and never failed to please the fans. In the estimation of his Teutonic confréres, and in the opinion of many Americans, Englishmen and Irishmen, Max is held to be a typical example of a true sportsman. No one can in any way lower the character of "The Black Uhlan."

Max is a true sportsman even outside of the hempen square. He is happily married, and is a clean living man. Schmeling is the idol of all juvenile aspirants to boxing fame. In the first place because he is more determined rather than disheartened by the manner in which he was "shunted out" in preference to Joe Louis for another crack at the world's title; and in the next place because he does not aim at what former champions and challengers did.

When others have achieved some little greatness, they have taken things easily and put on superfluous flesh. This is not so in the case of Max. He is always in training. Long walks in the open air for Max! He is never content to rest on his laurels, and he means to keep active. Before his title match with Louis next June, he will take on Ben Foord and Walter Neusel.

Max's calibre again soars among youthful aspirants by his determination to shatter tradition in winning the heavyweight crown twice. He knows tradition is against him, but relying on his skill, science, and true sportsmanship, he possesses that dogged determination to outbox those between him and the title namely Joe Louis, and that skeleton in the cupboard—Father Time!

JOHN O'SHAUGHNESSY,
Convent Road,
Listowel, County Kerry,
Ireland.

To THE RING *Editor:*

First of all let me congratulate you on the excellent publication you issue every month—your famous and world wide magazine, THE RING. Since 1933, when I read the first one, I haven't missed a single copy, and it is today my most treasured magazine.

And now to the chief point of this letter. I nominate as my first choice for the most valuable boxer award for 1937 Henry Armstrong. My chief reason for giving him first choice is this: That of the last 30 opponents he has met, only 4 were able to stay the full distance with him. That in every fight he proved himself a "Dynamo of Energy," as not one of his fights was a slow, dragged out affair to watch, but brim full of thrills. That his annihilation of the hairy-chested, iron-jawed Syrian, Petey Sarron, proved that nothing under the sun today, in pounds and inches of equal weight, can stay in the same ring with him. His general demeanor and characteristics are that of a true born gentleman, inside and out the ring, and a pattern for every mother's son, irrespective of color, creed, or nationality.

My second choice goes to Tommy Farr for what he has accomplished over in England in 1937, and for the fearless battle he put up against the highly touted and greatly feared Joe Louis. And my third choice goes to John Henry Lewis, to whom I would have given second choice but for his unlucky set-to with Isadore Gastanaga.

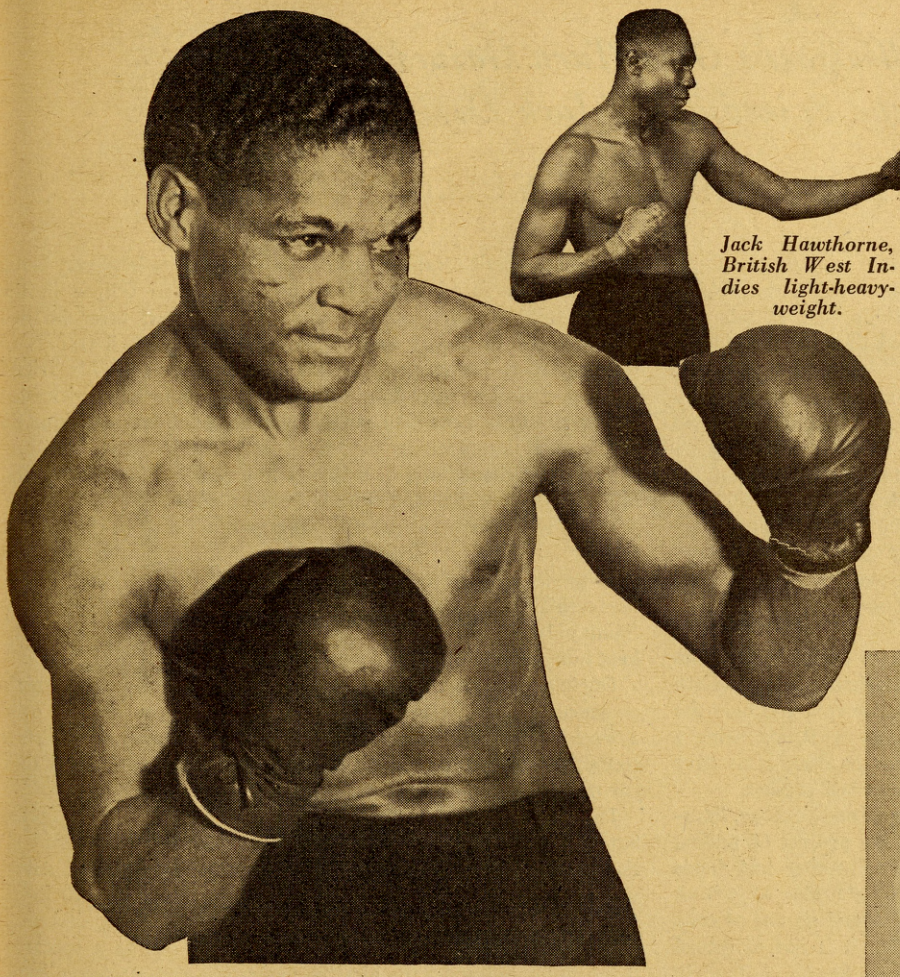
Yours sincerely,
C. J. E. MULLINS,
Beechwood Ave.,
Cross Roads,
Jamaica, B. W. I.

To THE RING *Editor:*

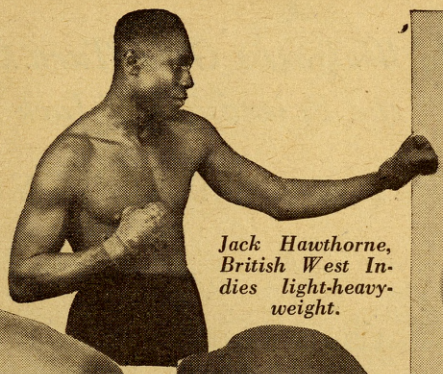
I choose Henry Armstrong because he has brought interest back into a division of fighting, which for many years was not considered important. Also he is the type of fighter who appeals to the crowd. He is not dodging any of his rivals in his class, but has gone out of his division to fight. With this type of fighter, the long forgotten featherweight group will surely come back into the limelight.

Now that he has become champion of his class, he should be a fighting champion, which nowadays is rare. I predict in the near future Henry will become holder of a second title, namely the lightweight crown. I doubt greatly if Ambers could stop this hard pushing boy. I think he is one of the best sportsmen and clean boxers to show in New York. He also has been reported a good boy to manage. He has diligently trained and worked for his bouts. That is why he is in so perfect condition for them. This is good quality for this young boxer. I think he is a good example to boys like myself. He was a member of a family of thirteen and strong and powerful for his size. This greatly helped him, for he was slight. *(Continued on page 42)*

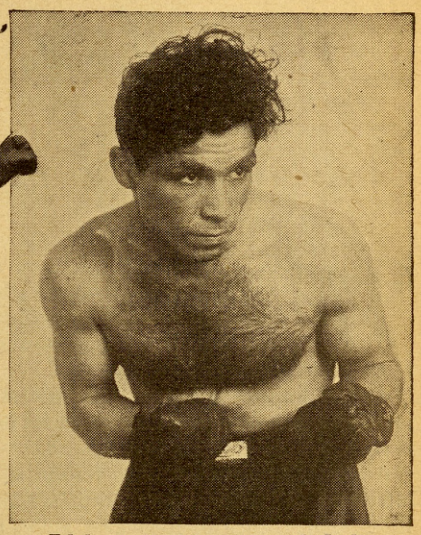
Foreigners With Good Records



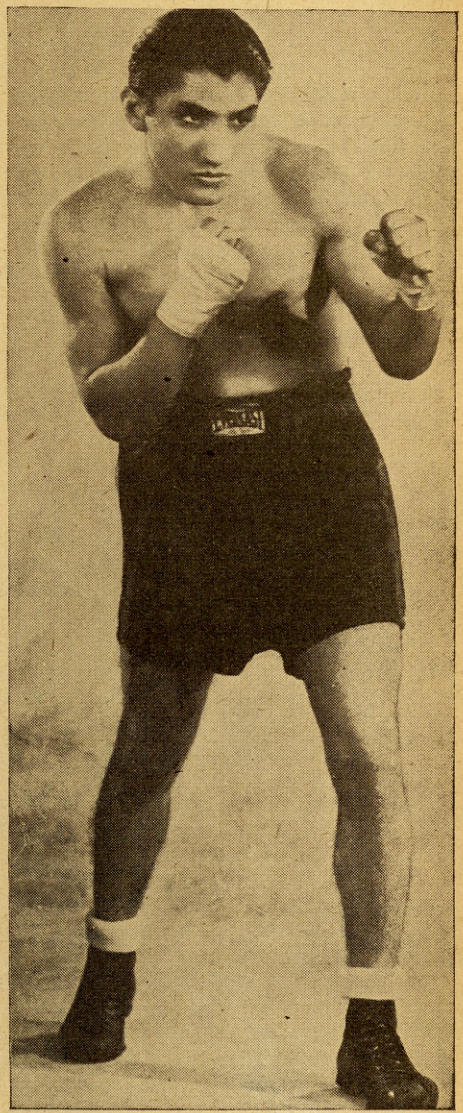
Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, fighting in Paris.



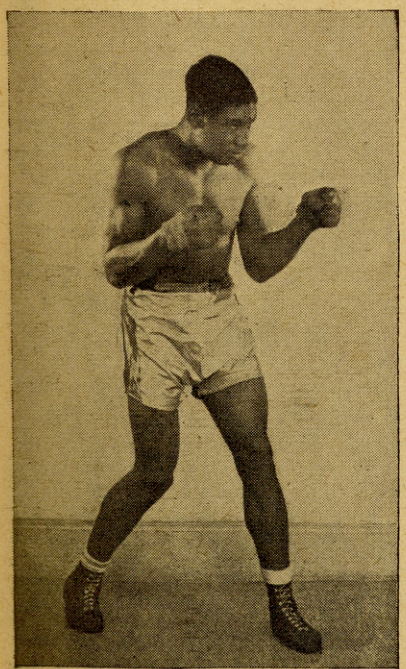
Jack Hawthorne, British West Indies light-heavyweight.



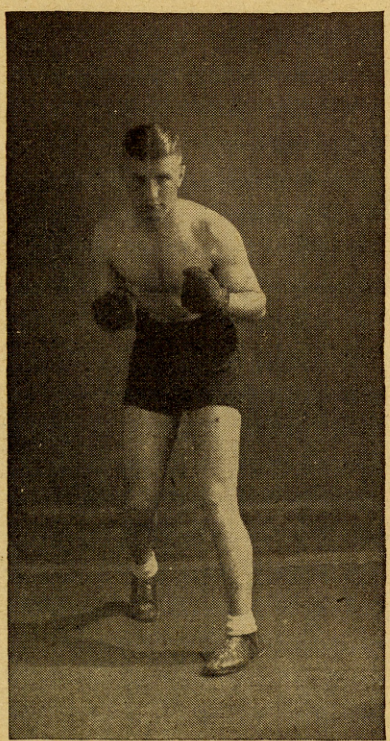
Edelweis Rodriquez, crack Italian bantamweight.



Vittorio Tamagnini, European lightweight title-holder.



Manuel Abrew, Scottish Negro, who holds the heavyweight championship of Scotland.



Tiny Bostock, corking British flyweight aspirant.

A Champion's Reward

How Ad Wolgast's Good Turn Gained for Him the Friendship of Jack Doyle

By THE CALIFORNIA VETERAN

WITHIN a couple of hours after winning the lightweight championship of the world, Ad Wolgast bethought himself of one of his best friends. He sent his pal a happy wire and thereby got himself support for the rest of his life.

An odd little story in one of the oddest careers of ring history centered around a quaint little character of Fistiana and of whom many a strange tale has been related.

Ad Wolgast gave Battling Nelson a terrific beating on the afternoon of Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1910, at a little place called Port Richmond, across the bay from San Francisco. That was long before the present day of polite boxing laws and commissions was thought of and around that time state officials of the golden sector on the Coast were bitterly opposed to the game of fisticuffing.

Indeed, it was about then that Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson and their proposed championship fight, the original "battle of the century," were about to be kicked out of California and over the state line into Reno, Nev., the silver state, as usual, extending a welcoming hand to the sporting gentry, just as open arms have been displayed there so many times in the past and present.

Sid Hester, a sports writer of unlimited gall and courage, interested his architect friend, Tom O'Day, in the project of pulling off a great lightweight battle. O'Day and a brother had funds aplenty, liked Sid and especially snatched at the idea of getting into a sports racket that promised excitement and no end of coin. They got the excitement in liberal doses but it is not of record that the financial returns required any great length of time in computing. They ran into discouraging weather and little more than paid expenses. They had to erect their own arena and that took "cash" in liberal gobs.

At any rate the battle was a huge artistic success despite the rather meager attendance. It went into the fortieth round before Referee Eddie Smith, my sports writing namesake from Oakland and long since gone to his reward, called a halt and gave the decision and the title to Ad Wolgast. Nelson was on his feet, but a gory mess of hammered humanity and absolutely helpless from the terrific battering that the "little Dutchman" had given him for three hours and more that it lasted.

At that time the so-called "outlaw" battles were placed for some reason at forty-five rounds, which generally amounted to a finish, few being able to survive that tremendous route. "Sunny Jim" Coffroth always billed his fights at Colma, just over the city limits of San Francisco, as of that distance, and he had some smashing cards in that open-faced arena.

And before passing on to the story of what happened immediately after the fight, we'll repeat an interesting little yarn of an incident just before hostilities began. Wolgast was first in the ring and had to wait some time before Nelson showed up. The arena was built on the naked earth and previous rains had made much mud in the aisles.

So in order to keep Nelson's fighting shoes dry and clean, Abdul the Turk, a well-known fighter and trainer, fetched the Dane into the ring on his back. Wolgast stood leaning over the ropes watching this operation and as they stood Nelson upright in the ring, Ad, in deeply sarcastic tones, snarled:

"Well, they carried you into the ring and in a little while they'll be carrying you out!"

A prediction that came utterly and literally true a short time afterwards.

Wolgast didn't escape unscathed in that battle, however, being badly bunged up himself, narrowly escaping an eclipse in the twenty-third round. But he was mighty jubilant after he had been patched up and dressed for a few well-deserved rounds of cooling lager. Immediately he bethought himself of his friend and pal, Jack Doyle, in Los Angeles, a man who had befriended the sturdy little Michigan lad on many a previous occasion. So he sent Doyle this wire:

"The new champion will be in Vernon tomorrow and will tend bar for you Saturday and Sunday. Advertise me."

Doyle was running at the time what purported to be the longest bar in the world in Vernon, a faubourg of Los Angeles and a little principality all its own over which Doyle exercised almost monarchial rights. Angelenos had to flock out there for their Sunday lager and scnapps and at least forty bartenders were kept humping day and night serving the cash customers.

Doyle was a good showman and knew the value of Wolgast's presence just at that moment. So he advertised him and for over a week, the place, always a big paying joint, never knew such tremendous business. For Ad kept his word and was behind that bar on exhibition during the entire time.

Jack had plenty of money, got a million more in the oil fields, but never forgot the little Dutchman for that stunt. He said at the time that as long as he had a nickel Wolgast would never want for a thing. And Jack kept his word, for some years later, when Wolgast had an attack of paresis and was slowly declining mentally, broke and helpless, Doyle sent him out to a spacious ranch he owned and gave him the finest care and attention, hoping to nurse him back to mental health. There were numerous other cases that came within the attention of Doyle and benefited by his largess, but Ad was his favorite.

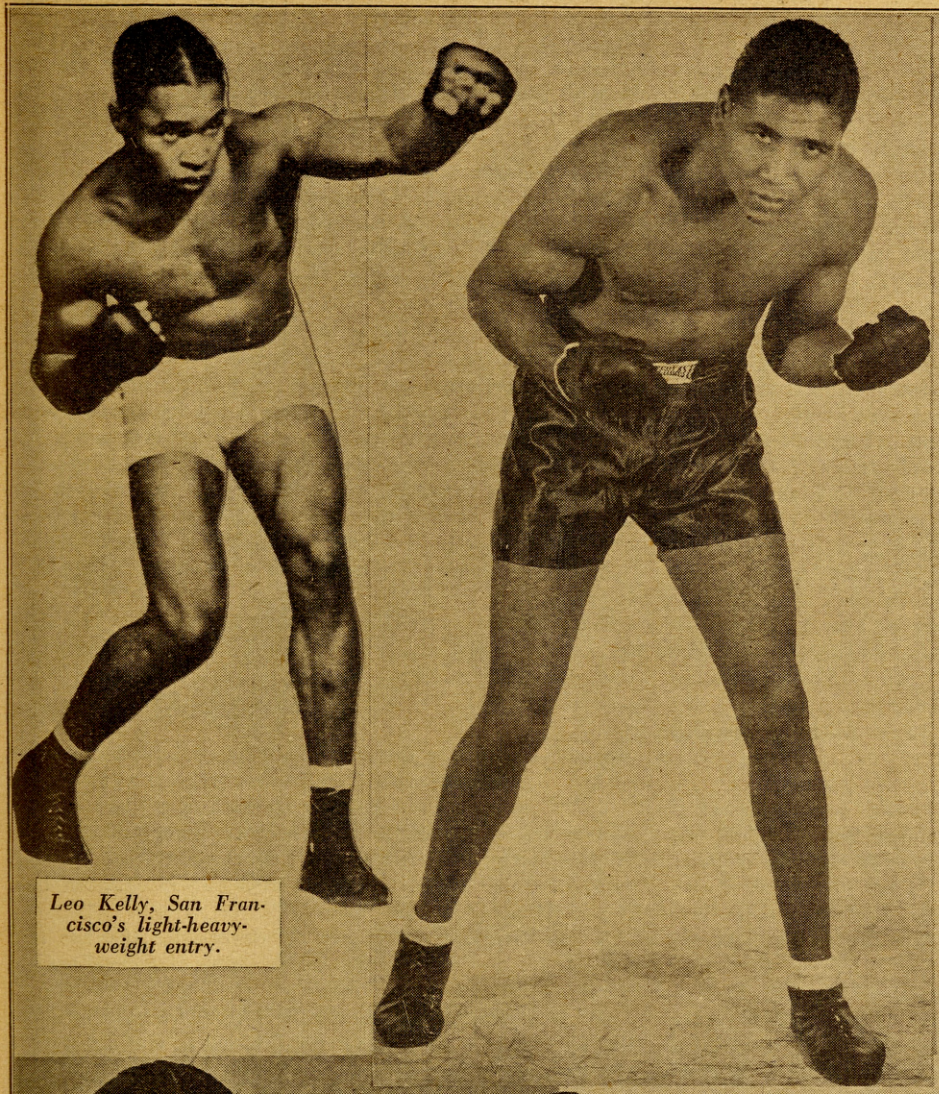
However, the case turned out hopeless and a couple of years later it was found advisable to put Wolgast in the care of expert handling and he was shipped out to Patton, near Los Angeles, an institution for the mentally weak but harmless. And there today is this great little battler, admitted to be one of the greatest fighting machines that the lightweight class ever knew.

Wolgast is fine physically and doctors say he may live many years. His old manager, Tom Jones, sees him occasionally, but Ad's two most attentive pals are Hobo Dougherty, a just ordinary fighter he picked up in his early days around Milwaukee and kept with him when he got prosperous, using him as a sparmate and trainer, and Joe Rivers, the great Mexican lightweight, who was one of Ad's keenest rivals in Ad's peak days and joint hero with Wolgast in that celebrated double knockout in Los Angeles in 1912, stories of which will be told as long as memory survives.

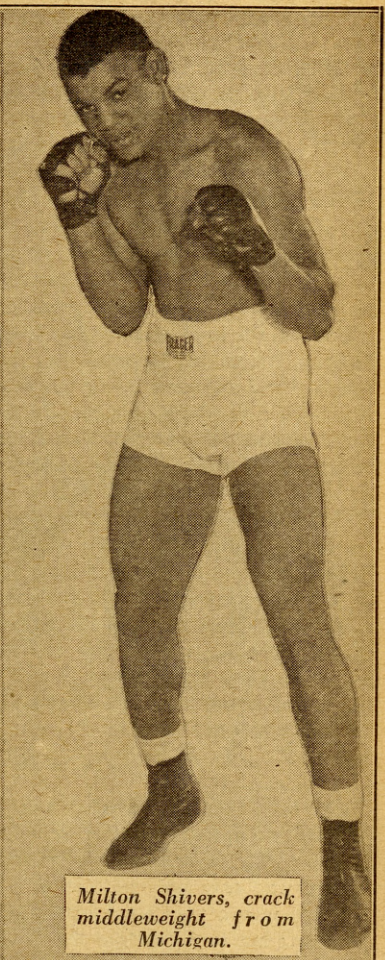
It is a strange case, this one of Wolgast, the doctors say. His own memory is as keen as a razor edge but only of events that happened several years back. Of the things that happened in the last eight or ten years he can recall nothing at all. The last time this writer saw the great little ex-, who was forty-seven years old last February 8, he recognized me instantly and recalled many of the incidents that happened around Chicago and Milwaukee long before he went to the Coast.

He spoke especially of the night he fought Willie Ritchie, who had become champion on a foul in a battle with this same sturdy Michigander, in a ten-round affair that drew the then record house of some forty-three thousand *(Continued on page 45)*

SOCKERS ARE IN SEASON

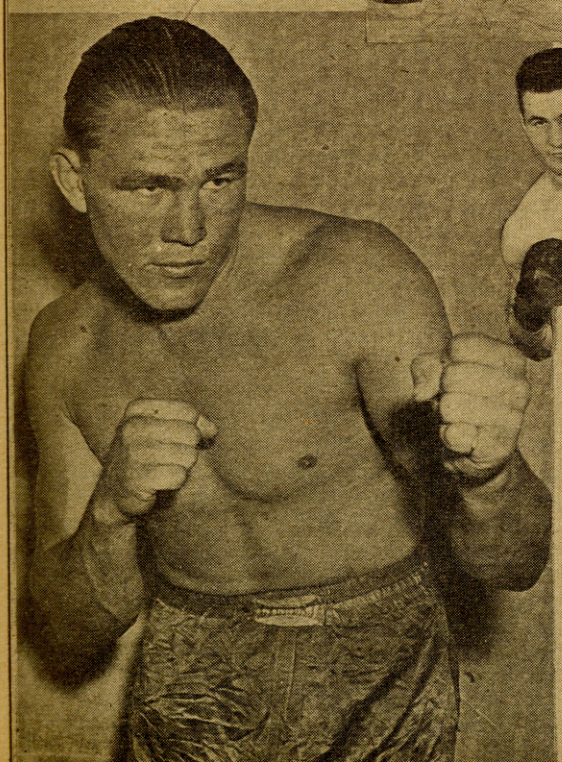


Leo Kelly, San Francisco's light-heavyweight entry.

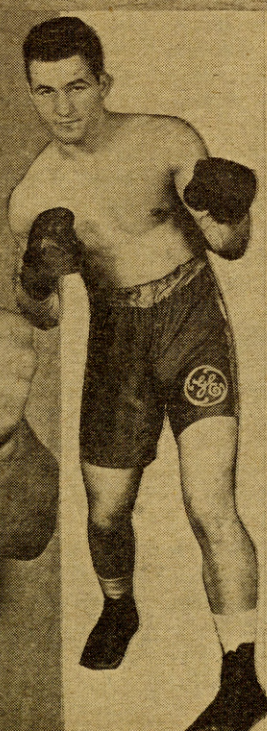


Milton Shivers, crack middleweight from Michigan.

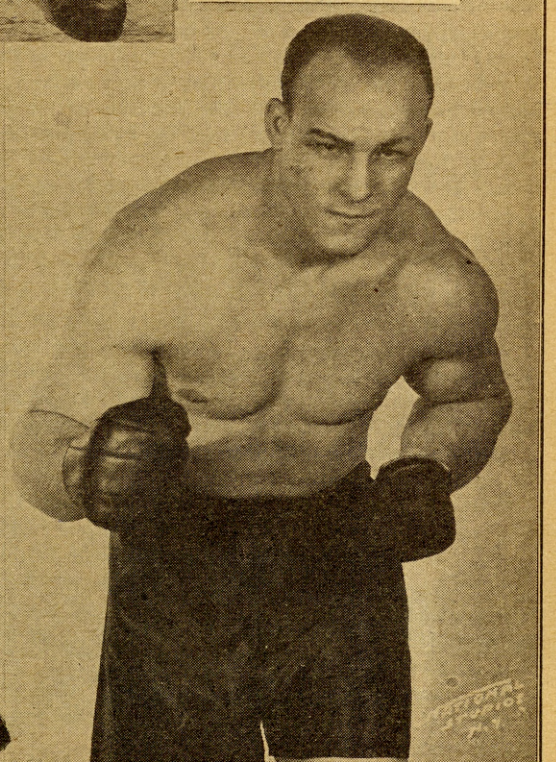
Roscoe Toles, formidable Detroit heavyweight.



Eddie Wenstob, Canadian light-heavyweight leader. He recently won the championship.



Wendall Bubp, Indiana middleweight champ.



Domenic Ceccarelli, Italian light-heavyweight, campaigning around New York.

SOME PUZZLERS of the

BAT NELSON puzzled the doctors and the ringside fans, so perhaps it is not very surprising that he also puzzled Rudy Unholtz.

Unholtz knew Nelson was tough. Nelson was at the height of his career when the two battled ten rounds to no decision at Doyle's old arena in Los Angeles. In those days there was one picture fresh in the minds of the spectators; that was a picture of little Bat Nelson, knocked back five or six feet by some terrible blow on the jaw, almost clawing at the canvas with his feet in his anxiety to renew the onslaught.

Unholtz, the battling Boer, had been fighting for several years in South Africa and England, then shipped to New England and fought his way across America en route to Australia. Rudy was tough; he was strong; and he was experienced.

At the start of the fight, Nelson came at him wide open, contemptuous of danger. Rudy could hardly believe his eyes. He gathered himself, sprung at Nelson with all his might, swinging a vicious left hook. The timing was perfect. His glove landed on Nelson's chin with every ounce of Rudy's strength behind it. His body and his shoulder came in just right. He had enough experience to know that was a Perfect Punch.

Nelson did not slow up his advance or alter his expression in the slightest, or even give any indication that he had been hit. If he knew it, he certainly didn't show it. Unholtz backed away, and raised his hand, bringing matters to a halt.

"Just a minute!" he said. "I want to see what's holding this guy up!"

* * *

SOMETIMES I wonder what would have happened if Bat's opponent on that occasion had been a fighter you probably never heard of—an amateur by the name of Julian Elliott, who only had one bout in his life.

There was a very good reason why his fighting career was so short; but to understand that, we have to look into the rest of his athletic history.

Down on the athletic field of Tulane University in New Orleans, on a suffocatingly hot October 15th in 1910, the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States was holding its National championships. Among other events on the program was the "junior" championship in the shotput. John Hooker of the Chicago Athletic Club and H. W. Fitzpatrick—fine big fellows, like most shotputters—were doing well. The sensation of the meet, however, was a little 135-pound kid from the Irish-American Athletic Club of New York City.

This kid—who looked like a waterboy beside the other shotputters—beat all the big fellows and won the junior championship. He put the sixteen-pound shot forty-four feet, three and five-eighths inches. His strength and speed were so amazing that giant Ralph Rose, world champion in the event, was standing around in the gallery with his eyes almost popping out of his head.

When this 135-pound boy, Julian Elliott, got back to New York, club officials looked over his powerful shoulders, great reach, and the muscles which swelled out like walnuts on his hands. They thought they had never seen such quick strength in a small man, and maybe they were right. They got him to enter an amateur boxing bout.

It was a short contest. Elliott threw one punch. It was shot with such blinding speed that his hapless opponent couldn't guard, duck or move. The poor fellow lay for weeks in the hospital, with his jaw shattered in five places. Elliott was horrified. He hadn't intended to hurt anyone. He pulled off the gloves, and firmly decided then and there that he would never fight again. And he never did.

But I cannot help wondering sometimes what would have happened if it had been Elliott that landed the punch on Bat Nelson's jaw.

Not all shotputters make good fighters. Jack Torrance was the greatest shotputter of them all. He certainly was a failure as a fighter. Other men who have developed muscles by wrestling have all been failures as fighters. Even Gotch.

* * *

GOTCH was a well-built man, but no boxer. He went to Alaska during the early days to wrestle a big Swede, who skipped out on the last boat before winter set in. Gotch found himself in a Klondike winter with no money. He had to do something. Friends suggested that he fight the bouncer of a local dance hall.

The bouncer was too old to put up much of a scrap, so Gotch took a chance. The conditions were winner-take-all, and the dance hall was packed with miners who came to see the fun.

They didn't see much. Gotch marched out into the center of the ring, made one false move in starting his first punch, and woke up some time later to see a circle of curious miners who had approached to see what a wrestler looked like when it was unconscious.

The old boy he had been matched with was Frank Slavin.

Australia's famous "Sydney Cornstalk" hadn't forgotten how to punch.

You might excuse wrestlers for exposing their chins in a fight, because boxing is a strange sport to them; but how about boxing champions who carelessly leave their jaws in the way when punches are flying?

* * *

NOT only have champions been knocked out because they got careless, but there has always been a certain type of fighter who is either too rash or too lazy to learn how to defend himself. Remember what Johnny Kilbane said? "Before every fight I was scared. I didn't want to get hit. So I studied boxing. Today, fighters go in there and stick out their chins, and blooey—a new champ."

It was Kilbane who outboxed the clever Abe Atell and held the title for nearly eleven years. How many champions can you remember who lasted that long?

Old Bob Fitzsimmons, despite the fact that he had a wallop like the kick of a mule, was never the kind to tear into a rival chin-first, in the hope of landing a deadly punch. Without moving a great deal, without dancing around—in other words, in a careful, efficient way—he would slap blows aside, slip them by slight motions which didn't waste any energy.

I have heard people call Old Bob slow. Shucks, he wasn't slow. He didn't have to move far, because he knew exactly what to do. And because he wasn't moving in a showy way, some thought he wasn't even moving. But landing a punch on that old bird was a real triumph.

He had a way of leaning back, slipping his feet in close when you weren't watching, and then suddenly appearing with a left or a right when you were certain he was safely out of range.

There wasn't anything about boxing he didn't know. And he lasted a long time.

* * *

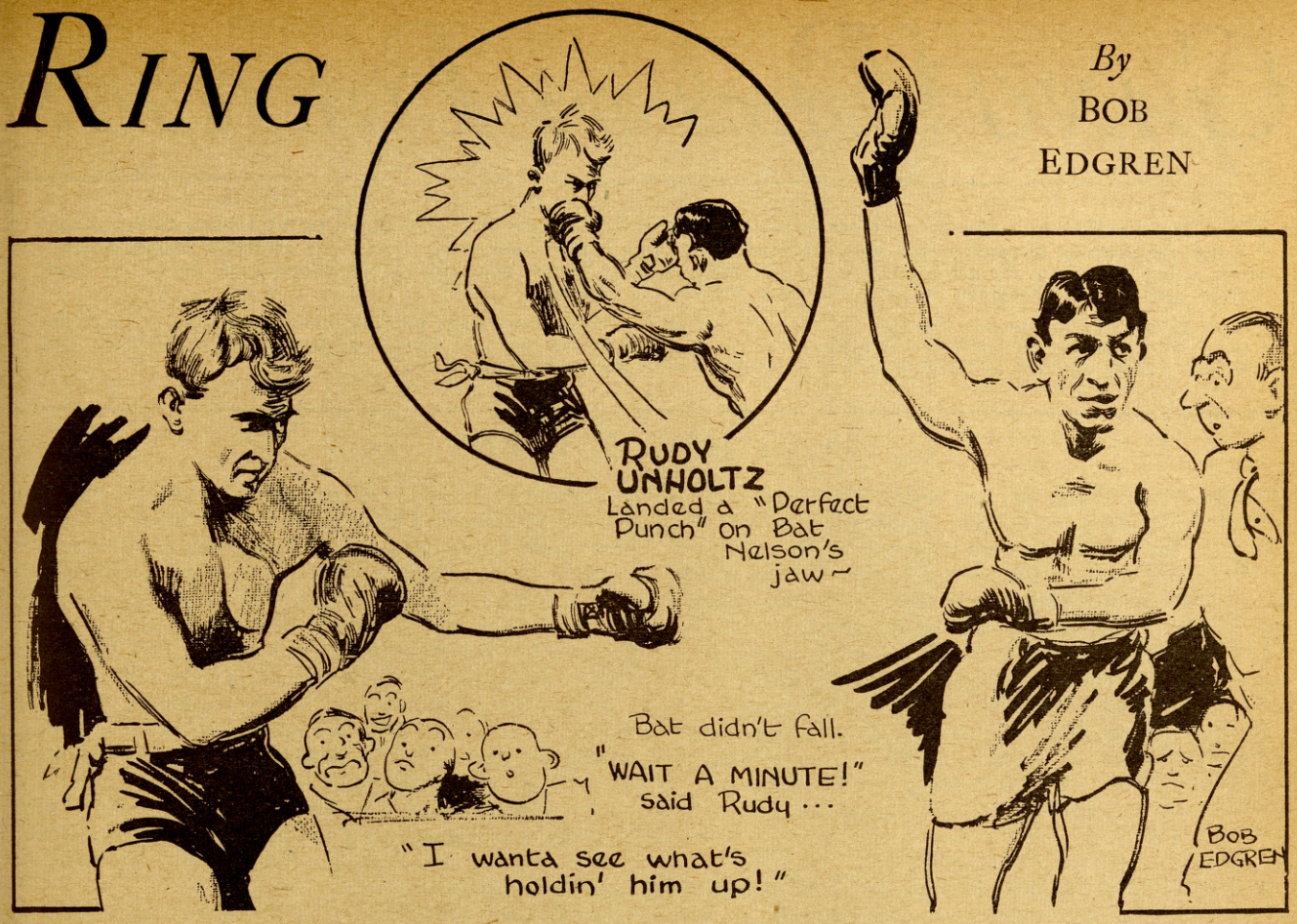
WHEN sports writers tag a fighter with a certain character, it sticks. Remember Mysterious Billy Smith? There wasn't anything very mysterious about him. He was just a rough citizen who was so hard-boiled he even scared Joe Walcott. At least, he had Joe worried. He used to threaten to take a bite out of Walcott's dome, which would have been some feat. But the threat kept Walcott from boring in when he had Smith on the run.

The truth is, he didn't get his name Mysterious from being mysterious. It happened this way: Smith, an unknown, popped up in old-time San Francisco and made a brave fight against Frank Purcell, who knocked him down 29 times.

On the strength of that, he got a fight with Frank Kelly, knocked him out. Then he beat some more favorites and kayoed the famous Danny Needham, generally supposed to be the welterweight champion.

RING

By BOB EDGREN



Billy Smith was from Eastport, Maine, but being unwilling to admit that he was a country boy, claimed Boston as his home and the announcer always referred to him as Billy Smith of Boston. Naturally the Boston writers had never heard of him. On Smith's triumphant return to New England, Bill Pierce of the *Police News* shook hands with him and said: "So you're the Mysterious Billy Smith of Boston!" He wrote it up in an article and ever after that Smith was called Mysterious.

* * *

ANOTHER mystery of the ring concerns Joe Louis. When Joe started slapping 'em silly, he used to sleep fourteen or fifteen hours a night. Sometimes he would sleep as much as eighteen. He was storing up power, his handlers said. Perhaps they were thinking of the grizzly bear, which snoozes all winter.

Then Joe went in to battle Schmeling. Schmeling startled the world by knocking the superman flat. "Too much sleep!" was the immediate verdict of Joe's handlers. They may have been prejudiced by the fact that the Sepia Socker did some of his dozing on the canvas.

But the fact remains that slumber, which was once praised for raising Joe to the heights, is now blamed for his only knockout defeat. His handlers wake him up after he has spent a meager eight hours in bed. Under the new policy he has become heavyweight champion. Perhaps, if he hadn't fought Schmeling, he would still be drowsing fifteen hours a night and sleep would be given credit for having made him a champion.

It just goes to show that you can't rely on individual opinions and theories. A scientist will make several thousand observations, and then come to the rather mild conclusion that an experiment usually comes out a certain way. But a sport fan will see one or two contests, and immediately form opinions so positive that he's ready to fight for them.

When a fact comes along that upsets his opinion, he immediately makes some change to account for it and is just as positive as ever. We sport writers are the biggest suckers of all for that kind of thinking, too. Sometimes it's so dumb it's funny.

THE classic example is that of a fan who cornered Mickey Walker in his Tavern one night. He was trying to put the touch on Mickey, and as part of his sales talk was recalling all of Walker's famous feats in the ring.

"You wuz the greatest fighter I ever see," he orated. "I saw ya beat Tiger Flowers and kayo Mike McTigue. I saw ya when ya licked dat great ol' welterweight champeen, Jack Britton. I seen 'em all come an' go, an' you . . ." (here the stranger tapped Mickey on the chest) "You wuz the greatest. The greatest fighter what ever pulled on a glove."

At that moment, in came Francis Albertanti. Mickey shook hands with him. But the stranger was not to be put off. "Ain't that right?" he asked Francis. "Ain't Mickey the greatest fighter what ever pulled on a glove?"

"Ever see Stanley Ketchel?" asked Albertanti.

"See him?" echoed the stranger. "Of course I did. I seen all his best fights."

"Well, how do you think he would have gone with Mickey?"

"Say!" said the stranger, getting enthusiastic. "Ketchel? Ketchel woulda knocked him out with ONE punch!"

* * *

A STORY that bears relating concerns Tony Canzoneri, who was traveling to Kansas City to battle Mexican Joe Rivers when Tony was the world lightweight champion. En route, a stranger made conversation with Canzoneri, and, living in Kansas City, decided to see the fight. They parted as friends.

About one year later, Edward G. Robinson was on his way to the Coast when a fellow passenger came over to him, grabbed his hand, and asked him how he was since that night in Kansas City. Robinson, feeling it was one of his admirers, answered he was fine. "You haven't fought since, have you?" asked the stranger. Robinson said "No."

The train stopped and the passenger, giving Robinson his card, asked him to see him the next time he was in K. C. "To tell you the truth," answered Edward G., "I've never been in Kansas City."

The stranger looked startled. "Aren't you Tony Canzoneri?" he asked.

GANG WARS and POLITICS

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

THE RING herewith presents the ninth of the series of articles on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murders, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.

By GEORGE T. PARDY

"TIMES change and men change with them," says the old adage, and the later eighties witnessed a gradual but sure trend toward the use of gloves as a substitute for bare fists in ring battles. There was little change in the political backgrounds, however. Politicians of the type of John Y. McKane, the undisputed czar of Coney Island, were the real rulers of boxing. It was under the powerful jurisdiction of McKane that glove fights to a finish became regular events at the Coney Island Club.

On November 28, 1882, Alec Greggains, Coast middleweight, and Buffalo Costello of Australia battled for eighty rounds in the arena by the sea. The referee, seeing that the principals were too exhausted to strike another blow, halted the contest and declared it a draw. A popular saying of the day was, "Anything goes at the Island, if John Y. is willing!"

Toward the close of the first Cleveland administration, McKane, an Irishman, whose aggressiveness was matched by his diplomatic cunning, ruled the Island with an iron hand. Not even "Silver Dollar" Smith or big Tim Sullivan, at the height of their political power, ever exercised the despotic sway over their respective constituents that characterized the reign of autocrat McKane. The latter was one of the first of leading New York Democrats to threaten revolt against Cleveland, whose support of Civil Service rules menaced the professional politicians' control of graft.

McKane's faithful henchmen filled every important office on the Island, and if the boss saw fit to order any citizen to get out of its boundaries, there was nothing to do but to obey. As Chief of Police, John Y. McKane had no trouble at all keeping order among the huge crowds of New Yorkers that thronged the seaside resort on Sundays or holidays. For the subjects of the McKane principality, which included some of the toughest characters in the East, carried out his decrees with as relentless vigor as that displayed by Cossacks in old Russia.

It can be easily understood why fight managers and promoters were humble when dealing with McKane. There was no arguing about matchmaking and purses at the Coney Island Club. A mere nod of assent or refusal from the formidable chief sufficed to settle for good any dispute which might arise among opposing sport factions.

But, like most dictators, municipal or national, the fateful day came when McKane strained his authority beyond the breaking point, and was compelled to relinquish his high command. His downfall occurred when he defied a Supreme Court injunction, tearing in pieces the legal document presented to him, and throwing the fragments away, with the contemptuous comment, "Supreme writs don't go here!"

* * *

McKANE had overreached himself and landed in a spot where all his tremendous political pull and the fealty of his devoted underlings could not save him from the consequences of his rash act. He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing. He served his term and had a record as an unusually well-behaved prisoner. When he emerged from durance vile, he found, as many others of his kind have done, that he was a back number in politics. He never regained a vestige of his old power.

In common with most New York sportsmen, McKane was a great admirer of John L. Sullivan. It was through his realization of what Sullivan could do in the way of execution with gloves, under Queensberry rules, that the Island boss gave his support to the new style of battling. He had seen John L. score twenty-three knockouts in as many bouts with the padded mitts. The champion's preference for gloves over bare knuckles was well known. After Sullivan's battle with Kilrain in 1889, the former declared publicly he would never again fight under such conditions.

Sullivan fought and defeated Kilrain for $10,000 a side, an enormous stake for the times. His side bet was put up by backers provided by Arthur Lumley, Brooklyn sports-writer and editor of the New York *Illustrated News,* a boxing weekly. It cost Sullivan every cent he had won in the ring to pay fines for law-breaking, and to square himself with grafting politicians, conditions due to the inevitable train of evils that followed in the track of such contests.

It was small wonder that John L. was so enraged that he swore he would never defend his crown except under Marquis of Queensberry rules, which called for gloves, three-minute rounds, no tripping or wrestling, and one minute's rest between rounds. He gave an ample demonstration of what action and stunning results could be attained with gloves when he made his famous cross-country tour, giving exhibitions and offering $1,000 to any man who could last four rounds with him. It is worthy of mention that he never had to pay forfeit. His list of knocked-out victims on that occasion numbered over fifty, but it is characteristic of Sullivan's methods that he never took the trouble to add a single name out of the luckless half-hundred to his official ring record.

* * *

HOWEVER, the precedent he set, backed by his immense popularity, caused a swift growth in the use of the gloves and educated the sporting element in the full belief that padded fists would furnish as much excitement and even quicker action than the "raw uns." Sullivan kept his word. When he lost the title to Jim Corbett at New Orleans on September 7, 1892, it was in a glove contest under Queensberry rules. From that day, London Prize Ring methods were outlawed. None of our modern pugilists have any knowledge of the latter, outside of what they may have heard from old-timers or read in accounts of bare knuckle battles of the past.

The seal of approval was set on Queensberry bouts by McKane and other prominent sporting politicians throughout the United States, but there is no doubt that much credit was due Sullivan for his advocacy of the gloves, and the example he gave by registering quick knockouts with leather-encased hands.

Including his victory over Kilrain in 1889, all of Sullivan's victories in title bouts were achieved with the bare knuckles. Such was also the case with each of his predecessors on the fistic throne whose championship battles had to be decided with naked fists.

When Charley Mitchell came to this country to meet Jim Corbett for the world's heavyweight title, it is noteworthy that Mitchell was billed as "boxing champion of Great Britain," and referred to as such, not advertised as the English prize fighting champion. This was because of the well-defined distinction made between the two styles of combat.

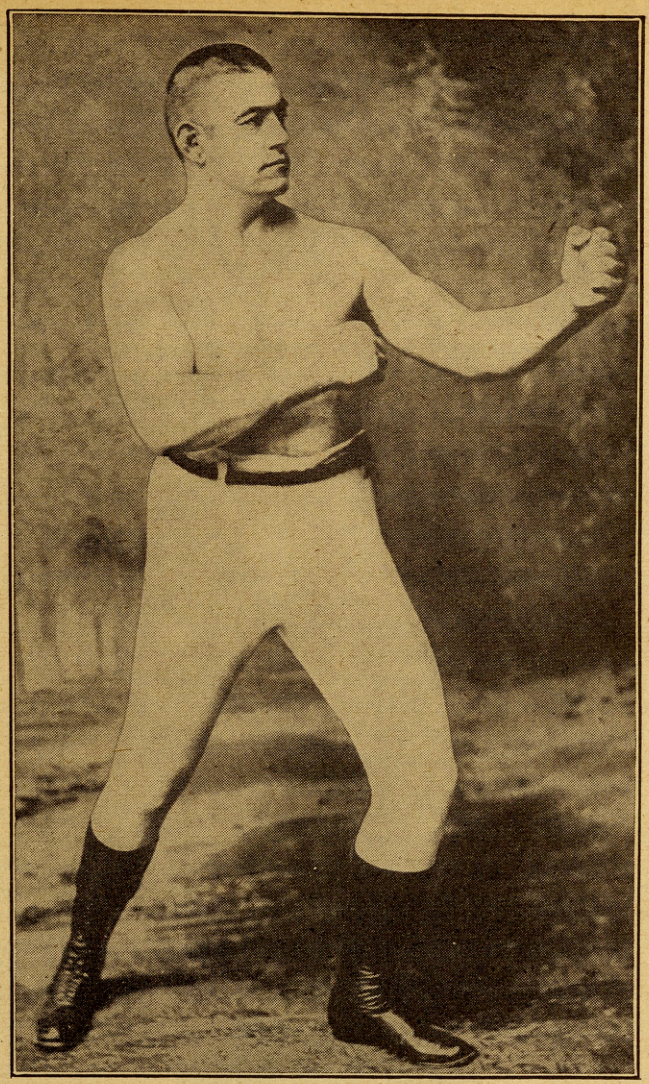
To Sullivan must be given credit for exerting an influence on prize fighting that helped largely toward lifting the sport out of its sordid surroundings and paving the way for transition to a more wholesome atmosphere.

Not that John L. ever posed as reformer of any abuse. He detested professional reformers as much as he did professional politicians, both of whom he viewed and treated with openly expressed contempt. Yet he may truly be said, directly and indirectly, to have been a potent force in saving boxing from extinction in this country by virtue of his spectacular personality and the wide advertising he gave the game.

* * *

IN past chapters it has been clearly demonstrated how violence and rowdyism, frequently resulting in homicidal fatalities outside the ropes, were inseparable from the holding of bare knuckle fights. While many square sportsmen were enthusiastic patrons of these slugfests, it cannot be denied that the London Prize Ring battles drew together in attendance the worst and most degraded members of the social order.

Even in those hectic days, Sullivan's personality dominated the situation as a corrective influence in at least one way—the fact that he took no orders from politicians or professional gamblers, and that whenever he fought, it was a foregone conclusion that his performance would be unhampered by the men-higher-up or emissaries of the underworld. It was no idle boast when the big Bostonian signed himself—"Yours Always on the Level, John L. Sullivan!"



John L. Sullivan, who interested the fight fans of America in the use of gloves in boxing bouts.

At no time in his long career did a breath of suspicion ever cloud his record. The change from bare fists to gloves placed boxing on a much higher plane. Fights under the old rough-and-tumble style were outlawed. Battles for generations had been held in obscure places, with constant dodging of sheriffs and police, and because of their fly-by-night nature, the maintenance of good order and discipline was impossible.

Hence the attendance of gangsters, interested only in betting results, who did not hesitate to cut the ropes, assault the referee, or break up the proceedings by free use of knives, blackjacks, sandbags and guns.

But the introduction of gloves into the combat zone altered conditions entirely. The public began to regard boxing in a less offensive light. Glove contests were held openly in large cities, in big halls, before authorized clubs and under strict police supervision.

* * *

TOM HYER, John Morrisey and other champions of the bare knuckle days, carried guns as part of their personal everyday equipment, as did their followers, and were quite ready to use lethal weapons if they happened to get into a brawl, or went into hostilities with an opposing faction by order of their political backers.

Sullivan despised all gunmen as arrant cowards and, in sharp contrast to many of his predecessors who wore the pugilistic royal purple, was never known to tote gun or weapon of any kind. His brawny fists were good enough for him if a row started, for his enormous physical strength impressed the thugs to such an extent that, though armed, they never dared to risk offending him, and probably being "beaten to the draw" by a brain-shaking slam from the deadly Sullivan right mawley.

All through his fighting career Sullivan was in close contact with gamblers, gangsters and political crooks, but only from the social point of view. Professionally, they meant nothing to him. Yet he palpably enjoyed the adulation of mobs, and wherever he went, the rabble were his guests.

Both gangsters and plotting politicians were glad to retain his friendship, even though perfectly aware that they could not influence him to their own crooked advantage. But he helped them, nevertheless, by staking them to loans which were never repaid, and gamblers made thousands of dollars by betting on him in the ring. Needless to say, no part of such winnings ever swelled the Sullivan bank account.

On John L.'s last theatrical tour, the writer chatted with him in the dressing room of a Chicago theatre, and the conversation turned upon the subject of faked fights. Said the ex-champion of the world:

"I was passing through a Wisconsin town about five years before I lost to Corbett and met a man I hadn't seen for a long time. He was down and out, just the sort of shape I might have expected to find him in. He spoke to me, and when I recognized him I told him to beat it, unless he wanted his face pushed into the back of his head. He didn't argue, but stepped away pronto.

"He was a fellow who once sent a proposition to me to 'lay down' in one of my fights, and the price offered me was three times the value of the winner's end of the purse. The proposition was not made direct to me by this bird—he probably doubted whether it was safe to venture himself within my reach—but came through a friend who had been induced to think he was doing me a good turn by delivering the message.

"That wasn't the only time an attempt was made to stack the cards to beat the public, with me as the fall guy, but I was never done in any fight that I was in. Before my second battle with Paddy Ryan one of my seconds, Joe Goss, as honest and fine a man as ever stepped in shoe-leather, was offered $5,000 in cold cash to drug me just enough to keep me from winning.

"Joe beat up the proposer so badly that he spent two weeks in hospital. Although my defeat of Goss was one of my first important victories, he never bore any hard feelings against me, but was my pal, helper and admirer to the day of his death."

* * *

TWO months before Sullivan began training at Good Ground, Long Island, for his battle with Corbett in 1892, the big fellow was sitting in a New York saloon run by Jimmy Wakeley,

one of his backers, when a gent named Spencer Collins, better known to the underworld and in sporting circles as "Silk Collins," a sobriquet gained by his somewhat bland and insinuating manners, entered the resort, greeted the champion, and seated himself at the table facing John L.

"Silk" hailed from San Francisco, where he was politically powerful, and made a large fortune running poker and faro games. A bred-in-the-bone crook by nature and profession, he was also a ring patron and had been mixed up in several fights with unsavory endings, in each case the suspicion existing that the loser deliberately lay down in obedience to his orders. Gamblers, fight promoters and politicians worked hand-in-hand then at the Golden Gate. "Silk" registered as an important and dangerous personage among the overlords of vice, having shot and killed a rival for the street-services of a siren of the sidewalks, an incident lightly dismissed by a friendly judge on a plea of self-defense.

He also maintained a gang of desperate thugs, who were ever at his beck and call, and he was in every way a man whose ill-will it was unwise to incur in his own bailiwick. "Silk" had made John L.'s acquaintance when the champion passed through San Francisco en route for Australia in 1891.

* * *

TWO of the champion's friends who were drinking with him were suddenly called away, leaving "Silk" alone with Sullivan. It was then that "Silk," leaning forward, began to speak in a low tone. The conversation lasted only a few minutes when the walls of the saloon re-echoed to John L.'s resonant bass voice, uttering a lionlike bellow of rage.

The champion sprang to his feet, but, as he had been drinking rather heavily, staggered a trifle in an onward rush, and caught at the table for support. Collins, taking swift advantage of the instant's delay, ran like a greyhound for the door and sprinted down the street. By the time Sullivan reached the entrance the object of his wrath had vanished completely.

In reply to Jimmy Wakeley's question as to what the trouble was, Sullivan angrily stated that Collins had the audacity to propose that he should "lie down" to Corbett, offering as bait the sum of $100,000, which "Silk" and four other California gamblers were willing to present to the champion on the day preceding the battle.

Wakely, who was backing Sullivan, persisted in the belief that Collins had either perpetrated a foolish jest, or was drunk and not responsible for what he said. In any event Wakeley was of the opinion that nothing should be said about the affair, lest it might get into the newspapers and awaken public distrust as to the coming battle being perfectly on the square.

To this wise advice Sullivan grumblingly assented, complaining bitterly that existing conditions prevented him from following Collins to the Coast, if necessary, and breaking every bone he could locate in that smooth gentleman's body. As Wakeley had taken the wise precaution of retiring to a rear apartment with the champion to hear his explanation of Collins' sudden flight, only one other man, Mike McQuaid, a staunch friend of Sullivan, who accompanied them to the seclusion of the back room, was aware of what had actually happened.

That night the New York police were presented with a murder mystery to puzzle over, for "Silk" Collins was found stabbed to the heart about ten blocks away from Wakeley's place on a side street. In Collins' hip-pocket was a 38 Colt revolver fully loaded, not a chamber of which had been recently discharged. There was absolutely no clue to the killer, and the slaying was ultimately listed as an unsolved murder.

There seems to have been but little effort made by the authorities to find and apprehend the assassin, nor did the newspapers pay more than passing attention to the killing. The day had not yet arrived of yellow journalism, when the elimination of an underworld rat would be exploited in flaring headlines, with pictures of the deceased, his mistress, wife and children, if such existed, spread over the front page. The Gotham police, aware of "Silk's" foul repute, and that only political influence had saved him in San Francisco from a well-deserved death on the gallows for cold-blooded murder, probably figured that he got what he deserved from one of his own kind, and let it go at that!

Years later, Mike McQuaid, penniless and ill, and befriended by Parson Davies, the famous manager of Peter Jackson and other great pugilists, died of tuberculosis in Chicago. The day before he passed over to the great majority, Mike confessed to the Parson that his was the hand responsible for the well-directed knife stab that let the life out of Mr. Collins.

* * *

ACCORDING to the dying man's statement, made with a keen relish and certainly devoid of any regret for the action, he had been associated in certain more or less shady transactions with Collins on the Coast, and knew that "Silk" was a person who never forgot or forgave an insult, and was ever ready to shoot to kill on extremely slight provocation.

Mike's devotion to John L. Sullivan was unlimited, and he fairly idolized the big Bostonian. Soon after hearing what had actually transpired between the champion and the man from California, McQuaid left Wakeley's place, suspecting strongly that Collins would return later on and get revenge by filling the Sullivan frame full of lead.

He trailed Collins to the hotel where the latter was staying, watched him drinking at the bar for upwards of an hour, and was not far behind him when "Silk" started back in the direction of Wakeley's. At a dark corner of a passageway between two empty houses Mike caught up with Collins and spoke to him. Collins halted, peered forward and recognized his Coast acquaintance. They stood for a few moments while "Silk," half drunk and in a tempestuous mood, cursed Sullivan for a bully, and boasted of his intention to return to the scene of his recent discomfiture and get even with the fighter.

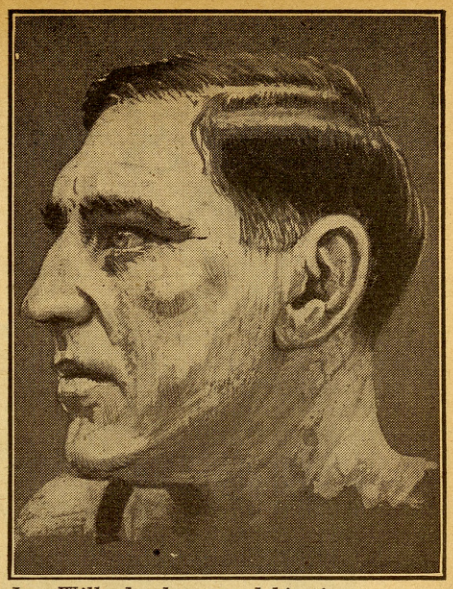
He drew and flourished a gun as he spoke. Just as he replaced the weapon in his pocket, McQuaid, assured that Collins meant business, took no chances with the would-be killer, a keen-edged bowie knife flashed into fatal action, and the next instant Collins lay dead, thrust through the heart. The hour was late, there were no pedestrians or vehicles in sight on the quiet side street, and the nemesis of "Silk" Collins made an easy and undisturbed getaway from the scene of the tragedy.

Parson Davies kept the story to himself, so far as the papers were concerned, for the sake of McQuaid's mother and father, respectable folk residing in *(Continued on page 44)*

Jesse James, the notorious bandit, who was present at the Sullivan-Kilrain fight.

BOXING'S ANCIENT "ROOKIES"

By T. W. McNIEL



Jess Willard, who started his ring career at 28 and advanced to a world championship.

THERE'S an old axiom of the prize-ring that says you've got to start early, or not at all. In other words, you can't teach an old dog new tricks. There's more truth than poetry in the statement, too, but that there are exceptions to this iron-clad rule is amply demonstrated by the performances of a number of mug-wreckers who turned to the hempen arena after they had almost reached the grand-poppa age.

Practically all these ancient "rookies" belong in the heavyweight division. The big boys develop later in life than do their smaller brethren. Naturally, that is the principal reason why a heavyweight can sometimes hang around until he is on speaking terms with the age of thirty, and then still have time to take a whirl at the beak-spearing trade.

Taking a leisurely stroll back down through the pugilistic trail, we run across several of these mature old kids who carved out quite a name for themselves in fistic circles after it was almost unanimously agreed that they were too aged and infirm to have any market value as fistic timber.

* * *

THE case of rugged old Joe Goddard, the "Barrier Champion" of Australia's golden era of fisticuffs, is the outstanding example of an "old" boy making a success of his jaw-splintering endeavors.

Old Joe had reached the ripe old age of thirty-four before taking to the glove-swapping trade. That's an age that would be reckoned as an absolute impossibility in this day and time, and in view of our modern tendencies toward soft and easy living, it most certainly would. But in Goddard's day, and in Goddard's case in particular, it wasn't so much a handicap.

This pugnacious old scrapper of the dock-wallopin' variety didn't take time out to acquire a whole lot of finesse. In fact, his particular mode of milling didn't require much in the way of pretty boxing. While standing toe-to-toe and swapping pile-driving wallops might be termed in some circles as "art," the way old Joe Goddard did it made it a rather coarse example of fistic finesse.

Joe didn't rise to the top of the pile, but he certainly made life miserable for the brigade of rib-benders of his day. Nor was he such a failure but what he saw fit to put in a ten-year stretch of his life at the glove business. During that decade he managed to hang the finisher on a few of the boys like Joe McAuliffe, Peter Maher, Mick Dooley and Joe Choynski.

Not so bad for a fellow who waited until the gray-hair stage of life to get started.

* * *

A FEW annums back, we had another example of an old "rookie" right here in these States of ours creating a whale of a rumpus in heavyweight circles. It was none other than old Meyer K. O. Christner, the ancient Akron rubber-puddler.

Old K. O. didn't have anything in the way of fistic assets but a bulldog determination and a gosh-awful wallop to the whiskers. The clever boys could stand off and peck him to pieces, but God help their carcasses if they grew careless for a split second in front of the paunchy thin-thatched Akronite.

I like to recall the night he tangled up with "Goodtime George" Manley out in Denver, Colo. Manley was hotter than a firecracker in those days, and Christner was brought in for the clever Manley to practice on. The Denverite had his failings and shortcomings, plenty of them, but there was nothing wrong with his scrapping ability. He had about as sharp a left hand as any guy in the business, and he knew his way around the ring, too.

His fight with the old rubber-puddler wasn't a minute old, until the rawest student of boxing could see that Manley could stab his head off with that darting left. Maybe Manley was surprised himself at the ease with which he was handling the aging war-horse. Anyhow, George, who was never averse to "showing off" before his home town admirers, took time out to turn and wink at his seconds. That was all that Christner asked of any man . . . . just turn his head for a second.

Starting a right from down around his knees, he tossed it straight into George's classic profile with all the steam he could muster. The Denver Dandy described a perfect arc through the atmosphere and almost ripped out the floor of the ring with his mush when he finally did come down.

They could have given Manley ten minutes as well as ten seconds, and it would have been all the same.

* * *

CHRISTNER first sprang into prominence in 1928, when as a frisky thirty-two-year-old rookie, with less than two years' experience under his belt, dismembered Knute Hansen, a towering Dane protege of Walter P. Chrysler. The automobile magnate, dabbling around with fistic hopefuls as a hobby, had picked up Hansen and was pointing him for a shot at Tunney's crown.

The big Dane had plenty on the ball, too. He looked like a sure-fire bet for the title until the night Christner drilled him full of holes.

Jack Sharkey is another guy who can attest to old Christner's socking ability. Jack got away with the decision the night he hooked up with the ancient Akronite, but not until he had spent one of the most hectic evenings of his life.

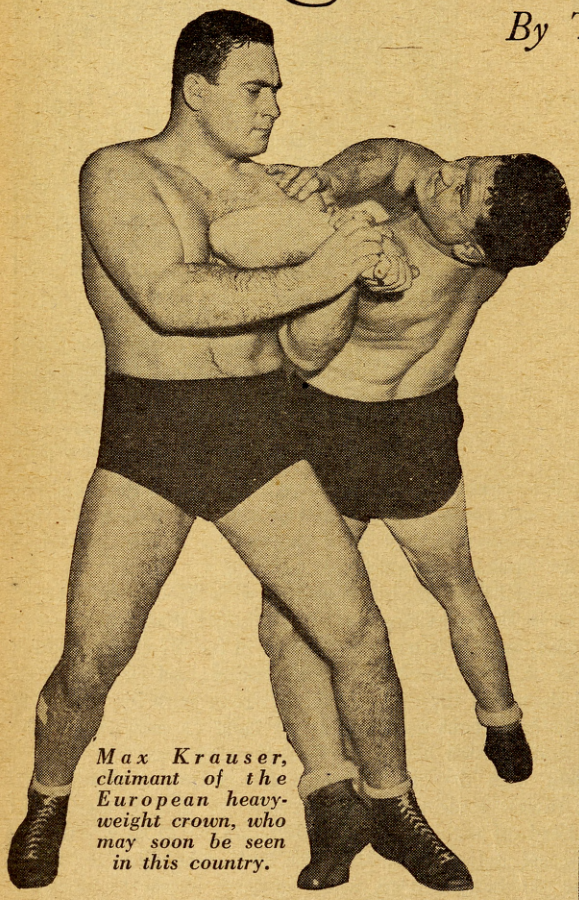
And all this came at the hands of a fellow who never saw the inside of a ring until he was thirty years of age.

* * *

BACK in 1911, a big, raw-boned fellow was skinning a four-mule fresno team for a construction outfit down on the Kansas-Oklahoma line. Twenty-eight years of age, awkward as a cow, and with no more pugnacious spirit than a pet sheep, this big mule-skinner was introduced to the *(Continued on page 45)*

Foreign Wrestling Aces

By THE MATMAN



Max Krauser, claimant of the European heavyweight crown, who may soon be seen in this country.

MAX KRAUSER, the unbeaten European champion, is shortly to appear in the United States, if present negotiations materialize. This Herculean athlete was born in Poland twenty-six years ago, and is the youngest of a family of eleven brothers and sisters.

A rather remarkable incident was responsible for the introduction of this Polish youth to professional wrestling. It so happened that Krauser, who, at that time, was a student of chemistry in Lodz, went with his friends to a tournament at which was appearing the powerful German champion, Paul Wolke. When this grappler had so brutally injured his opponent that the poor fellow had to be removed to hospital in an ambulance, Maxie jumped into the ring and challenged Wolke. The German, seeing that the audience was with Krauser, was forced to accept. Burning with rage, Max was successful in pinning Wolke in two minutes amidst terrific applause.

From that day on, the Polish genius chose wrestling as his profession, and in the six years he has been grappling, has never once tasted the bitterness of defeat. One of his greatest performances was to win the Graeco-Roman style at Warsaw, in which forty of the finest wrestlers of the continent competed. On this occasion, he received a silver cup from the Polish press for the best style, apart from gaining first prize for physical culture as being a finely built athlete and wrestler.

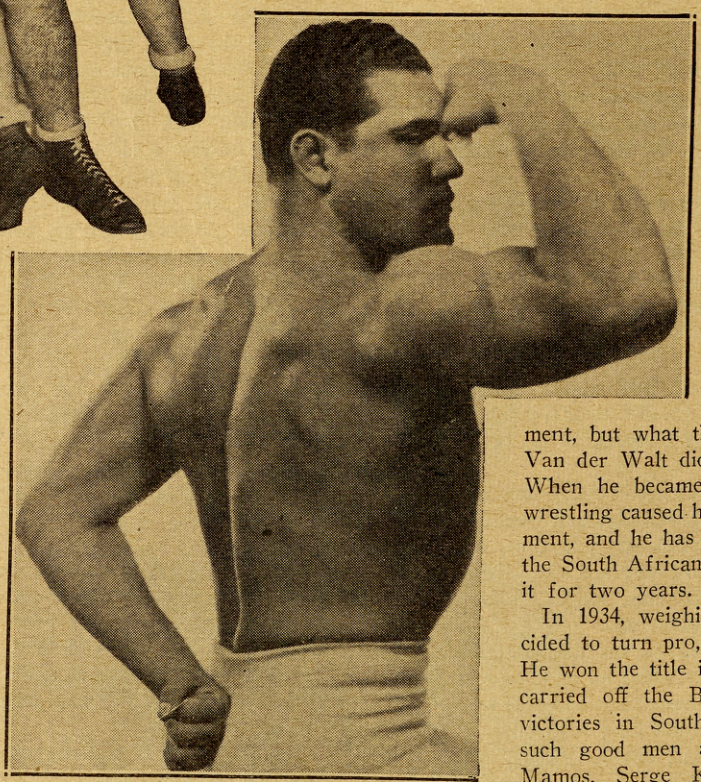
Krauser, who recently won the Swedish international championship, has had the honor to wrestle at Constantinople before the Turkish Minister-President, His Excellency, Kemal Pasha, his opponent being the Turkish champion, Olaf Tschopan, who was pinned in forty minutes. Another triumph was to hold the uncrowned world champion to a one-hour draw in London last year, namely, the famous American, Jack Sherry.

Many other top-notchers have fallen before Max, the most formidable of whom are Sailor Arnold, Ali Achmet, Leo Lefebvre, Faziel Mahomed, Bob "Legs" Langevin, George "Dazzler" Clark, Henri Stoeff, Guilo Travaglini, Kola Kwariani, Ritchtkoff, who won the Olympic Games championship in Los Angeles, and many others too numerous to mention.

Max Krauser, who stands 5 feet 10½ inches and weighs 231 pounds, is the highest paid mat star in Europe today.

* * *

SHORTLY before New Year's, Johannes Van der Walt, star South African heavyweight wrestling king, who claims the British Empire championship, sailed for home after completing a most successful trip around three-quarters of the globe.



Johannes Van der Walt, Johannesburg heavyweight star, who lays claim to the British Empire title. He just completed a successful world tour.

The big Johannesburg athlete, who lost only one match on the world tour—to Jim Londos — is one of the world's outstanding grapplers. There are only a handful of matmen who are his superior.

Johannes, as a boy, was an invalid. He had an oversized heart and his parents spent considerable in an attempt to overcome the ailment, but what the doctors were unable to do, Van der Walt did through exercises and baths. When he became strong, a desire to take up wrestling caused him to enter an amateur tournament, and he has been at it ever since. He won the South African title and successfully defended it for two years.

In 1934, weighing 194 pounds, Johannes decided to turn pro, and met with instant success. He won the title in his native land and recently carried off the British laurels. Among his 78 victories in South Africa were triumphs over such good men as George Varseilles, Harry Mamos, Serge Kalmikoff, Al Perriera, Bob Kruse, Hank Oswald, Boganski, Jim Atlas, Koriana and Joe Gotch.

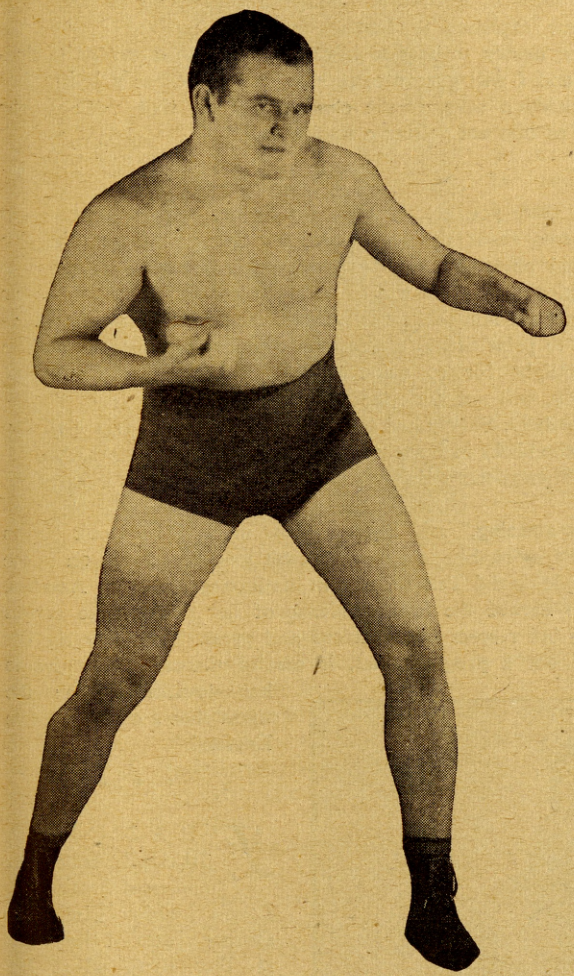
It was after the last Londos match that he decided to come to America by way of Europe. He beat Bulldog Gannon in Plymouth, Eng., in nine minutes; then he defeated Lione in Paris, Brendell in Brussels, King Kong in Berlin, and wrestled the Turkish champion, the big, burly Husigin, for two hours to a draw in Istanbul. In Turkey, he also defeated Malayim in 18 minutes and Dinali Magmet in 32 minutes.

In Athens, he lost to Londos in an hour and 47 minutes before 95,000 persons, who paid the unprecedented amount of two million dragmas to see the mill. From there he travelled to Holland, where he wrestled Von Wurden in Amsterdam, and then on to America, to defeat Zaharias, Rube Wright, O'Mahony and Dave Levin. Back to London he went, to best Karl Nowina and Gregory.

Two Popular Matmen

By EDDIE MERRILL

Jack Holland and Wee Willie Davis, Star Gridders Who Made Good in Wrestling Ranks



Jack Holland, the California Adonis.

HOW often have you heard the expression that a certain individual is entirely too good looking to be a successful wrestler? Generally the individuals with the Apollo-like frames are entirely too careful in the ring, lest their handsome phiz be somewhat disfigured.

But such is not the case of Jack Holland, that good looking Los Angeles package of perpetual motion machinery. This very same Holland had shunned contracts to enter the movies. He felt that he was born to be a matman, and he entered that field of endeavor to prove his contentions correct.

It will be three years since Holland took part in his initial bone-bending duel. And from that time on, he has been coming along like a meteor. He proved to be the rare exception to the rule by being both good looking and a grappler of merit.

Holland was born on February 22, 1914, in Chicago. His parents moved to the Cinema City when Jack was but eight years of age. It was on the Golden Coast that the present-day wrestling star gained his education. He graduated from the public and high schools and then took a two-year physical education course at U. C. L. A., where he played football and wrestled. Prior to that, he was enrolled at the Urban Military Academy, but spent only one year there, from 1931 to 1932. It was in 1934 that Holland gained his sheepskin from U. C. L. A. In 1935, he embarked on his professional mat career. But before doing so, he brushed up on the professional style by placing himself under the tutorship of the late Farmer Burns.

When the Farmer informed Holland that he was a finished product, he started out and soon made the headlines. Holland, who stands five feet eleven inches high, and scales 210 pounds, has proved to be a sensation. He specializes in drop-kicks, flying tackles, arm-locks, head-locks, and the various forms of scissors holds.

And Jack Holland still retains that beauty which many feared would be marred in that rough competitive sport.

* * *

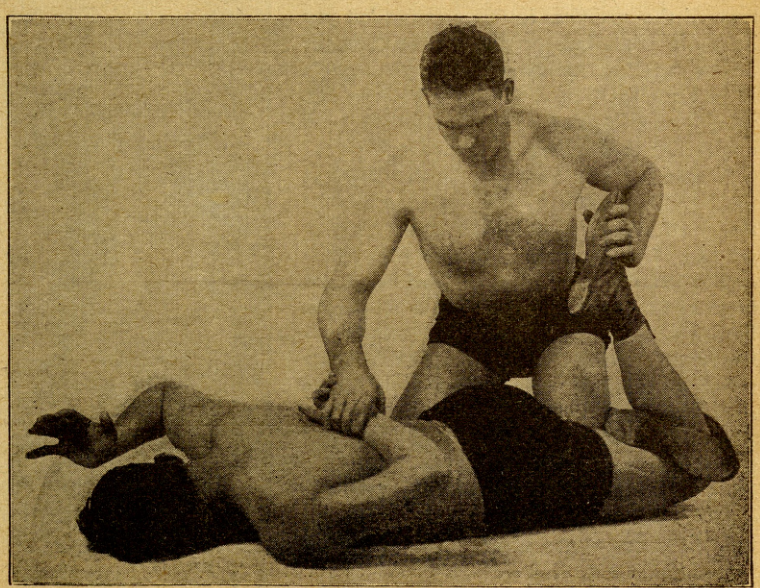
WHAT a family are the Davises, hailing out of Groseclose, Va.!!!!

If each one would stand atop one another's head, their total height would be 61 and 1/3 feet. As if that isn't all, don't forget their combined poundage adds to more than A TON—2130 pounds to be exact.

In order to make things easier, we will itemize the sizes of each one of the Davises, father, mother, wife, brothers and sisters of Wee Willie, the wrestling member of the family. Here goes:

	Height	Weight
John (Pa—Farmer)	6′	225 Lbs.
Nancy (Ma)	6′	180 Lbs.
Mildred (Willie's Wife)	6′ 2″	256 Lbs.
Wee Willie (Wrestler)	6′ 6″	252 Lbs.
Roy (Brother—Minister)	6′ 5″	240 Lbs.
Marvin (Brother—Clerk)	6′ 2″	218 Lbs.
Bowman (Brother—Student)	6′ 1″	207 Lbs.
Melva (Sister—Government Clerk)	6′	176 Lbs.
Eulalia (Sister—Stenographer)	6′	184 Lbs.
Loleta (Sister—Stenographer)	6′	192 Lbs.
Total Height	61 1/3′	Tot. Wt. 2,130 Lbs.

Of the entire Davis family, Wee Willie and his wife share all the honors. The wrestler is the tallest of the band of ten, while his mate is the heaviest, scaling at *(Continued on page 42)*



Wee Willie Davis, the biggest member of a family of giants.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

JACK SHERRY, whose claim to the heavyweight wrestling championship of the world is recognized in Europe, spent the holidays in New York and returned to London on February 1 for an extended and active campaign there. No American wrestler who has gone abroad since the days of Gotch and Hackenschmidt has been so popular in Europe as Sherry. In a statement to THE RING Editor just before he left, Sherry declared:

Janos Bado, Hungarian heavyweight king, now campaigning in America.

"While your ratings this year do me more justice than last, I still disagree with what you have said. Apparently your selections are based on what you have seen in the performance of the wrestlers in this country, but you have not taken into proper consideration the doings of the American wrestlers abroad. Here are a batch of clippings, and stories like these do not lie. You will note what the London scribes think about my wrestling.

"I note that you have Jim Londos listed as the No. 1 challenger. I, like you, recognize the ability of Londos, but I have been trying to get him to meet me in a championship match in London for three years and neither I nor anyone else can budge him. Hence when you have him rated as your best and leading challenger, do you think that it is fair to men like myself to be ignored by the man who claims such high honors?

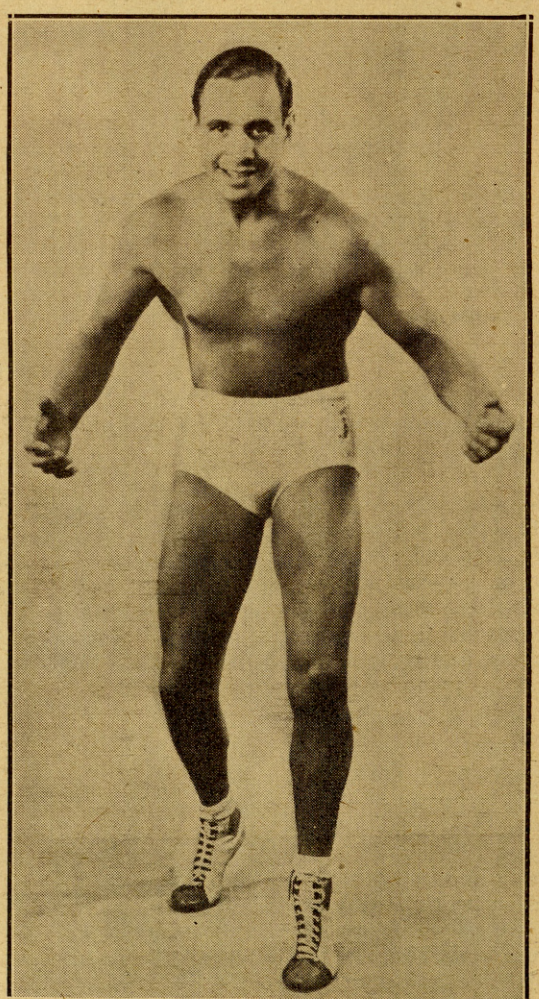
"I have come to your office today, for two things—first, to tell you how valuable THE RING is to wrestlers when they go to a foreign country, and secondly, to ask you to accept two thousand pounds which I am here placing on your desk, as a side bet or stakes for Londos or any man you have rated above me, to meet in a bout in London. I'll even go so far as to pay your expenses to London and two hundred pounds for spending money to boot to have you come over with the challenger and I will guarantee to have you named as a judge, just for protection sake, if the challenger feels that there is any danger of him not getting a square deal."

* * *

SO there you are, gentlemen, why not settle further arguments about the status of Jack Sherry by accepting his bold offer. If the wrestlers named turned a deaf ear to Jack's plea, then there will be nothing further for us to do than to agree with him that he is a feared man. THE RING is glad to be able to print Sherry's side of a controversy that has been in the spotlight for so many months and hopes that Londos, especially, will not duck the issue.

Incidentally, Sherry had considerable praise for Miss Kathelyn Look, who books in Manchester and other smaller places. According to Sherry, there isn't a promoter in America who surpasses her.

"It is amazing," said Sherry, "how much Miss Look knows about the sport. She is a most efficient worker, carries on in the same style as did Tex Rickard in his boxing shows in America, and has earned the full confidence of her public. She carries nothing but respect from patrons and press. This year she has mapped out a program that, if carried through, will give to her wrestling fans the finest shows ever staged in England."



Bob Gregory, famous British wrestler, who married Princess Baba.

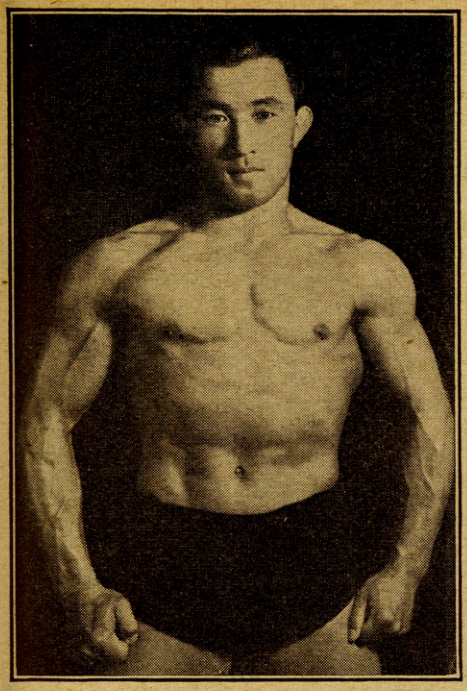
* * *

FRANCIS P. BLAKE, announcer and matchmaker at Lane's London Club, was another visitor of the month at THE RING office. He came to America with Bob Gregory for the purpose of making pictures at Hollywood. Bob and his charming wife, the Princess Baba of Sarawak, will remain in America several months during which time they hope to see all the beautiful spots of this country.

Blake said that Bob Gregory is one of the greatest showmen in European wrestling and though he may not engage in any matches here, he might be induced to do so in California to help him in the movies.

Blake while in the United States, will try to obtain the services of several good Canadian boys for his London Club.

Known to followers of European wrestling as the "Mexican Madman," Juan Lopez, a rough-and-tumble middleweight, is one mus-



Kiman Kudo, Japanese expert at both wrestling and jui jitsu. A performer whose work pleases.

cleman who certainly lives up to every ounce of his advance billing. Out of the ring he is a likeable fellow, but once this little Latin cleaves the ropes and climbs in under the arc lamps, he unfolds a repetoire of tricks that makes even the strongest of opposition feel a trifle nervous.

Lopez, the son of a gentleman farmer, was born on an estate near Mexico City, just 25 years ago. As a boy he studied the doctrines of physical culture and became proficient as a weight-lifter.

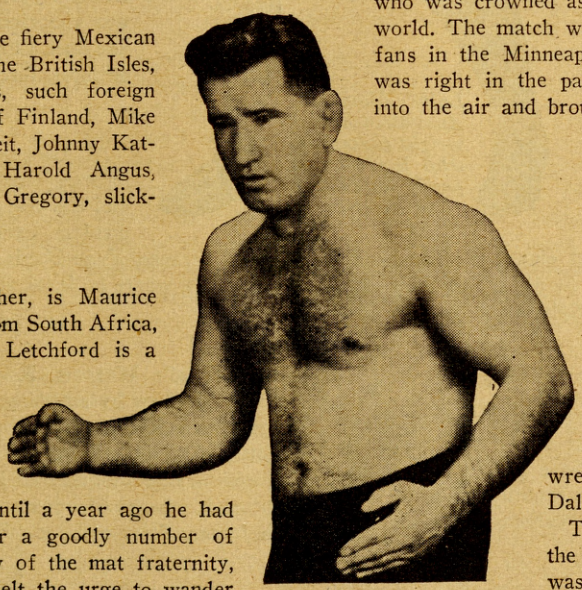
Some years ago, after watching a contest in which the late Stanley Stasiak was the principal attraction, young Juan hied himself off to a gymnasium to master the art of wrestling. A few seasons passed and it was not long before the Mexican admirer of the great Stasiak was himself a colorful showman and a terror to the blue-eyed, fair-haired boys of the Middle West mat circuit.

Running short of opponents the fiery Mexican left the United States to tour the British Isles, where he faced, among others, such foreign celebrities as Bengal Engblom of Finland, Mike Futa, rugged Ukranian, Van Vleit, Johnny Katsulos, clever Greek grappler; Harold Angus, European mat ruler, and Bob Gregory, slick-haired idol of the English fans.

* * *

Hailed abroad as a top-notcher, is Maurice Letchford, a wrestling Adonis from South Africa, who plans to invade America. Letchford is a junior-heavyweight whose record book tells of many thrilling duels with the foremost of European heavyweights.

Maurice calls Pretoria, South Africa, his birthplace, though until a year ago he had not seen the diamond town for a goodly number of wrestling seasons. Like so many of the mat fraternity, Letchford, early in his career, felt the urge to wander and in 1928, under the famed Frank Saxon, he was a member of Canada's Olympic team. Four years later the South African turned professional.

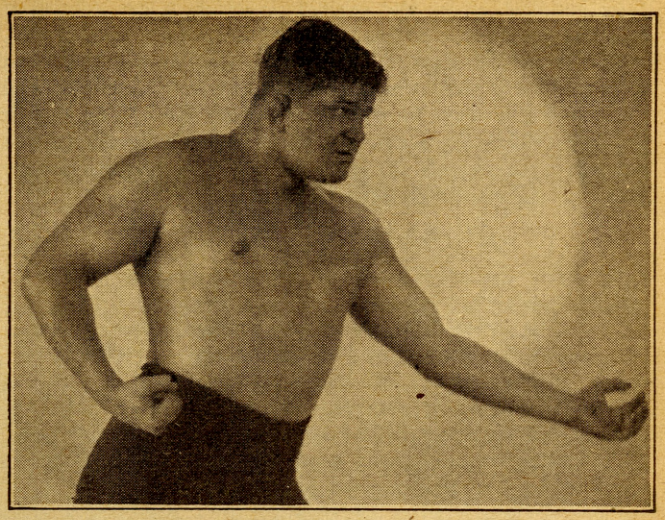


Jack Sherry, who brought to THE RING *office 2000 pounds, British money, as a side bet for a wrestling bout with Jim Londos in London.*

* * *

KIMAN KUDO, the famous Japanese wrestler and jiu-jitsu expert, is one of the most popular performers in the East. When he recently appeared in the New York Hippodrome on a card which was topped by Jim Londos, the crowd gave him a rousing reception, as big if not bigger, than they gave the Greek idol. Kudo's style is pleasing—a throwback to the old days when wrestlers knew their business and gave thrilling, scientific performances that aroused intense interest.

Kudo's match with Drop Kick Murphy was a classic. It outclassed that of the top men. It was so well received that requests poured in at the Hippordome headquarters asking that at least one match each week have a Jap jiu-jitsu expert carded. What we need is more of the Kudo and Murphy type matches and the crowds will come to the arenas more often—that's my candid opinion.



Dick Raines, the Bad Man of the Mat, who did exceptionally well in Northwest wrestling tournament.

* * *

DICK RAINES, the Texas Tornado, according to Dave Cavadas, is peeved because he can't get a match with Bronko Nagurski from Minneapolis. Why? Because two weeks before Nagurski won the coveted crown from Dean Detton early last summer, Dick Raines wrestled to a draw with the Bronk.

So what? Dick Raines wanted a return match with the man who was crowned as the new heavyweight champion of the world. The match was finally made and witnessed by 10,000 fans in the Minneapolis Auditorium. Dick Raines' ambition was right in the palm of his hands as he lifted Nagurski into the air and brought him down on his knee, completing his deadly back-breaker. Again Raines lifted the champion and dropped him down across that knee. However, here Dame Fortune turned against the Texas challenger and his knee buckled under Bronko's weight, thus leaving him temporarily disabled. Immediately, Nagurski applied toe holds on the injured leg, forcing Dick to concede the match to the title-holder.

Dirty Dick Raines, as he is known by the fans who swarm into the various arenas around the country to see him wrestle, was born twenty-four years ago in Dallas, Texas.

The Texas Tornado learned his wrestling the hard way, beginning in a carnival. Raines was only nineteen years old when he met Ed "Strangler" Lewis. It took the veteran Lewis nearly two hours to pin this powerful cowboy who was still in his 'teens. This match was followed by a sensational struggle with Joe Malceweicz, the Utica Panther, who really knew what wrestling meant. It was a thrilling, rough, tough affair, which left a mat soaked with blood when the two gladiators left the ring.

The name of Dirty Dick Raines has been tagged on the Texas Tornado by the wrestling fans and sports writers. Raines, however, is colorful, fast, a quick thinker, and is enormously strong with a very solid build that makes him a hard man to beat. Dick can meet the roughest, toughest matmen in the game and match him move for move. The same holds true when Raines

faces a skilled, clever and scientific grappler. A combination of skill and roughhouse tactics has made him a hard man to beat.

At the present time, Raines is wrestling in the Northwest tournament. His victims in the tournament to date include General O'Brien, Pat Fraley, Danny Dusek, Kiman Kudo, Abe Yourist and Pat O'Shocker, among others. It looks as though Dick is going to wade through all the thick competition and win another chance at the world's championship.

* * *

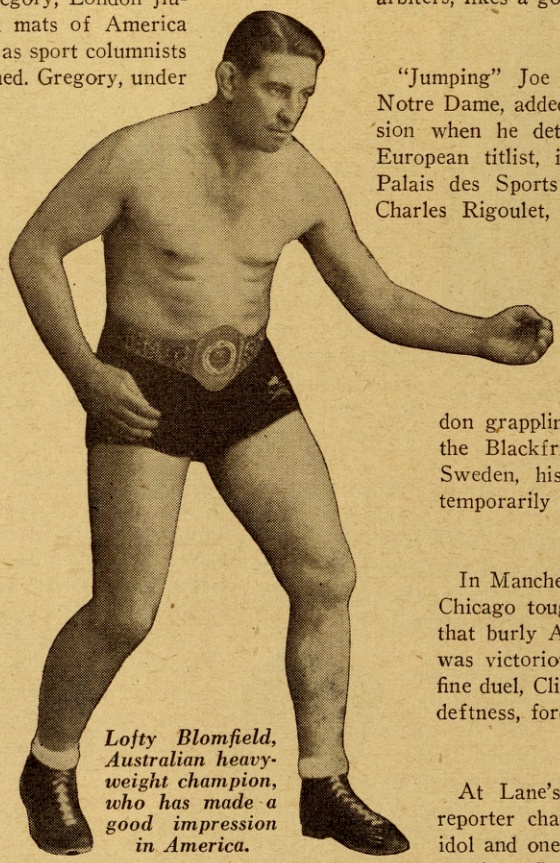
FROM Spider Mascall, our European expert, comes the following:

The recent departure of Bob Gregory, London jiu-jitsu expert, for action upon the padded mats of America seemed to provide plenty of gossip, as far as sport columnists on both sides of the Atlantic were concerned. Gregory, under a six months' contract to Ray Fabiani, Philadelphia mat mogul who is quickly stepping into the spot vacated by the passing of Jack Curley, left England accompanied by his bride of a few short months, the former Princess Baba of Sarawak. The couple will tour the United States and, within the near future, contemplate the making of a movie in Hollywood.

* * *

In one of his farewell performances, Gregory pitted his skill against an arch-rival, Bobby McNab, middleweight ruler of the British Empire, in an over-the-weight match held at the Vale Hall, Kilburn. In the early rounds, Gregory, official champion of Europe at his poundage, was complete master of the entire situation and had little difficulty in subduing McNab for the first fall with a death-grip. However, McNab, undaunted and caring little for the London lad's reputation, came back strongly and flattened Gregory with a flurry of elbow slams and drop-kicks to take the equalizer.

The deciding fall came in an unusual manner. Gregory had the Canadian in the throes of a rather complicated death-lock, when McNab jumped up and pinned the Londoner's sun-tanned shoulders to the mat, but as he did so, Gregory gave the death-grip a jiu-jitsu twist and McNab, unable to withstand the pain, patted the floor in submission.



Lofty Blomfield, Australian heavyweight champion, who has made a good impression in America.

* * *

Rod Fenton, the riot grappler, claims the distinction of being the toughest, roughest light-heavyweight in the world and his frays in this neck of the globe seem to have proved every ounce of his reputation. The majority of his contests have, to date, ended in Fenton being disqualified for unnecessary roughness.

* * *

Arthur (Taffy) Williams was named to succeed Francis P. Blake as matchmaker at Lane's London Club. Blake will assist Bob Gregory during the latter's American campaign.

* * *

Earl McCready, big Canadian ex-schoolmaster, is in England, ready to defend his Empire heavyweight throne against any bona fide challenger. He will certainly find plenty of opposition from such stalwarts as Bert Assirati, Douglas Clark, George Boganski, Tiger Daula, Dave Armstrong, the Caseys, Bonnie Muir and stubby Tommy Nilan.

* * *

JUST FADS AND FANCIES—"Roughhouse" Rod Fenton, bearded Canadian badman, likes to smoke big, black cigars—that is, if the pretty Missus Fenton isn't around . . . . John Richtoff, once boosted to championship heights by the late Jack Curley, is a strict vegetarian . . . . Alf Hooker, London middleweight, is a wizard with the billiard cue, as is Tommy Gordon, the popular referee . . . . Costas Astreos, beautifully-built Greek admirer of mighty Jimmy Londos, is a physical culturist and wrestling instructor . . . . Jack Terry Van, globe-trotting candidate for light-heavyweight fame, has a wealth of stories about wrestlers, past and present . . . . Norman Stewart, Scottish gamester, is a former amateur kingpin . . . . Johnny Demchuck, the Russian master, is a good swimmer . . . . Lew Marco, ace of English arbiters, likes a good detective yarn.

* * *

"Jumping" Joe Savoldi, former backfield ace at Notre Dame, added another mat crown to his possession when he dethroned Dan Koloff, hairy-chested European titlist, in a split-fall contest held at the Palais des Sports in Paris. In a supporting fray, Charles Rigoulet, French weight-tosser, downed Al Sparks, the Utahan.

* * *

Max Krauser, the Polish heavyweight, whom some folks believe is of championship calibre, was another visitor to London grappling mats. Krauser, who appeared at the Blackfriars Ring, has been wrestling in Sweden, his proposed American tour having temporarily fallen through.

* * *

In Manchester, Gentle Johnny Dallas, chubby Chicago toughie, had far too many tricks for that burly American sailor, Stoker Smith, and was victorious by two falls to one. In another fine duel, Cliff Warner, wrestling with his usual deftness, forced Lew Roseby into defeat.

* * *

At Lane's Club in London, your rambling reporter chatted with Carl Pojello, Lithuanian idol and one of the truly great men of modern matdom. Carl has been campaigning throughout Belgium, France, Yugo-Slavia, Italy and other European stamping grounds, where he is, as always, very popular.

* * *

At the Salle Wagram, Roger Mollet, classy Parisian, upset the ringside dope by subduing Alexandre Poizat, official welterweight champion of France, in a little more than twenty-six minutes of torrid battling. This joust will put Mollet in line for a European title shot at Harold Angus, the mat-craftsman from Doncaster, who, at the moment, is still waiting to come to terms with Johnny Stote and Jack Reynolds.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As we cover up our battered typewriter, we hear that: Tiger Jim DeLisle, the muscular Frenchman, has centre-aisled it with a charming English lass . . . . Paul Duveen, London Jewish lad, gave big Jim Casey the fight of his life at the Cricklewood Stadium, but was unable to cope with the Irishman's tremendous strength . . . . Phil Meader, veteran "third man," is promoting throughout Wales . . . . Nick Mercurio has returned home after battling Tiger Daula, Tommy Nilan and other stars abroad . . . . British wrestling patrons mourned the loss of courageous Mickey Flack, known in some parts as the "White Owl," who died in a London hospital . . . . His passing will be sincerely felt by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance . . . . *May His Soul Rest in Peace.*

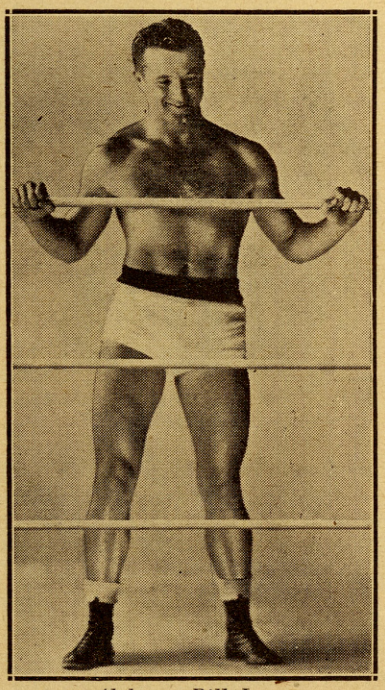
ALABAMA BILL LEE

By BERNICE SANDBOE

Presenting a Portrait in Black and White of a Young Man Who Represents the Typical 1938 Young American Matman

HE'S six feet several and weighs in at 235 pounds. In his street clothes, which incidentally are sartorial sensations no less, you could easily mistake him for a prosperous young bank clerk, or perhaps a bond salesman with a "football past." He's twenty-four, Irish, and he firmly intends to retire from the ring at the early age of thirty. He has been wrestling only two years and yet he possesses so amazing a repertoire of holds and grips that he keeps the fans spellbound with his every performance.

He's a bachelor, is quite handsome, well educated and has an amusing sense of humor. And to top it all off, he has one of the most remarkable philosophies of any of the muscle men I have met to date. His attitude toward wrestling is so practical and typically American, that you can't help but admire its good common sense. To elucidate on the subject, I'll just quote Bill.



Alabama Bill Lee.

"Wrestling to me is simply a job. From the first time I stepped into the ring, until the day (my thirtieth birthday)—I hang up my trunks, I am going to give it everything I have. I figure that the more I put out the more I'll get back, and my idea is to have enough saved by the time I reach thirty to be able to quit wrestling entirely and settle down. I'm absolutely confident that I possess the ability to stand on a level with any man in the wrestling game today. My chief purpose is to give the fans what they want, and for the next six years I'm going to devote my time and efforts toward doing a good job of being a wrestler. And although I'm not making any prophesies or boastful statements," said Billy with a big wink, "I hope to be mighty near or even on the top of the wrestling throne when I make my final appearance between the ropes."

* * *

I DIDN'T say so at the time, because I had yet to see Bill's many spectacular battles in the local ring, but I for one, shouldn't be in the least surprised if Bill doesn't set a precedent of some sort and retire from the ring at thirty, a champion. He honestly has such a solid knowledge of actual down-to-the-mat wrestling, plus a lightning speed in getting about the ring, that it is practically an impossibility for him to remain unrecognized by real followers of the sport.

Bill has been wrestling only two years. He got his start in the game through Charlie Renthrop, that grand ex-wrestler who is now mat impressario in Memphis, Tennessee. Renthrop had long had his professional and experienced eye on young Lee who stayed more or less in the athletic limelight during his college football days, but when Charlie first mentioned the subject of wrestling to Bill, he was totally unprepared for the enthusiastic reception it received.

"I had wrestled a good bit in college," Bill explained, "and was greatly interested in the sport. Of course I 'majored' in football, but down underneath I had always cherished the idea that someday I'd get into the wrestling industry. When Mr. Renthrop approached me about it, it was like a golden opportunity and you can bet I didn't waste any time accepting his offer."

* * *

OF the two sports, I asked Bill, "Which do you prefer?"

Bill didn't hesitate a moment to say "Wrestling, of course." And then to my "why?" he answered:

"Because I like the individual competition. On the football field you have the assurance that there are ten more men behind you and even though you should fumble, there's always some one else to get the ball and carry on. But when you step in the wrestling ring to meet your opponent, you must fight the battle alone and unassisted. In other words, you and you alone, can score a touchdown."

"However," continued Bill, "don't get the idea that I dislike football. It's one of the grandest sports of them all, and I will always consider my college athletic days the most interesting and colorful of my life. Especially will I never forget the most outstanding day of them all, the day when Captain Bill Lee led his team of Alabama Red Elephants out into the Rose Bowl field and beat the Stanford Indians, 29 to 13. That was New Year's Day, 1934, and truthfully, the greatest day of my life."

* * *

BILL, incidentally, has not shelved his active interest in football. For the past two winters he has played pro football with the Brooklyn Dodgers and has just received another big offer to join them again this season, which he has accepted. Meanwhile, he is conducting a one-man victory over all the mat fans here in the southland, having firmly established himself in a few short weeks as one of the biggest idols to appear here in many a moon. It took him little or no time to convince the public that he is main event material and since then they have been clamoring for bigger and better matches for their "hero," Bill Lee.

However, it's not only in the southland that Bill has gone over with a bang. Wherever he wrestles the fans immediately adopt him as the "fair-haired boy" and pack the houses each week to see him perform. I remember a few weeks before Bill came down to Texas, Promoter Sigel called me to his office and told me about this young sensation. "I think the fans are going to like him better than any man who has shown here in a long time," said Mr. Sigel. "At least that is what I would judge from some of the reports from my fellow promoters."

* * *

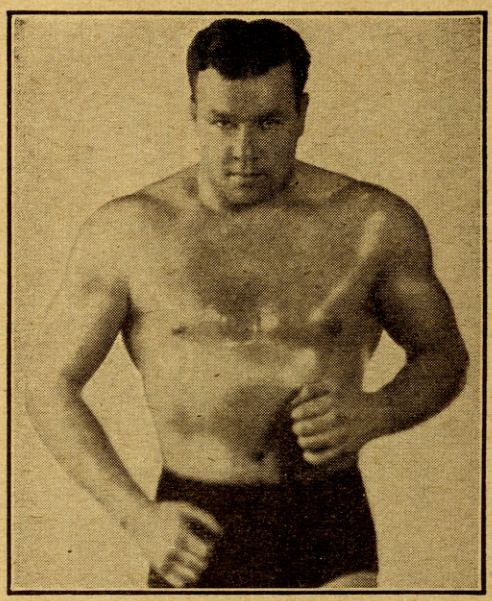
ONE of his most outstanding bouts here was with big Karl Davis, the master meanie, who can match wits and fists with anyone. Karl and Bill went at it hammer and tongs, alternating their canny science with some plain old-fashioned slugging, usually supplied by Mr. Davis. At the outset, Karl had the lead, winning the first fall, but when Bill clamped on a most effective pile-driver hold, Karl was knocked unconscious and his physician refused to let him return for the final fall. Throughout, it was one of the most closely fought battles seen here in some time.

WRESTLING

WRESTLING fans have been wondering for almost a year as to what has happened to Al Bisignano, the well-liked Italian star, hailing out of Des Moines, Ia. Now the news has leaked out. Bisignano had gone on a voluntary retired list, but the urge of the spotlight has forced him back into the game that had gained him international prominence until his sudden departure.

"Bissy," as the Latin is known, had been sharing the mat limelight with such fellow countrymen as the Garibaldi brothers, Gino and Ralph, and Jumping Joe Savoldi, when he suddenly took his unannounced vacation.

The Iowan had shown marvellous speed and endurance in the game, and he had built up a vast multitude of followers, through his orthodox and sensational style of grappling. He had come from practically nowhere, an unknown in the profession, to the dizzy heights of stardom in about two years of toil on the mat. Not only was he a big hit with the fans, but he also became the basis of squabbles between the rival promoters, all of whom were eager for his services. As a result, Bisignano was one of the busiest matmen in the profession.



Irish Jack Donovan, who hopes to become a lawyer.

It will be recalled that prior to becoming a bone bender, Al was a rattling good pugilist. He was one of the best light-heavyweights, and later a heavyweight, throughout the Middle West. He fought under the nom-de-plume of Babe Carnera, and followers of the glove slinging art will readily remember the Italian as a battler who faced them all and won more than ninety per cent of his engagements.

The lack of competition, after slinging the glove encased fists, forced him into retirement as a pugilist, for he found battles few and far between. Rather than be on the sidelines waiting for his next "shot," the Mid Westerner chose to hang up the gloves and embark on a wrestling career.

It was in the early part of 1934 that Babe Carnera was no longer and Al Bisignano was reborn—a fighter transformed to a gripster. He found the sport to his liking and, as stated before, he was coming along the mat highway like a meteor. From that time until the tail-end of 1936, Bisignano took part in almost a thousand matches. It was really a "Busy Bissy" and he decided on a much needed rest to regain his vitality before he would go to pieces.

Today, the Italian, who scales 215 pounds and stands six feet in his stocking feet, feels as though he can stand the grind again, and he is set for an even busier campaign.

* * *

DIDJA KNOW THAT—Bobby Roberts, the Grand Rapids sensation, who was a four-letter sports winner at the University of Dayton, spurned an opportunity of becoming a state trooper to become a grappler . . . . Bronko Valdez, the Mexican grappler, is a nephew of the late Pancho Villa; in fact, Valdez's first name is Pancho in honor of his uncle . . . . A match that the promoters throughout the country are trying to make is the one between Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian, and Cliff "Swede" Olson. Incidentally, both Robert and Olson met once before and it was Olson who broke the Canuck's leg . . . . Mike Mazurki, the Polish star, is going better today than ever in his career. The former Manhattan College star has been grappling the top-flight bone-benders for the past three years . . . Mixed matches are now in order for the representatives of the tots of Rudy Dusek and the offspring of Bing Crosby. Rudy became the daddy of a fourth daughter recently and the movie star became the father of a fourth son . . . . You should keep your eye on Jim Parker, the newest thriller from Memphis, Tenn. Parker, though only a youngster, has taken the Middle Atlantic and New England States by storm. He has everything necessary to develop into a headliner.

Dynamite Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher, has the thickest set of fingers of any wrestler in the game. And his foes will swear that he has a grip of steel . . . . Frank Judson, the former Harvard grappling coach, returned here recently after a world tour and is doing his grappling along the Atlantic seaboard . . . . Ralph Garibaldi, the younger brother of Gino, is making up for lost time since his rest for more than two months due to an injured knee . . . . Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian, has a kid brother, Maurice, in the wrestling field and from reports coming down this way, it looks as though the younger Robert is making good with a bang . . . . Mayes McLain, the towering Redskin, is wrestling in the Southwest with great success. He is a big card in Texas . . . . Rebel Bob Russell, the Texas Terror, is one individual who has built up a huge following around this part of the country through his fearlessness in the ring and willingness to face anyone in the world . . . . Bill "Bluebeard" Lewis, former contender for the mat title, is a successful promoter of mat shows at Richmond, Va., where he is playing to turn-away audiences . . . . Bobby Managoff, Jr., son of the old-time title claimant, is making both fans and critics point to him as of future championship timber. Managoff is an Armenian and hails from Chicago. The elder Managoff acts as his son's adviser and trainer.

* * *

THAT "Bad Man" is here again. Reference is made to Floyd Marshall, the rough and ready Phoenix, Arizona, grappler.

Marshall recently returned to the States after a tour, lasting more than a year, that took him through every civilized section of the world. He traveled over both hemispheres and saw action against the elite in the foreign countries.

His was a style that the fans of the far away parts had not seen previously. They had for the first time viewed a virtual "madman" in action. Marshall, a noted bad man of the game, was showing the natives of the distant countries the brand of wrestling that was a revelation to them. And what's more, Marshall got away with his off-color tactics.

Floyd, a 6 feet 3 inch, 225-pound Westerner, was a demon in the ring. He grappled according to his own lines. If his holds were legal, all well and good; if he strayed from the usual lines of orthodox bone-bending, he made the spectators believe that it was all according to Hoyle.

Marshall won practically all of his matches down there. With the exception of a few draw verdicts, Floyd managed to flatten his rivals, and by flattening them is meant that the Arizona grappler generally managed to leave his victims in unconscious hulks in the center of the ring.

Oddly enough, Marshall learned the rudiments of wrestling from one of the finest men who ever graced the wrestling ring in the person of the late Big Jim Browning, one time wrestling champion of the world. And Browning was a strict follower of

PICK-UPS

By NAT FRANK

the legal manner, for he never believed in taking unfair advantage of his rivals.

At that time, Marshall was a deputy sheriff in Phoenix. It was on one of Browning's numerous trips to that part of the country that Marshall and the late ex-champion formed a friendship. Big Jim prevailed upon Floyd to enter the bone-bending ranks for he felt sure that the Arizonian would make good in that profession, due to his build and experience in handling the law-breakers of his territory.

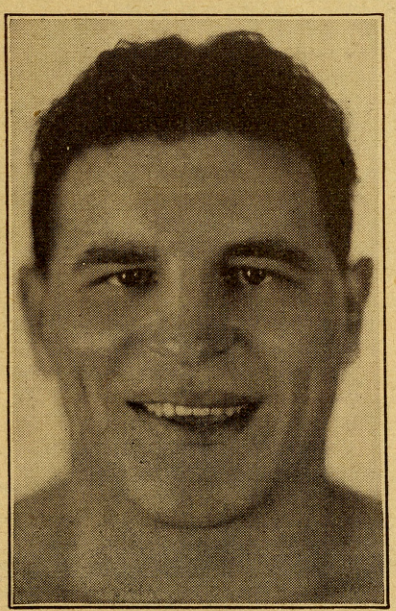
In 1933, Marshall heeded Browning's advice and turned in his badge. After training for almost six months, Floyd embarked on a mat career and made good from the start. He followed the orthodox style at first, but when he found that practically every foe was taking unfair advantage of him, Marshall decided it didn't pay to be a "good fellow" and turned bad man himself. So from that day on, Marshall has become known as one of the most feared men in the game.

* * *

A WRESTLER with a weather eye on the future is the popular red-headed Boston star, Irish Jack Donovan. It is his intention to become a barrister at the conclusion of his bone-gripping profession. Here is one matman who doesn't let the days and nights roll by without making some use of his spare moments.

When he isn't training for future tiffs, or in active competition in various rings throughout the country, Irish Jack can be seen interestingly devouring books devoted to law. It has always been Donovan's intention to be a lawyer and he doesn't intend to idle his time away.

Donovan, a former student at Northwestern University, and later a pugilist of marked ability in the light-heavyweight ranks, quit the fistic realm for that of a grappler five years ago. The loss to pugilism was matdom's gain, for Donovan had been rapidly rising up the fistic ladder until an injury forced him out of the fistic ranks.

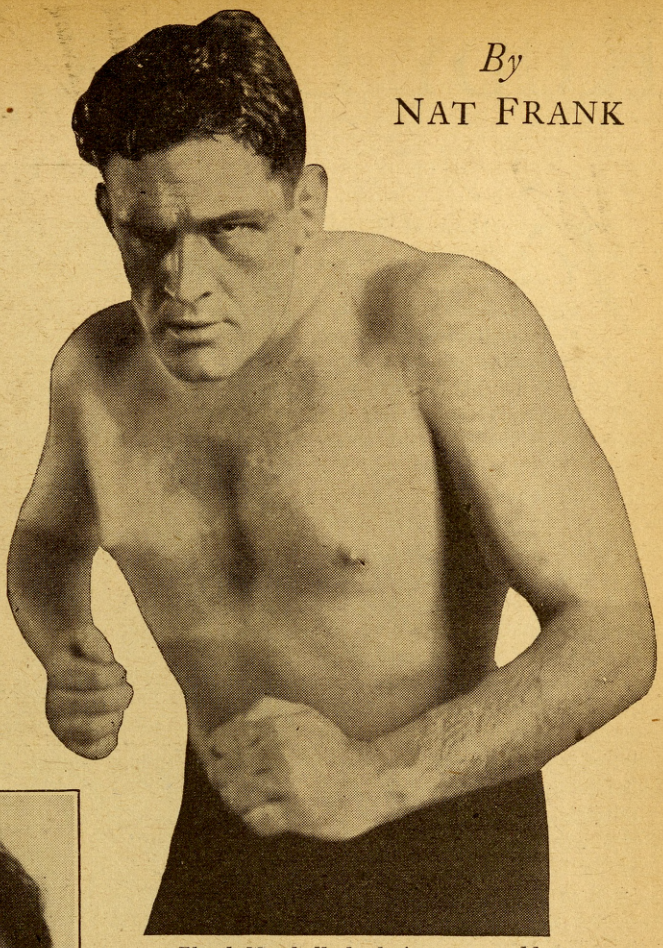


Al Bisignano, who is back in mat competition.

From the first time he entered the squared circle in a wrestling contest, the Irishman proved to be a sensation. His style made a big hit with the fans and promoters. He was a magnet at the gate and a grappler who feared no one. What makes his rise all the more interesting is the news that Donovan, while a one-time fighter, seldom had to resort to fisticuffs to tame his rivals. Only when his opponents went completely haywire did the New Englander use fistic force on the culprits, usually with telling effect.

Now that Donovan is up there in the big time, he is looking ahead. He realizes that at most he wants to wrestle about five more years and during that span of time he is giving his time to the study of law. In his travels from city to city, during his off days, in the dressing rooms at the various clubs, prior to entering the ring, the tow-headed gripster is reading and studying the writings of the legal masters.

It serves as a dual purpose for Donovan. First of all, he is slowly but surely beginning to attain his goal. Secondly, it takes his mind off his matches so that when the call comes for him to enter the ring he is clear of mind and unworried. Usually groups of well-wishers storm the clubs to wish him luck and



Floyd Marshall, back from a world tour.

constantly harp on the toughness of his foe, so Jack has devised ways and means of hiding himself in a far-off corner, absorbed in his books, and is therefore undisturbed.

The Boston star openly admits that by becoming a wrestler he is by far more capable of eventually becoming an attorney-at-law than had he stuck to boxing—a profession that calls for perpetual hangers-on, such as trainers, sparring partners, etc., and little or no privacy whatsoever.

* * *

KANSAS CITY seems to have a habit of sending out real "toughies" into the mat profession. Three of them are making their opponents feel their steel all along the Atlantic Coast.

They are Dynamite Joe Cox, also known as the Kansas City Krasher; Jack Hader, the ex-Baker Boy; and Jimmy Coffield, the Mauling Missourian.

There is no need to elaborate on the abilities of this trio of trip hammer mat meanies. They not only are three of the toughest babies in the game but you are privileged to query any unbiased spectator or critic and each and every one of them will readily agree that Cox, Hader and Coffield are the real M'Coy in showmanship, ability and drawing the patrons in at the gate.

Promoters throughout the country consider it a rare treat to have any or all three of Missouri's Bad Men appear on their cards.

They are always assured of capacity audiences, for the very simple reason that the fans come out in droves at all times for the sole purpose of seeing these men DEFEATED, which happens very, very seldom.

Incidentally, to Joe Cox goes the rare distinction of being the only bone bender in the game to boast of a victory over Bronko Nagurski, present ruler of Matdom. The grappler, who boasts of the largest sized fingers of any other wrestler, makes good use of them at the expense of his opponents, whom he either tortures or batters into helplessness.

RUDY DUSEK, *Jack of All Trades*

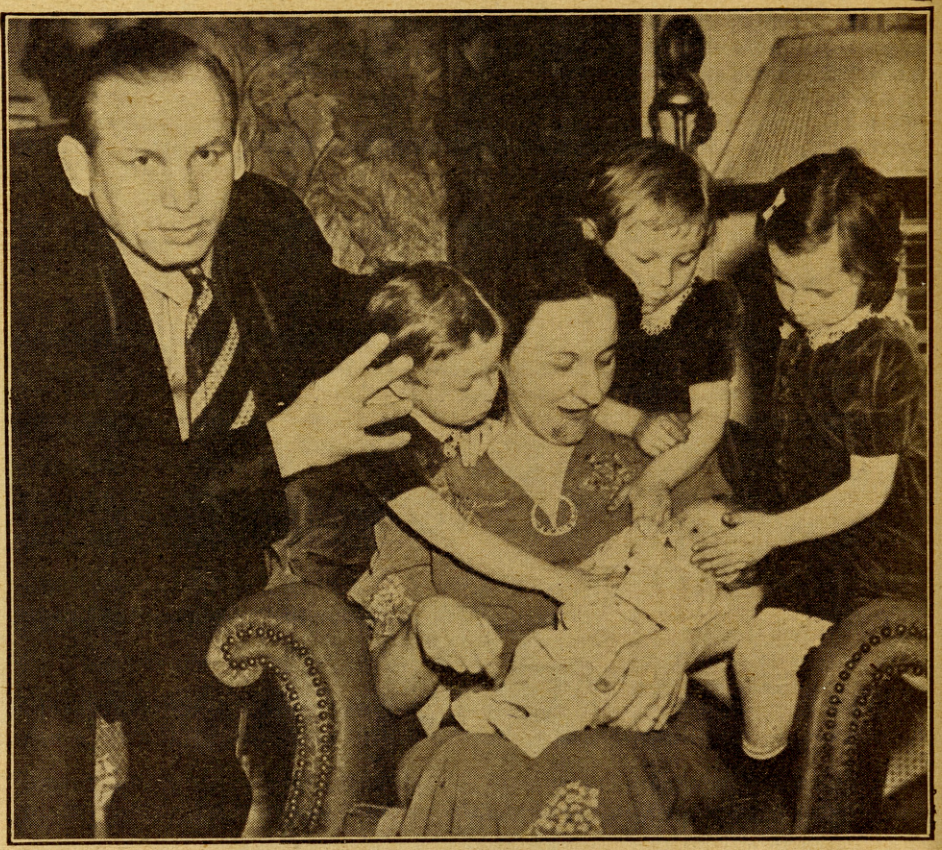
By NAT FRANK

FROM A to Z, just mention the trade, and you will find that Rowdy Rudy Dusek, the eldest of the famous troupe of matmen hailing out of Omaha, will be able to fill the job perfectly. Naturally the name of Dusek is synonymous with grappling. It is in this sport that the Battering Bohemians gained their greatest fame. It is in this competitive enterprise that the name of Dusek will live for eons and eons.

But what of the Duseks in the natural, normal selves? Who are they and what can they do aside of wrestling, which anyone will agree there are entirely too few grapplers in the game who can boast of any superiority over them, individually or collectively?

Delving into this angle, Rudy Dusek was sought out, namely because he is the eldest of the group as well as the beacon or steering light for his brothers, Ernie, Joe and Emil, as well as Cousin Wallie.

What the Battering Bohemian told the writer left us spellbound. It was something for Bob Ripley, of Believe It or Not fame, and John Hix, originator of Strange as It Seems. Yes, Rudy Dusek told us that, in cases of emergency, he could fill in any kind of a job. Just mention the letter and he will find a position he can fill in that line.



Rudy Dusek and his happy family. The latest addition is a girl, making it four of one kind for the Dusek household.

* * *

BEING curious, we jotted down the entire alphabet and, lo and behold, Rudy dumbfounded us with all the worldly things he can do. We pass them on to you and you can judge for yourself.

A—Automobile Mechanic
B—Bricklayer, Butcher and Brakeman
C—Carpenter
D—Dental Mechanic
E—Electrician
F—Fisherman
G—Golfer
H—Harness Maker
I—Ice Skater
J—Jinny Tender
K—Knotter (Expert in making fancy knots)
L—Lumberjack
M—Moving Picture Operator and Machinist
N—Needle Expert (You should see some of his designs!)
O—Oarsman
P—Painter, Poet and Photographer
Q—Quoit Expert
R—Radio Mechanic
S—Sketcher (Rudy is great at drawing cartoons)
T—Typist
U—Upholsterer
V—Violinist
W—Wrestler
X—Xylophone Player
Y—Yarner
Z—Zincsmith

And he also knows all about tile setting, blacksmithing, doing all-around chores on the farm, mining and numerous other kinds of trades.

Yes, don't be under the impression that Rudy Dusek is a man who just sits by and idly lets the world fly past. He has an active mind. He is ever prying into the workings of certain contraptions; likes nothing better than to dismantle various machines and then putting them together; can sit down and compose rhymes that have the proper meter; or he can weave a sweater or woolen hosiery with the best of them; is a cartoonist and his etchings usualy deal on the worldly subjects.

* * *

HE is musically inclined, generally goes in for opera and operettas. And to make it all the more interesting, you should hear Rudy duplicate such violinists as Mischa Elman or Dave Rubinoff. In addition, he can handle the xylophone.

It would take countless space and time to go on and tell of all the things that Rudy Dusek can do. He is one individual who never fell down on any kind of a job. On the contrary, he always learned more about the various trades.

Just as he is a major success in wrestling, so is Rudy Dusek the master in every enterprise he undertook.

And considering that Rudy Dusek lives up there with the "swells" on Riverside Drive with his charming wife and four daughters, this all-around tradesman isn't in the least bit backward about telling the world that he knows his onions in whatever line he has undertaken.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

THE leading boxing centers out here where the West begins appear to be St. Paul and Minneapolis, where some dandy cards have been staged during the past month. Harry Lennon, St. Paul promoter, and his able assistant, Billy Colbert, have been giving the fans some real leather pushing treats. In Minneapolis, Tommy O'Loughlin, the former Sioux City matchmaker, has been following suit, along with giving the fans several new faces.

One of the most promising fighters to be turned out of the Twin Cities in several years is Jimmy Collins, a middleweight. A terrific puncher, Collins is hailed by boxing men as a great prospect. Such men as Mike Gibbons, Jack Kearns and others speak well of the lad. He was trained and developed by Billy Colbert, who is also his manager.

St. Paul, Minn.—Jimmy Adamick, Detroit heavyweight, stopped Izzy Singer of New York in the third round of a billed ten-rounder; Jimmy Collins, Minneapolis, stopped Ray Mann of Sioux City in two heats; Myles Martinez, St. Paul featherweight, won over Tiger Markos of La Crosse; Al Bache, Superior lightweight, scored over Don Swenson of St. Paul; Red Martin of Minneapolis scored a T.K.O. over Len Pitney, Bemidji, in the sixth round. Gross receipts for the show were $4,000.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Before a crowd of 6,000 spectators, Harry Thomas, Eagle Bend, Minn., heavyweight, scored a kayo over Eddie "Unknown" Winston in three rounds; Frankie Androff, Anoka heavyweight, won a decision over Red Bruce; Jimmy Collins dished out a thorough shellacking to Young Harry Greb; Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha, Nebr., heavyweight, won over Scotty Withers. Paul Hartneck, another Omaha heavyweight, defeated Stan Savoldi; Sherwood Bogie drew with Jack Jersey. The gate was $4,700.

Omaha, Nebr.—Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, making his first step up the comeback trail, battled to a wild six-round draw with Jimmy Gaughan of Omaha before a capacity crowd in the Eagles' Hall. The Sioux Cityan was punching much harder, shooting his punches sharp and fast. Gaughan, a rugged youngster, kept piling into Slater throughout.

Des Moines, Ia.—In a slashing ten-round battle, Russ Wasser, Minneapolis heavyweight, and Art Oliver of Chicago went to a draw. The bout was a hard fought affair, with both men spending their efforts toward landing a kayo punch.

Readers—please mail your news to either our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., or c/o Sioux City *Tribune*, and please have same in our hands by the second of each month.

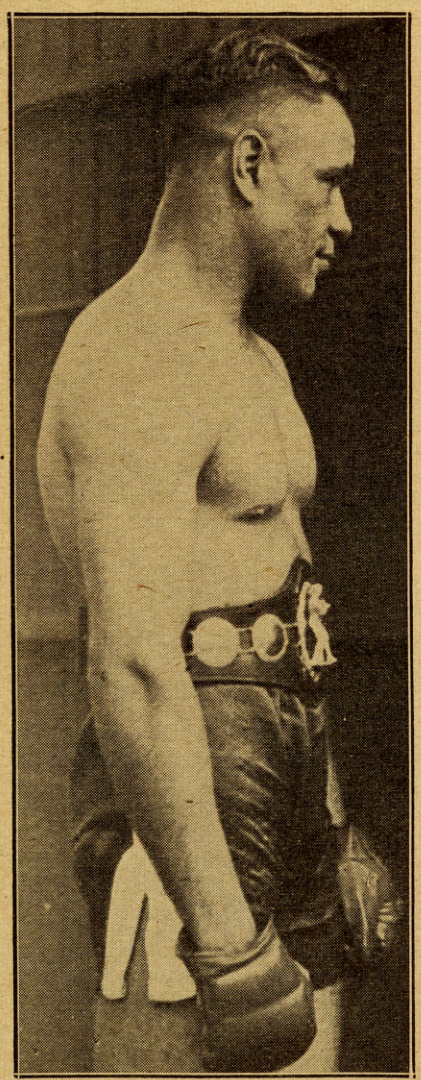
St. Paul, Minn.—A good crowd turned out to watch Chet Baugher, St. Paul lightweight, win a decision over Johnny Flaherty of Minneapolis, the feature event of a boxing card staged at Gibbons Gym. Results of the other bouts were as follows: Howard Hennekens decisioned Charley Zwolenski in a battle of heavyweights; Ted LaValle over Tommy Brunnette; Frank Wollinskie over Lloyd Peterson; Bob O'Brien over Paul Dike, and Albert Laska over Freddy Peyton.

AROUND THE TWIN CITIES—Ernie Fliegel is the manager of Russ Wasser, a heavyweight prospect . . . . Mike O'Dowd is still living here and doing well . . . . Ed L. Shave, boxing commissioner, has made a tour of the state, looking over the boxing centers . . . . Mike Gibbons is now a third man . . . . Wes Anderson, who fought under the name of Jimmy Gibbons, is a copper . . . . Jerk Doran is living in Minneapolis . . . . Ray Temple is refereeing cards . . . . Harry Thomas has been spending several weeks on his farm . . . . Fred Lenhart has been working out daily in Gibbons Gym . . . . Jack Kearns spent considerable time looking up old friends during his recent trip to St. Paul with Jimmy Adamick . . . . This boy Adamick is a comer—watch him . . . . Boxers wishing to show their wares here would do well to get in touch with the matchmakers at once.

The number of amateur boxing tournaments and shows staged out here has been showing results. Several prospects have turned professional, with the result that the pro cards have been drawing good crowds . . . . It is our thought this is the only way talent will be developed for the professional side, which is in need of new faces.

Omaha, Nebr.—In a slashing six-round bout, Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, scored a sensational six-round kayo over Paul Hartneck, also of Omaha, before a large crowd of fans. In another good sixer, Red Bruce, Pittsburgh heavyweight, won a decision over Webster Epperson of Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS — Max Clayton, Omaha, Nebr., boxing promoter, is making plans for a number of big indoor boxing cards this season . . . . Two former star amateur boxers who are making their bid in the heavyweight ranks, Paul Hartneck and Carl Vinciquerra, are the leading Omaha attractions . . . . Kingsley, Ia., has showed up on the fistic map with plans for a number of boxing cards . . . . Sioux City's Golden Gloves amateur boxers, under the direction of Coach Ty Dillon, are getting in shape for their trip to Chicago . . . . Peter Doss, Sioux City Negro heavyweight, has returned to action after several months of rest . . . . Chester Froding, veteran amateur fighter, is training several classes of fighters at Norfolk, Nebr., for the Y. M. C. A. . . . . Billy Miske, son of the late Billy Miske of heavyweight fame, has gone under the management of the Jack Kearns Boxing Enterprises of Detroit . . . . After three successive wins, Miske received a setback in Chicago and has been inactive since . . . . He steps the beam at 175 pounds and is twenty-one years old . . . . He has plenty of steam in his right hand . . . . Warren Johnson, young Sioux City boxing manager, is looking after the interest of Mickey Slater . . . . Jock Malone, the old St. Paul battler, is reported to have had his face overhauled by a plastic surgeon . . . . John J. Sullivan, father of "My" Sullivan, former St. Paul boxer, died recently . . . . Everette Rightmire, clever Sioux City featherweight, is training hard for a number of prospective bouts.



Ron Richards, who holds the Australian middleweight and light-heavyweight championships.

Norwalk, Ia.—Billy Harrison, Norwalk heavyweight, won an eight-round decision over Jack Harvey of Omaha before a large crowd. In the main preliminary bout, Harry Weiss, Omaha welterweight, knocked out Eddie Green of Shenandoah, Ia., in the second round.

FLASHES—Henry Schaft, Des Moines welterweight, dropped a decision to Tony Zale in Chicago . . . . A boxing battle royal staged at Dubuque, Ia., was so rough the third man was forced to halt the fray . . . . Bob Morely, Sioux City amateur lightweight, was forced to discontinue training for several days owing to an injury to his right wrist . . . . The American Legion at Mason City, Ia., is making plans for several mitt shows . . . . At Lake Park, Ia., Bob Jackson, Milford, Ia., light-heavyweight, knocked out Johnny Goodson of Ruthven, Ia., in the eighth round . . . . In another good fight, Sleepy Thomson, Lake Park middleweight, defeated Buchie Treble . . . . Pinkie George is still promoting at Des Moines, Ia. . . . . Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, is working on the railroad.

John Eliades, veteran Sioux City promoter, introduced the first mud wrestling card to Sioux Cityans, before a record breaking crowd . . . . The mud event featured Prince Bhu Pindar, the Hindu nobleman, who defeated "Sun" Jennings . . . . It was a muddy affair, and if you have never turned out to see one of these mud matches, you have certainly missed an eyeful . . . . In another good match staged during the past month, Ray Steele of Glendale, Cal., pinned Otto Kuss in the one-fall wind-up . . . . In the prelims, Hal Rumberg won from Bill Middlekauff in 14:10 on a foul; Eddie Cook and Ed Kruml went to a 20-minute draw, while Joe Hubka disposed of Leo Alexander in 10:43 with a scissors . . . . Nearly 2,000 fans turned out to see Bronko Nagurski, featured in another Eliades offering . . . . The Bronko pinned Dick Daviscourt in the one-fall wind-up . . . . In the semi-windup, Otto Kuss scored over "Sun" Jennings . . . . Johnny Marrs disposed of Scotty Dawkins . . . . Joe Hubka won over Earl Wade in the opener . . . . At Lincoln, Nebr., John Paul Jones of Lincoln won two out of three falls to defeat Otto Kuss . . . . Lou Plummer of Chicago and other points threw Andy Moen, while "Sun" Jennings threw Eddie Cook . . . . At Sioux Falls, S. D., Gus Sonnenberg won over Lou Plummer . . . . Plummer was disqualified by his roughhouse antics, and tearing off the third man's shirt . . . . Feminine wrestlers, Dolores Martinez and Lillian Nichols, have been showing their wares around Iowa . . . . Alex Fidler of Cedar Rapids, Ia., is one of the leading mat arbiters around the Middle West . . . . Gus Sonnenberg first introduced his noted tackle when he upset Ed Strangler Lewis . . . . Iowa Falls, Ia., is offering several mat shows . . . . Reports are that Rowdy Rudy LaDitzi, the butcher boy from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is all set for an Australian invasion.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

PHIL FURR of Washington, D. C., won a ten-round decision over Mickey Makar of New Jersey at the Valley Arena. Barney Villa of Albany K.O.'ed Jack Haggerty of Worcester in the sixth of the semi-final; Eddie Schaeffer of Bayonne outclassed Bobby Montanez of Albany in six rounds; Eddie McGraw of New Britain knocked out Dusty Brown of Allentown in the fourth round of a six-rounder, and Danny Buckley of Holyoke beat Jackie Small of Albany in the four-round opener.

Pat Foley of Worcester won over Sailor Born of Atlanta in the ten-round bout at the Valley Arena. Foley, a strong, rugged boy out of Johnny Buckley's stable, fought hard to win. The greatest of them all, Jack Dempsey, refereed.

Slugger White of Athens, Ga., won over Georgie Martin of Boston in a companion ten-rounder. Dusty Brown of Allentown won over Angelo Manna in the second round of a six. Manna received a badly cut eye. Jackie Callahan of Worcester won a split decision over Joey Washnis of Agawam in a four spot. Charlie Sistito of Worcester and Terry Rogers of Amherst fought a bruising four-rounder with the split decision verdict for Sistito.

Pat Foley lost to Charlie Gomer of Baltimore in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. A deeply cut lip halted the fray. Oscar Suggs of Newport lost a ten-round bout to Lew Raymond of Baltimore, Md. Raymond proved too experienced.

Young Jack Dempsey of New Bedford won his bout in the first round over Joe Desmond of Albany. George Pepe of Meriden, Conn., stopped Dick DeAngelo of Albany in the second round of a four. Ray Trueheart of Northampton lost a four-round fight to Joe Klamba of Meriden.

Mike Frattini of Italy won a ten-round bout from Cocoa Kid at the Valley Arena. Eddie Hass of Worcester outpointed Joey Rosia of Meriden in six rounds. Joe Duarte of Providence won a six-round bout from Walter Cunningham of Boston. Larry Teane of Meriden won a six-round bout from Joe Coll of Athol, Mass.

Jerry Maloni of Springfield, promising welterweight, is now a benedict, having married Mary Lorraine Sullivan.

Bruno Anton, 155 pounds, former amateur star, is turning professional and will box under the management of the writer.

Jack Sharkey is in the field for boxing commissioner in Massachusetts. A former boxer would perhaps do well in that position. The professional clubs are hampered by too much expense and by the commission regulation.

The Road Back

(Continued from page 8)

prize ring, had turned in several impressive performances and was touted by many as a coming champion. Suddenly something seemed to happen to the Finn and he was turned back in successive starts by Nathan Mann and Bob Olin.

The Barlund boom subsided as suddenly as it began and the Gunnar found himself struggling along that road back. After a long period of inactivity, the Gunnar resumed operations last year against Hans Haverlick whom he stopped in nine rounds, and on the strength of this performance, was offered a match with Alberto Lovell, who at the moment loomed large on the heavyweight horizon. This pair had met once before in the 1932 Olympics with Lovell beating Barlund and going on to win the Olympic title and there seemed to be no reason why he could not repeat as Lovell was undefeated at the time.

A short ender, Barlund came through in sensational style, caught up with his fast stepping opponent, had him on the floor, and won handily. This win over the unbeaten Argentine, merited plenty of consideration and the Finnish hope seems definitely out of his slump and on the road to better things.

Trudging along arm in arm with his fighter, is Paul Damski, who in the past has been often disappointed when on the verge of crashing the top flight of the heavyweights with his protégés. Paul, talking in English, one of the seven languages he speaks, explains Barlund's slump with just a trace of an accent.

"Sickness. The cold was in his body and we couldn't get it out. They said he was one of the best when he first came over, and they'll be saying it again, now that he is well again."

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 12)

It is possible that Promoter Dingley will arrange a world championship fight with Jackie Jurich, or Britain's best contender, for Derby Day, and the presentation of the belt will then take place.

It will be the first time in ring history in England that a championship belt, donated by an American, has been won by a British subject and will be given to him on British soil. I mention all this to bring to our army of readers the work of The Ring in behalf of boxing and clean sport.

* * *

NEW YORK boxing suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Charley Lynch, its leading and best judge of boxing. Charley, who handled almost every bout of prominence in the state for many years, died of a heart attack only three days after he had voted for Tommy Farr in his bout with Jimmy Braddock, in which the other judges favored the former world champion. It was one of the few times in more than ten years that Judge Lynch was in the minority. In almost every contest in which there was a divided vote, his tally usually met with the approval of scribes and public, so splendid a judge was he.

Lynch, a former newspaperman, had the respect of all because of his honesty. He was an official who called them as he saw them, and never in all his years of judging was there a finger of suspicion cast upon him, even when his decision went against popular opinion, which was seldom. Lynch accepted his assignment in the Farr-Braddock bout against the advice of his physician. He voted six rounds to Farr and four to Braddock. His loss to the sport will be severely felt.

Irish Reader Takes Prize

(Continued from page 22)

He toiled hard in gyms and finally fought his way to big fights on the Coast. He won these and came East to win the championship. This proves hard work produces results. I firmly believe Henry deserves the prize of The Ring.

Sincerely,
Frankie Mack,
375 Sea Street,
Hyannis, Mass.

To The Ring *Editor:*

I believe that all the requirements named by you for the most valuable boxer award of The Ring Magazine, 1937, best are met by this man Henry Armstrong. Number one because his 1937 record marked the most impressive individual feat of any fighter in the game during 1937.

Sports writers are unanimously naming him with the greatest the ring has ever known pound for pound. His 1937 record of 26 KO's in his last 27 fights, most of them against top notchers, is one of the best ever compiled by any fighter in boxing's history; which looks like a page from a book of fiction.

Number two, his rapid rise to fame and wealth has not spoiled him the least bit. He presents to the public another gentleman fighter who knows how to conduct himself and who is most like the other two Negro champions, John Henry Lewis and Joe Louis.

Sport writers also refer to Armstrong and John Henry Lewis as being the best cultured prize fighters since the days of Gene Tunney. He will carry his laurels in a manner befitting a credit to his race.

His steady habits of clean living and strict observance of every rule of health grows daily in stature, as a man as well as a fighter. His clean living will help him win the lightweight title and the welterweight title and become one of the ring wonders like Joe Walcott and Bob Fitzsimmons in spotting his opponent's weight.

In conclusion I wish to say I am a subscriber, but my subscription will expire in a few months; and owing to my delicate financial situation I will not be able to renew it. Therefore I am hoping to win a year's subscription of The Ring. I remain,

Very truly yours,
John Doe, No. 5724,
Marquette, Mich.

To The Ring *Editor:*

For my selection as most valuable boxer, I pick the man who put light-weight boxing back on its feet, Henry Armstrong.

After due consideration to the merits of Messrs. Schmeling, Farr, Louis, et al. I am forced to throw my vote to Henry, featherweight champ and outstanding challenger to Lou Ambers' crown.

Armstrong may well be referred to as the "Human Buzz-saw" and the "Human Windmill." He has certainly carved his name among the ring greats along with Terry McGovern, Tony Canzoneri, Jack McAuliffe, Barney Ross, and the other great little men. Lacking the boxing skill of many of his opponents, Armstrong has more than made up for this by his consistent "boring-in" tactics and whirlwind style of fighting.

Henry seems to be a veritable dynamo of perpetual motion. Taking all his opponents have to offer, he has connected with his hard, deadly punches, chalking up knock-out after knock-out, and arousing the fancy of the fight fans much as Joe Louis. He has been appraised by both old-timers and modern fans and has never been found lacking. He is truly the "Saviour of the Gate."

Besides luring the fight fans back to the lighter weight battles, Henry ranks high as a sportsman, a clean liver, and a fair, clean boxer. Armstrong was extremely courteous to Sarron in their fight and the crowd roared its appreciation of true sportsmanship.

Henry Armstrong is an example of a boy's ability to achieve success in spite of handicaps and shows the success that can be attained by constant striving for higher success.

James L. Marlin,
Portland, Tennessee.

Two Popular Matmen

(Continued from page 33)

256 pounds, which is four more than the grappler. And the strange part of it all is that not one member of the Groseclose Davises possesses any excess fat. All of which makes the family eligible for Mr. Ripley's Believe It or Not Odditorium.

Naturally, the best known member of the clan is Willie himself, due to the fact that he is constantly in the public eye and ever in demand by the wrestling promoters. Willie is not a freak. He is just an out-and-out wrestler, who has become a menace to the top-notchers through the tactics he employs. Of course, Willie doesn't necessarily grapple strictly according to Hoyle, but even in his roughness he shows enough ability to convince the everyday fan that he is well capable of more than holding his own in the fastest of company.

The matman was born January 7, 1906, on his father's Virginia farm. He graduated from public and high schools and gained his diploma in animal husbandry at Virginia Polytechnic in 1930. While a collegian, Davis was a member of the wrestling and football teams. He was the tackle on the gridiron eleven. He also was a member of the track squad, specializing in the shot put and discus toss.

Upon graduation, he received a tempting offer to turn professional matman, so he gave up the idea of entering the farming profession and from 1930 to the present day, the name of Wee Willie Davis has been in the eye of the wrestling public.

Those Thumping Tonics

(Continued from page 7)

the reigning king of swat and to create a new world of fistic wonderment.

That is why boxing never will DIE. That is why it will live so long as the earth and its people. For hundreds and hundreds of years they have tried to cry it down but NEVER will they do it. We have a lot for which we must thank the old ancient Romans and Greeks.

When they banged each other around with the caestus, it was a battle to the end. I suppose that the reformers, even in those days set up a hue and cry about it and no doubt the bare knuckle days were born as a human substitute for the iron fists.

* * *

WHEN boxers took up the use of padded gloves, that too was an improvement, yet, despite the reforms, regardless of class and the gentility which Jim Corbett brought to the sport, there has been the little horde of blue-noses which eternally cry down anything likely to bring joy and entertainment to life. There is only one consolation in the matter. EVERY GRAVEYARD IS FILLED WITH REFORMERS!

Right now boxing is enjoying a new lease on life and to wax exceedingly frank about it, to no other man than Joe Louis can we attribute its coming into its own.

He came at a time like Dempsey's arrival, like Corbett's before them, yes, like Sullivan's when Paddy Ryan, John Flood and some of the old bare knuckle heroes were stubbornly opposing his appearance on the scene.

Always there is some young challenger in a young fighter's life who actually gets in his hair. Jake Kilrain, who just passed on, was Sullivan's tormentor and it took John seventy-five rounds to punch him out of his path. Following that victory, Sullivan went on a grand whoop-dee-doo and lived in the belief that the man never would be born who might come along to wrest the crown from his proud head, rob him of his glory, make his name almost forgotten.

'Twas ever thus. Ever it will be.

* * *

ONE of the moving factors in the new prosperity of boxing is the fact that Louis has strangely affected the youth of the land. Boys of Joe's own race are moving to the front. The boys of Puerto Rico, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Ireland, England, Africa, Australia and goodness knows where, are taking up the sport of boxing in a determined, sane, scientific, business-like way.

Good boys have greater opportunities these days. Their early training, through the fatherly governing of commissions and boxing boards throughout the world, has brought about a change for the better.

Punchers are being developed or have just come along naturally. Freddie Steele, Fred Apostoli, Solly Krieger, Harry Balsamo, Ken Overlin, "Popeye" Walter Woods, Glenn Lee, Nick Camarata, Tiger Fox, John Henry Lewis, Joe Louis and many others have come along to inspire the others with their hitting. Strange as it may seem, a HITTER comes along to be the TONIC for boxing. It was Fitzsimmons, Choynski, Dempsey, Schmeling and Louis who came along to pep up a dickey-legged sport with their clouting.

* * *

WHEN I say dickey-legged, I mean that the sport was wobbling around at the time each of these fellows came along simply because the old cry of "No more good fighters" was ringing through the world. They certainly were shouting it from the house tops when Joe Louis dropped out of the skies like a fiery meteor. Schmeling had come along right after Tunney's retirement and one of the strangest eras in Fistiana came about when Schmeling, a hitter of a different period, wound up in the ring against Louis.

Deadly hitters had come to the cross roads and the seasoned, thinking, calculating, efficient, deadly old-timer outpunched the youthful Brown Bomber when the Wise Men of Broadway were betting as high as 12 to 1 that the German would get his brains bashed out.

* * *

IS the Schmeling brand of hitting superior to Louis'? I'm inclined to think so and readers of these columns will recall that I told how Schmeling would defeat Louis. The straight right hand did it and it will come close to doing it again unless the lapse of time finally has softened Max up and taken some of the sting out of his deadly wallop.

It is true that Max stopped Harry Thomas, yet in the round in which Arthur Donovan, the referee, stopped the bout, Thomas has been down seven or eight times. When Max first hit them on the chin around New York they remained crumpled on the floor. It took Max twelve rounds to stop Louis after having him nearly out in the first round.

Is this an indication that Max has lost the real punch which made him famous? Of course, in the Louis and Thomas fights, Schmeling was deliberately taking things easy. Cautious, if you will, and for a darned good reason. He didn't want anything, any bit of carelessness on his part to block his second bid for the world's title. That's why he asked to have his bout with Thomas made 15 instead of 10 rounds.

* * *

TOMMY FARR, coming from England as the champion of the British Empire, his gallant fifteen-round struggle with Joe Louis and his bout with Jim Braddock, fought with a hand injured in training, has been a tremendous boost to boxing. He is a fighter and a fast talker, being what the scribes term bully "copy." His unbridled gift of the gab has brought some of the writers to call him a second Jack Sharkey.

Boxing is all right. Boxing is healthy. It has grown up to be a huge institution. Maybe the million-dollar gates of the Tex Rickard era have gone, but they won't be merely a thing of the past. I think the turnout to see Jim Braddock hold the fort against Tommy Farr, backed up by a $81,000 gate, is the answer to the sob-singers. Boxing is with us and will outlive every man, woman and child on this earth.

What more can we ask of the incomparable man's game?

Middleweight Pot Boiling

(Continued from page 4)

OF Solly Krieger, he is like a rare wine that gets better with age. He may turn in a poor performance now and then, but when the "chips are down" to use the parlance of the prize ring, you've got to string along with the Brooklyn Bomber. Following a knockout win over Walter Woods earlier in the year that was a classic, Solly turned in a dull performance in losing to Woods in a return bout. Krieger turned in another rather bad performance in his victory over shop-worn Frank Battaglia, and just when it seemed as though Solly was nearing the turn in the road that would wind up his career, the Brooklyn boy turned on his siege guns. He battered Eddie Maguire into a bloody knockout defeat, and then traveled to Milwaukee to score a surprise, upset knockout victory over George Black in three rounds.

It was this knockout win that put Krieger back into the middleweight limelight more than anything else, as in Black, Milwaukee fans had come to the belief that they had a middleweight who was ready for any opposition. But Krieger dispelled that thought from their minds with his scintillating performance.

* * *

IN going back to Hostak, the Scourge of Seattle, there is nothing we can possibly say that would mean more than a listing of his record. Here is a youngster whose fingers must be lined with sticks of dynamite, a knockout artist in the complete sense of the word, who would have to be given a chance with any middleweight that ever lived because of his tremendous punching prowess. Nine fights and nine knockouts in the past year, among them the names of a former 160-pound king, another who twice challenged for the title, and some of the better middleweights in the country.

It took him seven rounds to stand former champion Risko on his head, and in two rounds Young Terry collapsed into the resin dust before the murderous onslaught of the Seattle Swatter. There was much skepticism as to his ability in whipping classy Allen Mathews when the match was made, but when it was over and Mathews lay humbled on the canvas, punched into a pitiful and broken figure, the floodgates of praise were let loose.

Stupendous offers were and still are being made to get Steele into Seattle for a title match that will positively draw a $100,000 gate, and it is within the realm of possibility that before the summer is over the match will have been terminated. Others on the knockout list of Hostak include Tony Fisher, Leonard Bennett, Johnny Sykes, Otto Blackwell, Bob Turner and Don La Rue. Just a Belting Beauty.

So we have quite an assortment of middleweights boiling the pot into a stew that is the tastiest dish of 160 pounders we have had and when the old-timers shake their heads and mutter, "Oh, for the days of the old middleweight stars," feed them a little of Apostoli, Steele, Thil, McAvoy, Overlin, etc., and if they don't like the taste, it's your turn to mutter: "Oh, Nuts!"

Middleweights on Parade

(Continued from page 17)

heavy right to the jaw, knocked the champion down and out.

* * *

ON January 14, 1891, he faced that rising young middleweight who was destined to be the champion of that division and also of the heavyweights—"Lanky Bob" Fitzsimmons. The match took place at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La. The stakes were $11,000, with a side bet of $1,000. The outcome of the fight—the downfall of Dempsey—is generally known among the fight fans. Jack balanced the scales at 147½ and Bob at 150½.

The fight was one-sided. It was painful for the greater part of the sports to see their idol go down to defeat. For twelve rounds Jack was beaten about the ring, and although he showed spasmodic returns to the old form they were not sufficiently frequent or effective to do any great damage.

In the thirteenth and last, Jack started to spar, but he was too tired even to stop the jabs which the Australian showered upon him. Fitz's long right landed heavily on the ear and Dempsey staggered and fell to the floor in a heap. He soon arose and made a heroic rally. It was ineffective, however, as a light jab on the chin knocked him spinning again.

"He's out," everybody cried, but game Jack was on his feet before eight seconds had been counted. Fitz stood over him and said, "Quit, Jack, I don't want to hurt you any more."

"Now look out," said Fitz, swinging his right. He caught Dempsey just behind the ear and the long touted favorite went sprawling to the floor insensible. The ten seconds were counted and Jack was still prone on the floor.

"Fitzsimmons wins," shouted the referee, and Fitz was crowned the middleweight champion of America.

Jack's days after that were not of long duration. He fought Mike Keogh in Portland, Ore., on March 2, 1893, and won in four rounds. On September 6 of the following year he drew with "Australian Billy" McCarthy at New Orleans in twenty rounds. On January 18, 1895, he made a pitiable exhibition with Tommy Ryan at Coney Island. Jack was knocked cold in the third round.

The public saw Jack once more. He appeared at Madison Square Garden, New York, in a benefit for himself on June 8, 1895, when he sparred three rounds with John L. Sullivan.

The sight of those two idols of the prize ring facing each other in ring combat, even though it was for exhibition purposes, attracted thousands of spectators and never could you find a more enthusiastic audience. They applauded each move and gesture exhibited by these pugilistic idols of their day. The money attracted at the gate was also a tribute to the high esteem in which they were held in the eyes of the sporting public.

Jack then went to Portland, Ore., where he remained until he died of consumption, November 1, 1895.

Gang Wars and Politics

(Continued from page 30)

Brooklyn, to whom its publication, even after a long lapse of time, would have caused much distress. It was not until after the demise of Mike's parents that Davies broke his seal of silence by confiding the facts to Lou Houseman, then sports editor of the Chicago *Inter Ocean,* with the proviso that the details should not appear in print, a promise faithfully kept by his hearer. If the truth about Collins' death ever reached Sullivan's ears, the ex-champion never communicated it to the newspapers, for until now the real facts have never appeared in print.

The coldly deliberate killing of Collins would be difficult to explain had the slayer been a man of average mould. But McQuaid, who had spent the greater portion of his life in the turbulent Old West, at a time when that section of the United States well merited the epithet of "wild and woolly," was by no means a man of ordinary calibre.

When little more than a mere lad he ran away from his Eastern home, turned cowboy, and later saw rough service as a government scout in an uprising of the Commanche, Arapahoe and Cheyenne tribes of Indians. He further increased his reputation for dare-deviltry when Chief Dullknife went on the warpath with a bloodthirsty band of redskins, bent on pillage and murder.

On that eventful occasion, McQuaid rode seventy-five miles through a hostile country to seek the aid of soldiers for the relief of a party of white men besieged in a blockhouse, was chased en route by four redskin scouts, shot three of his assailants out of their saddles and put the fourth to speedy flight. Arriving safely at his destination, he acted as guide to a cavalry squadron that arrived in the very nick of time to rescue the occupants of the blockhouse, to which the Indians had just set fire.

In after years, sometimes as a sheriff of communities where such an official had to "shoot it out" with bad men ever ready to die with their boots on, McQuaid became known as one of the most recklessly courageous gunmen of the West that ever handled a six-shooter or Winchester rifle. But always he was a gambler, and when not occupying an official position as a representative of the law, became embroiled in many shooting scrapes, once engaging in a street duel at Tombstone, Arizona, with Wyatt Earp, one of the noted Earp brothers, celebrated for the many notches each had on his gun.

In this fracas, conducted with Colt revolvers at a distance of five yards, McQuaid put three bullets into Earp, and went down himself under the impact of a leaden messenger that, fortunately for the recipient, only "creased," as the Western term was, his skull.

Mike finally drifted to San Francisco where he pursued his vocation of gambler with marked success and amassed a handsome fortune. In justice to McQuaid, it should be stated that his reputation was that of an absolutely square gambler, the antithesis of such crooks as "Silk" Collins and others of that ilk.

IT was at the Golden Gate that he first met and became intimate with John L. Sullivan, a strong mutual liking developing between the pair. At the time of "Silk" Collins' abrupt removal from this terrestial sphere, McQuaid was visiting his parents in Brooklyn. There is no doubt that his conscience never troubled him in respect of "Silk's" demise, any more than would the killing of a rattlesnake about to strike a friend. Men who slew foemen according to the rather pitiless code of the West were seldom, if ever, ridden by remorse, quite the contrary, in fact, and the drastic rubbing-out of "Silk" probably kindled a warm glow of satisfaction in McQuaid's bosom over a neat job deftly done.

Although Sullivan never sought or cared for gangster aid in his role of fighter there was always a large gathering of these gentry at all his bareknuckle battles. Criminals of all classes, expert killers with knife or gun, were inevitably present in large numbers at these spectacular slugging affairs, rubbing shoulders with political big-shots to whom they were bound by mutual interests; professional gamblers, and respectable citizens who loved sport for sport's sake alone, the latter, it must be admitted, generally constituting a minority.

* * *

PROMINENT at the ringside when Sullivan defeated Kilrain at Mississippi in 1882 were "Red" Leary, then the country's most notorious and successful bank-robber, with Jimmy Hope, also a distinguished operator on safes and strongboxes, and several of their equally expert colleagues. Hope was the leading spirit of the gang that raided the New York Bank of Manhattan, a gigantic job that took from a Saturday night to the following Monday morning to complete, and which netted the plunderers a vast sum of money in bills, and negotiable securities of enormous value.

Present also were Frank and Jesse James, the train-robbers, each at that time with a price on his head offered by the authorities of the State of Missouri. All of these celebrities were ardent Sullivan fans, determined to see that their man got fair play, even if the same had to be enforced at the muzzles of their guns.

Nor did Kilrain lack for grim protectors. Besides a contingent of tough underworld habitues who were going hook, line and sinker on the Baltimore slugger's chances, and were equally determined that their choice should be given a square deal, there loomed near Jake's corner two formidable figures whose fame as gunmen of the Law, had become a matter of historical record.

They were Bat Masterson and Luke Short. The latter was an ex-sheriff and U. S. marshal who, as well as Bat, was a terror to outlaws, thieves and bad men of the old West. Both liked Sullivan's opponent and were betting on him. It is significant of the mutual distrust existing between the rival fight factions that Masterson and Short were there by special request of Kilrain's backers as bodyguards for the latter.

* * *

ONLY two months elapsed after the Sullivan-Kilrain battle when Frank James surrendered to the Governor of

Missouri. Jesse James was shot in the back and killed by Bob Ford, a bit of calculated treachery that gained for its perpetrator a rich reward for the bandit, dead or alive, offered by the authorities of the same state.

The late Richard Croker, who as head of Tammany Hall ruled New York's municipal fortunes for many years, engaged in several ring battles as a principal in his youth. There are still men living who remember his victory over Dick Lynch in a bare knuckle battle in Jones Wood, in 1866. The big boss never cared to discuss his own slugging experiences, but would talk enthusiastically about great battles he witnessed in the past, including the Morrissey-Yankee Sullivan combat, already referred to in these pages.

Besides defeating Dick Lynch, young Croker whipped "Nailer" Wendt and Jack Eames, welterweights, but he had no great taste for the ring in the role of principal, and did not follow up the game. He was a good second, however, and served as such to Pete McGuire when the latter fought Abe Hicken, lightweight champion of England, in 1868. The contestants met with bare knuckles at Perryville, Maryland, on a Christmas Eve. Hicken broke McGuire's jaw with a right-hand smash in the fifth round, but was saved from an actual knockout, by the sudden descent of a sheriff and deputies upon the scene of hostilities.

Long after he had passed his eightieth year, the veteran was fond of recalling his sensations on that memorable night, as he and another second made their escape, supporting the badly injured McGuire, as they wandered through fields and woods in the intense cold and darkness.

They finally reached a neighboring town, where most of the good folks were still in bed. Finding a cobbler just opening his store, they induced him to make a sort of leather bandage that served to hold McGuire's shattered jawbone in place. With this temporary first aid, the boxer obtained some relief from the severe pain he was suffering, and reached New York safely, where proper surgical help was given him.

* * *

CROKER never lost his interest in fights all through his long life. He was a warm friend of John L. Sullivan and an eager spectator of John's spectacular battle in old Madison Square Garden with Charlie Mitchell, which was halted by the police in the third round, as Mitchell tottered on the verge of a complete knockout. Among famous men of the day also present were such great national figures as Charles Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, and Senator Roscoe Conkling. It is a matter of record that such a gathering of big and less important politicians, not only local, but from Philadelphia and other large Eastern cities, had never before graced a ringside.

The admiration of Croker for Sullivan was, of course, shared by all the Tammanyites. And for that matter, probably nine out of ten ring followers in America were staunch believers in John L.'s invincibility. As a popular fistic idol, no man, not even the popular Jack Dempsey, ever lived who held such a grip on the affections of the sportsmen of his day. Prior to the Sullivan-Corbett fight in which the former lost the world's crown, the betting on the champion was 4 to 1, with little Corbett money in sight.

When the New York *Herald*, then one of the most influential and widely read papers in the U. S., published an article in which the writer dared to intimate that Corbett might win, as Sullivan was in poor condition, the paper actually suffered temporarily a heavy loss in circulation due to thousands of subscription cancellations by indignant Sullivanites, who swore they would never read such a lying sheet again.

A curious contrast between the space given by metropolitan newspapers to advance stories on a heavyweight world's championship battle then and now is shown by the fact that though Sullivan trained near Brooklyn, and Corbett at Asbury Park for their New Orleans meeting, there was less printed about them in the Gotham papers than there is about an ordinary baseball game today.

When, before departing for the battlefield, the principals gave exhibitions with their respective sparring partners, Sullivan in the Brooklyn Clermont Rink, Corbett at the old Madison Square Garden, none of the New York papers devoted more than a fourth of a column to them. Had modern methods prevailed then, each journal would probably have filled at least two sporting pages with expert opinions and prophesies as to the final result of the outcome of the contest.

Boxing's Ancient "Rookies"

(Continued from page 31)

glove game. With every apparent drawback to a successful pugilist, this huge, good-natured fellow made such a success of his newly-acquired trade that it was he who succeeded in restoring the heavyweight boxing crown to the white race. Sure, it was Jess Willard.

But any fellow who had watched big Jess amble around behind his plodding mule team, and had picked him as a coming champion, would have been an optimist indeed. And especially in view of the fact that he was twenty-eight years of age before he ever laced on a boxing glove.

Arthur Pelky was a twenty-six-year-old lumberjack in the woods of Ontario when the original "white hope" craze got under way. A huge lantern-jawed individual, with the native strength of a Missouri mule, the Canuck was induced to have a whirl at the professional game.

Years of swinging an axe and pulling a cross-cut saw had developed him into an amazing physical specimen. But this was a detriment instead of an asset. He was so slow and muscle-bound that it is one of the wonders of modern times how he got along as well as he did.

The Canadian was filled to the brim with confidence in his ability to trade blows with any living man, and he never side-stepped any proposed opponent. The fast-stepping clever boys used to make him look like a novice, and how they loved to hang their Sunday punches on his massive under-slung jaw. But notwithstanding all his apparent weaknesses, Pelky was no fellow to get careless with. He could tear a fellow apart once he got in close. It was a wise boy indeed who elected to fight at long range with the erstwhile logger.

* * *

PELKY was a run-of-the-mine warrior until the ill-fated day he crossed gloves with Luther McCarty out at Calgary, Alberta. McCarty at the time was a sensational comer, with all the earmarks of a sure-fire coming champion. How the giant American dropped dead in the opening round after taking one of Pelky's short-arm punches is a matter of common knowledge.

The unfortunate incident boosted the rugged lumberjack into glaring headlines, but it ruined what little fistic ability he ever had. Never again could he bring himself to the point of letting loose his blows with their full fury. The result was, Pelky was soon reduced to the status of a human punching-bag.

One of his last battles was a set-to with Jack Dempsey in Denver, Colo., in 1918. By this time, he was a tottering fistic derelict, one who had already absorbed far too many punches for his physical and mental good.

But looking back at some of this stolid fellow's ring conquests, one is forced to admit that he did wonderfully well for a man of his age and previous background. Had not his punching machinery been tightened up by years of strenuous labor, it is easily conceivable that the name of Arthur Pelky would have headed the heavyweight division.

Yet he was twenty-six years of age before he pulled on his first boxing glove. And that, gentlemen, is an age that finds scores of brilliant champions classed as wornout veterans.

A Champion's Reward

(Continued from page 24)

dollars, greatest ever attained for a no-decision battle, it was claimed.

And his mind was especially clear on all the details of his business deals with Tom Jones, his former manager, who is now proprietor of a prosperous ale house out on Avalon Boulevard, just a few blocks from Wrigley Field in Los Angeles. He recalled how he had furnished the money to Jones in financing Tom for his end of the partnership with Jack Curley, now a prosperous promoter in New York, in foisting Jess Willard into a successful championship match with Jack Johnson in Havana.

A similar attempt at promotion had failed utterly in Juarez, Mexico, and El Paso, Texas, because the wily Johnson, then under indictment in the United States, refused to go there for the battle, fearing he would never get out of Mexico with all that money on his person and fearing to trust anybody.

Hobo Dougherty has a cafe in the Hollywood district and Joe Rivers has held a referee's license in California for a number of years. He is particularly funny in his kidding of these two old pals when they visit him, remembering vividly every incident of that famous thirteen-round fight with Rivers in which both were knocked out simultaneously, Referee Jack Welsh finally raising Wolgast's arm as the victor.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Harry Finklestein, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Is there any home apparatus that you can recommend for use by me to help me keep in trim?

A.—Yes, I would suggest that you write to Alan Hendrickson, 29 Cross Avenue, Midland Park, New Jersey and ask him to send you his catalogue of exercising apparatus for the home. He has an excellent collection that are very cheap and are highly recommended by me because I personally use them daily.

Alberto Lovell, Argentine.

Q.—Will The Ring Editor please try to locate a relative of mine who has been in South Africa for more than 20 years. I am anxious to have him write to me care of The Ring.

Martin Franklin, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is Arthur Lumley still alive?

A.—Yes, but bed-ridden. He lives in Park Place, Brooklyn, and has been ailing for the last four years.

Fred Zimmerman.

Q.—I am fourteen years of age and I like boxing very much. I stand 5 feet 11 inches and weigh 160 pounds. I would like to know how I could get started fighting? Am I underweight?

A.—The only trouble is that you are under age. I would not even think of boxing for a career until you reach the age of 17 and if your measurements increase in proportion you will undoubtedly be a heavyweight.

Chuck Hirst, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Could you please tell me how an amateur boxer can develop a real good punch? I would like to practice this often if there's a way. I would like to know how you can put muscle into the leg or calf.

A.—Good timing and co-ordination between the mind and body is what makes practice perfect. Enough practice will give you the right timing and if you have any ability at all it will come out. Road work and bicycle riding will be good exercise to develop the calf.

A Constant Reader, Newton, Scotland

Q.—Could you tell me the last six opponents of Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera? In his prime, would Carnera have beaten Jess Willard? Have you published a book on the life of Primo Carnera? Would Benny Lynch draw the American fans?

A.—Schmeling's last six opponents were: Harry Thomas, Joe Louis, Steve Hamas, Paulino Uzcudun (twice), and Walter Neusel. Leaving out whatever activity Carnera engaged in during the past few months abroad, his six opponents were Leroy Haynes (twice), Isadoro Gastanaga, Joe Louis, Walter Neusel, Ray Impellitiere. Carnera would never have beaten Willard. No book on Carnera's life. Lynch would have to show in New York before he could expect to draw the fans.

Robert McWilliams, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches in height, and weigh 100 pounds. How much will I be when I am 20 years of age? Did Jack Dempsey ever fight in foreign lands, and if he did, where? Do you think Wildcat O'Connor has a chance with Barney Ross?

A.—You will grow to about 5 feet 6½ inches and weigh 125 pounds at the age of 20. Dempsey never fought outside of the United States. Very little chance.

Leo Makoneset, Johannesburg, South Africa

Q.—What were the names of all the Jewish world title-holders from heavyweights to flyweights? Is it true that Jack Dempsey's father was Jewish? What round did Max Baer knock out Max Schmeling?

A.—Izzy Schwartz was flyweight champion; Charley Phil Rosenberg and Abe Attell Goldstein were bantamweight champions; Abe Attell and Louis Kid Kaplan were featherweight champions; Jack Bernstein was junior lightweight champion; Benny Leonard and Al Singer were lightweight champions; Jackie Kid Berg held the junior welterweight title; Ted Kid Lewis was welterweight champion; Al McCoy was middleweight champion; Battling Levinsky, Maxey Rosenbloom and Bob Olin were light-heavyweight champions, and no Hebrew held the heavyweight title. No. Dempsey's great-grandfather was Jewish. His name was Isaac Levy. Tenth round.

Robert Bly, Riverside, Calif.

Q.—Did Maxey Rosenbloom ever fight Jimmy Braddock, and who was the winner? How many times has Rosenbloom fought John Henry Lewis, and who won the most times? How do you think they would stack up now? Are Rosenbloom's tactics in the ring according to Hoyle? In other words, do the rules say anything about his slapping style?

A.—Rosenbloom won one decision over Braddock, and in their other meeting they were tossed out of the ring. Rosenbloom has beaten Lewis three times and lost twice, according to the records. Lewis would be favored over Rosenbloom at this time. Rosenbloom is guilty of hitting with an open glove, which is contrary to the rules of boxing, but the laxity of capable referees allows him to get away with it.

Fred M. Engebretson, Milan, Minn.

Q.—What important fighters besides Philadelphia Jack O'Brien have schools for beginners, and where are they located? What man stopped Firpo's comeback?

A.—Elbows McFadden has a boxing school at 59 East 59th St., New York City. Charley Weinert.

John Doe, No. 5724, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Mich.

Q.—Can a heavyweight champion lose his title in an exhibition?

A.—Yes, if such exhibition is held with other than a sparring mate, and in a state where decisions are permitted, and exhibitions are not regarded as such. In such a state, if the decision were against the champion, he would lose his title. In other states, if he were knocked out, he would lose the title. That's why Braddock refused to fight an "exhibition" of six rounds against a Buffalo boy, Brackey, last year, because the Boxing Commission ruled that a decision would have to be rendered even though the bout would be advertised as an exhibition.

Q.—Suppose Louis fought 12 to 15 rounds against a picked boy in Pennsylvania, New York, California, Oregon or Kansas, and he was knocked out, would he still be the champion?

A.—No. The above answer holds here. Every time a champion heavyweight faces an opponent, not a sparring partner, in an exhibition, in which a decicsion is to be rendered, he is automatically risking his crown.

Albert Best, Box E, San Bruno, Calif.

Q.—In the Steele-Apostoli fight, if the fight had not been stopped, would a decision have been rendered by the referee and the judges, or by the newspapermen?

A.—By referee and judges always in New York.

Q.—Are no-decision fights permitted in New York?

A.—No.

Israel Simon

Q.—Is it too late to start boxing again as an amateur? I have been boxing before around gymnasiums. I am 27 years of age.

A.—It is too late to start boxing as a career, but for exercise it is not.

A Reader, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—I am 24 years of age, height 5 feet 9 inches, and weigh 160 pounds. Am I too old to start boxing? What are the measurements of Freddie Steele? What was the weight and height of Georges Carpentier? Would Steele beat Jock McAvoy?

A.—Not too old if you already know the fundamentals of boxing and do not start as a raw novice. Steele is 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 155 pounds. Can't print his measurements. Carpentier was 5 feet 11 inches and weighed 172 pounds. Steele would be favored to win.

Ed Adams, Superior, Wyo.

Q.—How does Adamick rate in a fight with Joe Louis, and who do you think would win between Adamick and John Henry Lewis?

A.—Adamick is not ready for Joe Louis and John Henry Lewis figures to outpoint him at the present time.

Thomas Pocock, Montreal, Canada

Q.—I recently saw Eddie Coderre fight Andre Lenglet. Coderre, the smaller man, took a terrific beating but won the admiration of the fans with his courage. In my opinion, Coderre would make an excellent light-heavyweight, but my friends think he is just another second rate fighter. What do you think of him? I think that Al McCoy and Maxie Berger are first class boxers. What do you think of them, and why are they not rated? What are Andre Lenglet's chances for a title match in the near future? Who do you favor in a bout between Tommy Farr and Max Schmeling? Did Gene Tunney knock out Tom Heeney? How old was Bob Fitzsimmons when he won the title?

A.—Coderre is just a fair boy and has no prospects of greatness. Berger and McCoy are not good enough to be rated among the first ten, but they are still good looking fighters. Lenglet has a good chance of coming through. Farr figures to beat Schmeling. Tunney scored a knockout over Heeney—the bout was stopped. Fitzsimmons was 35 years of age when he won the heavyweight title.

Ree Panichi, Blue Island, Ill.

Q.—In your February issue of "The Ring," on page two, you state where Braddock was kayoed by Joe Louis in the twelfth round. I saw the fight and remember distinctly that it was the eighth. For the information of people who like to discuss matters of that kind, I would like to see a correction.

A.—You are correct. It was an error in printing. The eighth round is correct.

Louis Chesney, Knoxville, Tenn.

Q.—I am 21 years of age and weigh 155 pounds. Do you think I could ever make a heavyweight wrestler? What is the smallest weight a man can weigh to be a heavyweight?

A.—Very unlikely for you to weigh over 165. Heavyweights are over 175 pounds in weight.

"Ring" Reader, Stockton, Calif.

Q.—What nationalities are Jimmy Adamick, Johnny Risko, Leo Rodak and Bronko Nagurski?

A.—German-Irish-American, Austrian, Polish, Polish.

"Ring" Fan, Berlin, Md.

Q.—I am 16 years old, stand 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weigh 140 pounds. What will my measurements be at the age of 21? What are Jack Portney's chances of becoming welterweight champion?

A.—You should reach 6 feet in height and weigh 165 pounds. Very small.

Al Turay, Lakewood, Ohio

Q.—Please give me your opinion as to who would win the following: Jack Trammell vs. Arturo Godoy, Tony Galento vs. Andre Lenglet, Gunnar Barlund vs. Alberto Lovell? Please list the three leading New Jersey boxers from featherweight to heavyweight division.

A.—Godoy, Galento and Barlund recently scored over Lovell, which should settle that question. Heavyweights—Tony Galento, Jimmy Braddock and Steve Dudas; light-heavyweights—Gus Lesnevich, Joe Wagner and Frank Zamoris; middleweights—Paulie Walker, Frankie Blair and Roscoe Manning; welterweights—Johnny Lucas, Teddy Loder and Mike Piskin; lightweights—Billy Beauhuld, Tippy Larkin and Red Cochrane; featherweights—Jack Sharkey, Jr., Jackie Corcoran and Willie Skidmore.

A Wrestling Fan, Perth, N. B., Canada

Q.—Is there any profit in wrestling as a welterweight? Who is the heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight champion of the world in wrestling?

A.—No. There is very little. Nagurski is heavyweight champion. Too many claimants to other titles to warrant my opinion.

S. A. Tomlin, Levelland, Texas

Q.—I boxed in the A.A.U. Golden Glove tournament a few weeks ago. I did not have my hands bandaged for the fight because there was a charge for that and I did not have the money to have my hands bandaged. I broke a knuckle during the fight, but if my hands were bandaged, I am sure that it wouldn't have happened. Are they supposed to charge to bandage hands before a fight? After the fight, I showed my hand to the doctor who examined us before the fight but he wouldn't set it. I didn't have the money to have it fixed. I have boxed in the A.A.U. before and they always wrapped my hands free of charge. Aren't they supposed to fix your hands if you get them injured in a fight? Please answer.

A.—The original purpose of the Golden Gloves started by the "Daily News" of New York City was not to take advantage of young, innocent boxers like yourself and manhandle them in the fashion you have described. It's a shame that you are so far away from New York, where you could get first aid treatment without any charge and away from such cheap, chiselling practices.

M. Harrison, Kinistins, Canada

Q.—Who were the heavyweight champions, in turn, from Gene Tunney's retirement until it was attained by Max Baer, and, if possible, the dates of such fights?

A.—When Tunney retired, the title was held open for competition. Max Schmeling won on a foul over Jack Sharkey on June 12, 1930, to clinch the championship. Schmeling lost the title two years later to Sharkey on a fifteen-round decision, June 21, 1932; Sharkey was knocked out by Primo Carnera on June 29, 1933, in six rounds. Carnera was knocked out by Max Baer in eleven rounds on June 14, 1934.

Fred D'Angelo, Worcester, Mass.

Q.—I am fifteen years of age, 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 126 pounds. By next year, what class do you think I will enter?

A.—135-pound class.

Bangor, Maine, Reader

Q.—Was Austin Gibbons a Canadian? Was he born in Canada or the United States? When did he fight Mike Daly of Bangor, Maine? When did he die?

A.—He was born in Liverpool, Eng., and lived in Paterson, N. J., after coming to this country. Born August 19, 1870. Height 5 feet 8½ inches. Fought Daly at Crescent A. C. on March 7, 1893, and won by a kayo in 31 rounds. Died at Paterson, N. J., on December 4, 1907, from tuberculosis.

Eddy Edmonson, Duncan, Ariz.

Q.—I am an amateur boxer and am about to start training for the Golden Gloves. I was operated on for appendicitis on December 15, 1937, and would like to know when my body would be able to stand the grind once more. Would it be best to condition my body first by setting up exercises and stomach strengthening before I begin my routine training? I know that you are not a physician, but I respect your opinion and would like to have you advise me.

A.—Some people recover and regain their strength more quickly after an appendicitis operation than others. I would consult a physician for a final okay. I would recondition my body with the exercises that you have outlined, but you should first see your physician to ascertain if you can stand the strain of training again. This is a very important matter and not to be passed over lightly.

Dale Wild, Pinckneyville, Ill.

Q.—I am 17 years of age, weigh 145 pounds, and am 5 feet 7 inches in height. What will my figures be at maturity? Why is not Lou Thess considered the heavyweight wrestling champion of the world? Was Gene Tunney the greatest heavyweight boxer yet produced? Did Jack Dempsey give Harry Wills the "runaround"?

A.—You should weigh 165 pounds and stand about 5 feet 9½ inches at maturity. Thess is not the champion anywhere. Matter of opinion on Tunney or any other heavyweight champion of the past. Dempsey feared no man. The match never came off, but through no fault of Dempsey's.

Ohio Reader, Pioneer, Ohio

Q.—Could Dempsey in his prime have beaten Jim Jeffries? What are the addresses of Battling Battalino, Billy Petrolle, Stanley Poreda? Is Frankie Petrolle still fighting? Could Terry McGovern or Kid McCoy have beaten Henry Armstrong?

A.—Matter of opinion. Battalino is in Hartford, Conn. Billy Petrolle is living in Duluth, Minn., while Poreda is living in Hackensack, N. J. Frankie Petrolle has retired. In a McGovern and Armstrong fight, I would pick McGovern. McCoy was a light-heavyweight, and cannot be classed with Armstrong.

A. Girby, Alexandria, Egypt

Q.—What was Joe Louis' quickest win? Did he ever knock out Brescia and Garcia? Do you think he can beat Schmeling in June? Did Young Stribling score the most knockouts in history? How many have Henry Armstrong, Freddy Steele, Tommy Farr and Max Baer scored? What are the prospects for Isadoro Gastanaga? Do you consider Benny Lynch one of the best flyweights that ever lived? Who was the heaviest boxer that ever lived?

A.—Charley Retzlaff, fourteen seconds. I like Schmeling to repeat his knockout over Louis. Louis knocked out Jorge Brescia but there is no Garcia on his record. Stribling had 102 knockouts to his credit. Armstrong has about 40, Steele about 50, Farr very few, and Baer about 20. Gastanaga looked good for a while, but was recently stopped by John Henry Lewis. Lynch is a good present-day champion, but cannot be compared with Pancho Villa, Jimmy Wilde or Frankie Genaro. Ray Impellitiere weighed about 265 for present-day fighters, but years ago there was Andrew Freeman, who weighed around 320 pounds, and Herr Plaacke, the Dutchman, who weighed over 300.

W. Hildebrand, Youngstown, Ohio

Q.—Judging each other in their respective primes, who would have won between Henry Armstrong and Kid Chocolate? I pick Armstrong.

A.—Chocolate was a great little fighter in his day and might have given Armstrong plenty of trouble for a few rounds, but Armstrong would eventually have caught up to him.

Tony Mana, Niles, Calif.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, measure 5 feet 8 inches in height and weigh 132 pounds. Is this an advantage or disadvantage? What will my size be at 21? If Max Baer would whip Tommy Farr or Braddock, would he be rated? What are Baer's chances against Farr or Braddock?

A.—You are underweight for your height. You should weigh about 145 pounds now. At maturity you will probably reach 6 feet in height and scale 150 pounds. Baer might whip Braddock, but not much chance against Farr. He would be rated very highly were he to whip either one.

Mazibuko, Durban, South Africa

Q.—Don't you think that Eddie Peirce should be in the ratings? He has a good record. Has Johannes Van der Walt any prospects of being world's champion? Is Bill Brennan still alive? How old is he? What is the price of photos of past boxing and wrestling champions?

A.—Peirce has a good record, but not good enough to be rated in the first ten. Fairly good chance for Van der Walt. He is ranked high. Brennan has been dead for several years. Sizes 8 by 10 inches on heavy glossy paper are for sale, $1.25 each.

Jimmy Wright, Fishers Landing, N. Y.

Q.—I would like to know what is the longest number of rounds fought on record at one time, where and by whom?

A.—Andy Bowen and Jack Burke fought in New Orleans 110 rounds. It lasted 7 hours and 19 minutes.

A. Ruden, Eburne, B. C., Canada

Q.—I am 16½ years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height and weigh 146½ pounds. What would my height and weight be with training?

A.—You should reach 5 feet 11 inches and scale about 180 at maturity.

R. B., Portland, Ore.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, weigh 160 pounds, and am 5 feet 9¾ inches in height. What would you predict my weight and height to be at 21? How should I go about getting in an amateur boxing club and entering the Golden Gloves?

A.—You should reach 6 feet 1 inch and weigh 195 pounds at maturity. Any amateur athletic club in Portland will be glad to accept your application, where you may get preliminary training before you prepare for the Golden Gloves.

Charles, Eagle Bend, Ind.

Q.—I am a boy 16 years of age and I read many of your publications. I have a natural knack of hitting, I am told. I like to box, but my eyes are woefully weak. Would you deem it wise for me to take up boxing under that handicap? I am 6 feet 2 inches tall and weigh 168 pounds. How much will I weigh at maturity?

A.—You should scale about 200 pounds and reach 6 feet 4 inches at maturity. Advising you about boxing is rather difficult. I would suggest you consult your physician and see to what extent your eyes are weak and let him guide you along those lines.

Don Wehrenberg, Cranford, N. J.

Q.—I am 13 years of age, weigh 100 pounds and am 4 feet 11½ inches in height. What will my height and weight be when I am 17? What class will I be in? Do you think that Buddy Baer will ever be heavyweight champion? What is the height and weight of Buddy? Who would win in a fight between Montanez and Armstrong? Armstrong and Ambers? How old is Jim Jeffries? What is the height and weight of Jeffries?

A.—You should weigh about 126 pounds and stand 5 feet 4 inches at 17. You will be a featherweight. Baer has a good chance if he continues to be active. Armstrong would be favored over Ambers and Montanez. Jeffries was born April 15, 1875. He was 6 feet 1½ inches in height and weighed 200 pounds in his fighting days.

Clarence Stark, Girard, Pa.

Q.—Where can I get in touch with Freddy Steele? Do you think Freddy Steele would whip Fred Apostoli in a title bout? I think Steele is the best middleweight since the days of Ketchel and Greb.

A.—Steele can be reached at the Lincolnshire Hotel, Tacoma, Wash. Yes, he figures to win the next time out as he was very sick that night, unbeknown to anyone, and offered no alibis since his defeat.

Left-Hook, Fairfield, New South Wales

Q.—I am 5 feet 11 inches tall, neck 16 inches, chest 40¾ inches, upper arm 13⅜, wrist 7½, waist 33½, calf 14½, ankle 9½, thigh 21¼, age 20, weight 11 stone 7, and reach 78½ inches. I have been in steady training for the past 3½ years. Do you think it is worth giving age?

A.—If you have been training for 3½ years and are only 20 now, you are not too old to begin boxing. With your present measurements, I imagine that you will develop into a light-heavyweight and weigh about 12 stone 7 and might also increase an inch or so in height.

Clem Stearn, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, and weigh 115 pounds. What will my measurements be at the age of 21? I have burnt scars on my left arm and side, do you think this will hurt me when I get punched there? I am very fond of boxing but my Mother objects to it. What would you do? Please give me Eddie Eagan's address. What does he do now? Will Teddy Yarosz ever get to the top again?

A.—5 feet, 6½ inches and weight about 140 pounds. You had better get the okay from your physician and also your Mother before you start a boxing career. You will need her consent anyway because you are a minor. Eagan can be reached at 230 Park Ave., New York City. He is practicing law. Yarosz seems to be slipping.

Prvt. J. N. Zimmerman, Vancouver, Canada.

Q.—I have had a lot of arguments in the company about a fighter named Jimmy Darcy who fought as a middleweight around 1920. His son is at present in this company and he has put on a lot of dope that his Father fought Jack Dempsey in 1923 for the heavyweight title. I am positive that he didn't but I would like to have his record in The Ring which I consider the real authority on records of boxers. Would like to know what first raters he fought and whom he ever fought for a title, if he ever did? Hope you will print this as it will never be peaceful here until this argument is settled and nothing less than The Ring can settle it conclusively.

A.—Jimmy Darcy, the man you have reference to was managed by Jack Kearns at the same time that Dempsey was fighting and he was in the same stable with Dempsey so it would be impossible for them to be fighting. In 1923 Dempsey defended his title against Tom Gibbons and Luis Firpo. He never fought Darcy but he used to work with him because he liked him as a sparring partner. This does not detract from Darcy's ability because he was a rough, rugged customer who fought Tom Gibbons, Jeff Smith, Harry Greb, Dave Rosenberg and fellows of that calibre which would list him as a top-notcher of that day. He never fought for any title during his career. He fought middleweights and light-heavyweights throughout his career.

John Greer, Dublin, Ireland.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, 5 feet, 9 inches, my chest is 38 inches and I box in the amateurs at 135 pounds. What weight will I be when I am fully developed? What are the best exercises for developing the chest, arms and shoulders? What is the best way to develop a punch?

A.—You will probably grow another inch and scale 147 pounds at maturity. Get my book on "How to Train" for information on training for exercise. Timing and co-ordination of mind and body bring about heavy hitting.

F. R. K., Toronto, Canada.

Q.—What would have been the result of the following twenty-round bouts if it were possible for the contestants to have met when each was at the height of their career? Bob Fitzsimmons vs. Jack Dempsey; Harry Greb vs. Stanley Ketchel; Sam Langford vs. Tommy Burns; Mickey Walker vs. Jimmy McLarnin; Joe Walcott vs. Mickey Walker? Could Sam Langford have stopped Harry Greb in ten rounds? Could Bob Fitzsimmons have stopped Langford in ten rounds?

A.—Dempsey, Greb, Langford, Walker and Walcott are our selections. I doubt whether Langford could have caught up to Greb to knock him out and it is doubtful if Fitzsimmons and Langford would ever reach ten rounds, as the fight would most likely end in a knockout either way.

Ohio Reader, Pioneer, Ohio.

Q.—Where can I reach the following: Billy Petrolle, Frankie Genaro? How heavy are the following: Eddie Blunt, Bob Tow, Izzy Gastanaga? Do you think Henry Armstrong can defeat Lou Ambers, Pedro Montanez, Barney Ross and Ceferino Garcia? Can Buddy Baer defeat the following: Bob Tow, Bob Nestell, Lorenzo Pack and Jimmy Adamick?

A.—Petrolle, Duluth, Minn. Genaro, Paterson, N. J. Blunt, 210; Tow, 200; Gastanaga, 205. Armstrong would be favored over Ambers and Montanez. Ross and Garcia are very tough propositions and it would be a matter of opinion. Baer can whip the above named.

Joe Reilly, Providence, R. I.

Q.—What records of fights do you have on Al Mancini of Providence, R. I.

A.—Mancini has only been boxing a short time but is an excellent prospect and great things are expected of him.

James Keyes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Was Joe Louis declared technically knocked out or was he knocked out cleanly for the count of ten in his fight with Max Schmeling?

A.—Louis was knocked out completely for the count of ten.

Thomas Albrecht, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Will you kindly inform me how and where I can obtain back issues of The Ring and what the price will be?

A.—Those back copies that we have left are on sale at The Ring Book Shop for 25 cents each.

Wallace R. Goulet, Argyle, Minn.

Q.—Who would be the best opponent for Tony Galento? What is an overweight match? Why couldn't the Steele-Apostoli bout have been for the championship?

A.—Buddy or Max Baer, Jimmy Braddock and Tommy Farr would be good opponents for Galento. An overweight bout is one in which the title is not at stake and both fighters come in over the class limit. Because both managers thought that the bout would draw much more in the summer time with the title at stake.

J. O., Manchester, England.

Q.—Can you put me in touch with Sam Langford? What is he doing now? Do you think he would answer a letter?

A.—The last reports on Sam Langford was that he was living in Boston. He might be reached through Doc Almy, The Post, Boston, Mass.

Joe Donnelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—"A" claims that Jack Dempsey, today, could beat Jim Braddock. "B" says that Braddock would be too fast and outpoint Dempsey. Who is correct? Do you think that Max Baer rates a crack at Jim Braddock?

A.—Rather a hard one to decide. You must remember that Dempsey is past forty years of age. Legs are the most important essential in boxing and Braddock would naturally use them to win from Dempsey today. In view of the fact that Braddock has retired, your other question cannot be answered but Baer is entitled to a crack at the leaders.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I NOTE with astonishment the review of the Steele-Apostoli fight the damage of Apostoli's foul blow upon the champion. "Steele was bent double like a small boy peering through a knot-hole; he swayed and trembled as though having a seizure, and dragged his right leg painfully—the result of the low punch," says the Toronto *Star* of January 8.

Now, it is not an argument whether or not Apostoli would have won the fight; the fact of the matter is exactly that Steele was placed in such a position as above recorded through this foul blow, and that it hurt him so much tears were plainly visible, and that the results made him incapable of putting up a scrap afterwards.

This daffy ruling in New York of insisting on a fighter continuing, whether fouled or not, upsets clean sportsmanship. The decision should be left with the referee to determine after consulting with his judgs. The men should be sent to their corners and investigation made. The sufferer should be given time to recover if he can, and if he cannot so recover to be as good as he was prior to the foul, then the one committing it should be disqualified.

A fight as fierce as this one takes all a man has anyway, and when you add to it a foul blow, you weaken your man beyond redemption. A sagacious manager could send his man out in a fight like this, or any other for that matter, and instruct him to put all he had behind a foul blow. It sums down to the conclusion of "business is business" and the best way to win the "gate," which, after all, is what the fighters of today are principally after.

I put it up to you, if you were in a close fight, hard pressed, and could see that a low blow would do the other fellow in and you would win, that you would hit that kind of a blow. I can readily imagine how long a fighter would last with his manager if he refused to do so under similar circumstances—he would soon be on the lookout for a new pilot.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Steele was entirely too courageous. He should have quit there and then. As it is now, the foul is lost sight of as something just happening and Steele is debited with a technical knockout.

This fight was not won by Apostoli, no matter the decision. It was won by a foul. In other words, and to be straight about it, Apostoli fouled to win. It does not enter into the feature whether the foul was deliberate or unintentional; the only point to reckon was Steele fouled, and when you reach there you have to quit any talk feast.

Another matter—who knows whether or not a man is fouled intentionally or unintentionally, whether or not the blow was deliberate. What referee or judge can operate a fighter's mind to decipher this? The thing cannot be done. The only mind-finding fact left is the foul itself.

The pitiful spectacle of a man fouled as was Steele—and then having to take the punishment he did afterwards—is a situation within itself that should have this slaughter-house rule immediately withdrawn and something humane put in its place.

I'm sorry such a masterly exhibition as Steele and Apostoli put up until the time of the foul became so very unfortunate, but if Steele's courage, and the fact of his punishment after the foul was committed, can come to the New York Commission as an example of this unfortunate ruling, I'm sure a service will have been done for the general good of boxing in the state of New York.

VINCENT WOODBURY,
Timmins, Ontario.

* * *

I READ in THE RING letters from our readers. They are very interesting, so I thought I would tell you what a success THE RING is in the country. I am a janitor of a country school. The boy pupils here have a recess twice a day. I noticed that they seemed lonely and didn't care to do much of anything, so I brought a few monthly RINGS for them to read, and you should have seen how glad they were to get them.

They are only young boys from eleven to fifteen years of age, and THE RING certainly made a big hit with them. Two boys are really saving money toward getting your boxing lessons, also three or four other boys are saving for the Dempsey and Tunney books, and all the rest of the students can't get over how wonderful THE RING is. Thanks to you, Mr. Fleischer, and THE RING, these young husky farm lads can have the best known boxing magazine to occupy their spare time. You may publish this in a future RING Magazine.

EDWARD BALLAS,
Lamson, New York.

* * *

EVER so many thanks for your copy of "Jack Dempsey," which I received on Christmas Eve, and sincerely appreciated, I can tell you. I have read the book, but it is only the beginning, as it is well worth rereading often. Jack was at his best when I was a kid in Ireland, but never a word or picture was printed that did not get into a scrapbook of mine. When he lost his crown to Tunney, I stood reading the news at 7 A.M. under a street lamp in Belfast, tears running down my face. That's how much I thought of him, and thousands of fans in Ireland did likewise.

I have followed the fight game since I have been able to read, and recently have noticed the odd remark regarding raw deals being handed out to boxers invading the U. S. A. These critics, in most cases, do not seem to know a great deal about what they are talking about.

During the eight years I have been in Canada, I have followed boxing closely and cannot fail to express my feeling of deep admiration for you personally, and boxing officials in the U. S. A., for the way you have treated boxers from England and other outside countries.

I cannot help but pull hard for Old Country boxers when they come over, and as I see it, they get more than their fair whack of the stick.

If you publish this letter, I'd like to go on record, especially to all those fans in the Old Country, by saying that in all honesty, THE RING Magazine is by far the most superior medium of conveying to the reader, boxing, past, present and future, of any other publication I know of, and I think I have tried them all. Wishing you and your personnel the best.

GEO. L. MACLAINE,
Toronto, Canada.

* * *

THIS January issue that I have just read from cover to cover makes me an eleven-year reader of the champion of all magazines, THE RING. Eleven years ago I was dumping some rubbish and I spied this magazine, all rumpled up and without a cover. I turned over a page or two, and that was all that was necessary. I have been a reader ever since. I have not missed a single copy. I still have that issue I found in the rubbish, and I cannot help thinking what a queer place to find such a magazine. I save every issue and I wouldn't part with them.

For ten years my "little woman" has given me a book from your wonderful Book Shop for Christmas. I have the following: "The Ring Battles of the Century," "Ruby Robert," "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," "The Roar of the Crowd," "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Prize Ring," "Battling Nelson," "Young Griffo, the Will-o'-the-Wisp of the Squared Circle," "In and Out of the Ring," "Black Prince Peter" and "Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber."

Soon I shall write and tell you a true story of what happened when my house was on fire. I was joked about it because I did something that will convince you of my devotion to THE RING.

JOHN BRUEN, SR.,
Goshen, New York.

NOTICED your article in one of your issues signed by Joseph Harris of C.C.C. Co. 3240-F-38 in Murray, Utah, wherein he calls Major Hawley to task for banning copies of THE RING from the Jersey camp library.

Encamped in Gettysburg for the past year, I have been an ardent RING Magazine reader and your stories of fights and fighters interested me greatly.

Weighing 210 pounds, I decided to try my hand at boxing and entered an amateur tournament in Harrisburg. I won handily, so competed in several others.

My time expired, so I return to my home in Philadelphia and placed myself under the management of Doc Blanc, a prominent local sportsman, and embarked on a professional boxing career.

I scored two first-minute knockouts in my first two pro fights, and my manager believes I have lots of possibilities in the ring.

This is what THE RING did for me in the C.C.C. camps. I'm sorry Major Hawley doesn't get around more and inquire of his charges what magazine they would prefer in the C.C.C. library. I daresay the vote would be 100% for THE RING.

JIM WHITEST,
No. Delhi St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I FOLLOW the events in the boxing world very keenly, and I have done so for years. I find THE RING a most excellent magazine for anyone who wishes to follow boxing news closely. I am, however, disappointed and surprised to find that the great Les Darcy, who is generally regarded as the greatest boxer Australia has produced, is scarcely ever mentioned in your magazine, yet one often sees boxers of the past, who were easily beaten by Darcy, boosted up as being great fighters.

Of course, no doubt most of the men beaten by Darcy were great men, but if Darcy defeated them, why should he not receive at least equal publicity? One often sees the names of Chip, McGoorty, Clabby, Smith, Brown and Holland and others receiving mention, with not a word about Darcy, who defeated all these men, and in many cases with ridiculous ease. Darcy would have most certainly developed into a heavyweight, but it was as a middleweight he did his wonderful boxing.

In my opinion, the honor of the greatest boxer of all time lies between Dempsey and Darcy. Indeed, Kearns, who was Jack Dempsey's manager, has placed it on record that he saw only two great fighters in his time—Dempsey and Darcy—and he could never decide which of them would have won had they been destined to meet. Very high praise, indeed, for Darcy was only twenty and a middleweight when Kearns knew him, while Dempsey was a thirteen-stoner, years older than Darcy and wise in the ways of the ring.

Of his greatness as a boxer, there can be no two opinions. Billy Murray, after losing to Darcy, said he was far and away the best middleweight he had met, and such a tremendous puncher when he let a punch go that he could see no heavyweight beating him. Will Lawless, one of Australia's greatest boxing experts, refers to Darcy as "the greatest middleweight of his or any other day since boxing first began." Fred Dyer, who lost to Darcy, said he had seen the then world's champion, Jess Willard, at work and was sure Darcy would win if they ever met. He said Darcy would box rings around Willard, who would never lay a glove on him.

I am mentioning the opinions of some of the great men of the boxing world, who knew the records of, and must have seen in action, most of the great boxers of the past. In Australia, Darcy was regarded as middleweight champion of the world, and there is very little doubt he was the greatest boxer of his time.

FRANK ROLLESTON,
Eton, via Mackay,
Queensland, Australia.

* * *

WE, the members of the World Boxing Club, have elected you honorary president of the World Boxing Club for the year beginning January 1, 1938, to January 1, 1939. We ask only one favor in return. Would you please print this letter in your magazine? As you may already know, the World Boxing Club is owned and operated by a group of boys, none who exceed seventeen years of age.

What boxing needs is more cooperation between its members. The World Boxing Club was organized for this purpose. It has at the present about thirty members, twenty of these being honorary members. I would like to see the World Boxing Club have members the world over.

My message to you is—Join the World Boxing Club. There are no dues; no fees. The only requirement is, you must be over sixteen. So come on, you fellows. Send a card, a letter, a stamp, if you wish, and by return mail you will receive honorary membership in the World Boxing Club. Address all communications to: John McGill, World Boxing Club, Kinsman, Ohio.

JOHN MCGILL,
Kinsman, Ohio.

* * *

I WISH to correct an answer in your question box. You say Ron Richards is white. His father is a full-blooded Aborigine and his mother a half-caste. I have that for a fact, as a friend of my dad's travelled with Mr. Richards, Sr., in a boxing tent years ago. This is my first letter to you and I would like it printed in your readers' page.

KEN GOLDSMITH,
Sydney, Australia.

* * *

BEING an old reader of your RING, I manage to get it where I am stationed. I have to get it here in the little town drug store from Doc Sanders, who handles them.

As an old-timer, I prefer the great ring men of the past against the present ring men. If I do say so, as an ordinary workingman, I can say that I am in a class by myself in regards to ring history.

Yes, indeed. Even as a kid I could give dates as far back as the great John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell affair in their classic in Chantilly, France, on March 10, 1888, and before that to the great American idol, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. I am also a little ahead in my letter, because I wanted to say that Charley Mitchell going thirty-nine rounds to draw with the one and only Sullivan was quite a feat.

Imagine a fighter today weighing 156 pounds, as did Mitchell against Sullivan, going against Joe Louis! Sullivan and Mitchell in bare knuckles was one of the classics in ring history, and don't forget that grand old man, Jake Kilrain, who died a few weeks back. I am anxiously awaiting for the next issue, which should carry the life story of Kilrain because he surely was entitled to it.

Kilrain's brave stand against Sullivan at Richburg, Mississippi, on July 8, 1889, for seventy-five rounds was termed the greatest in the career of Kilrain. Your recent story on Jack McAuliffe, and pictures of him, certainly hit a warm spot in my heart.

My work takes me to many parts of the United States, and for the past fifteen years I have been travelling as a construction worker. I am a native of Akron, Ohio, where I was born. My good friend, Gus Ruhlin, known as the Akron Giant, started his career in that city. I missed out on the issue which carried Ruhlin's picture and I would like to have it for my collection. I have a few small cuts and pictures of big Gus in his training quarters pasted in my trunk. I am very proud to have them. Ruhlin put our town of Akron on the map many years ago in ring history. He surprised the world when he was the first man to score a knockout over the rugged Sailor Tom Sharkey, and also his great battles with Kid McCoy, Peter Maher, Kid Carter, Jim Jeffries, and his great, game defeat at the hands of Bob Fitzsimmons.

I am glad to read writers like yourself, Bob Edgren and Macon are still going strong, when you think of the others who have gone to the great divide. You don't know the amount of pleasure I get out of reading that grand little magazine, THE RING, and I imagine it gives the same amount of satisfaction to thousands of other old-timers who are scattered around the globe and live in the reflection of the memories of the past. Let your good work continue and success be with you forever. I do, sir, thank you kindly.

HARLEY GILLETTY,
Route 1, Oakman, Ala.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE heavyweights stole the spotlight in the past month's fistic firing, with Jim Braddock turning in somewhat of an upset in whipping Tommy Farr in Madison Square Garden, and Ben Foord going the twelve-round limit against Max Schmeling in Hamburg with nary a semblance of a knockdown. Although the former world's heavyweight champion from the Skeeter State announced his retirement from active ring service following his victory over the British Empire heavyweight champion, he must receive ranking among the big fellows on the strength of his victory this past month.

In the middleweight ranks, Glen Lee proved to the critics who had been calling him an overstuffed welterweight, that he ranks with the best 160-pounders in the country by his slashing, though losing battle to Fred Apostoli in the ring at Madison Square Garden. Although he lost to the top ranking middleweight in the country today, Lee proved to be a fighting wildcat, and moved right behind the Golden Gate entry in the scramble for the undisputed world's 160-pound crown. Gus Lesnevich moved up in the light heavyweight ranks by his slashing victory over Ben Brown, highly regarded Atlantan, in a ten-round bout in Miami, while Henry Armstrong continued in full stride in the lightweight division by taking the measure of Enrico Venturi in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round Garden event.

Heading the heavyweight brigade is Max Schmeling's victory over Ben Foord. Jim Braddock scored over Tommy Farr, and then announced his retirement from the ring. Jimmy Adamick knocked out Izzy Singer in three rounds. Al McCoy defeated Andre Lenglet in their return bout, while the latter drew with Big Boy Bray. Bob Pastor kayoed Hans Haverlick in nine rounds, Buck Tracey in two, and whipped Buck Everett and Al Ettore. Ettore and Everett, however, scored over Gus Dorazio, while the latter kayoed Murray Kanner in the second round.

Louis Nova drew with Lee Ramage. Harry Thomas kayoed Unknown Winston in three heats. Phil Brubaker kayoed Frankie Simms in one and Johnny Erjavec in three rounds, and the latter then drew with Domingo Valin. Bob Tow defeated Eddie Hogan and drew with Red Burman. Jack Trammell defeated Obie Walker. Steve Dudas scored over Bob Olin. Chuck Crowell stopped Bob Nestell in the second and then lost to Eddie Simms. Johnny Risko kayoed George Brown in the third. Lorenzo Pack stopped Johnny Whiters and Bob Godwin in five and nine rounds, respectively, and was then kayoed in turn by Natie Brown in the tenth session.

Yustin Sirutis scored a three-round knockout over King Kong Matthews. Jorge Brescia decisioned Jack McCarthy. Buddy Knox stopped Young Anderson in three rounds. Frank Fargo defeated Art Oliver while the latter went to a draw with Russ Wasser. Abe Simon scored over Jim Thompson. Wild Bill Boyd disposed of Sandy McDonald in the second round.

World's light-heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis again led the fistic parade in the 175-pound division by whipping Emil Scholz and kayoing Marty Gallagher and Leonard Neblett in three and eight rounds, respectively. Al Gainer decisioned Jim Howell. Tiger Jack Fox stopped Hank Hankinson in the second session. Jock McAvoy kayoed Bill Hardy in the sixth round. Gus Lesnevich took the measure of Ben Brown. Ralph De John stopped Fanis Tzanatopolous in the second. Melio Bettina kayoed Bob Godwin in the seventh. Dave Clark stopped Bruno Sala in four rounds and scored over George Brothers. Billy Conn beat Honeyboy Jones.

Eddie Maguire defeated Stanley Hasrato while the latter decisioned Bobby Millsap and stopped Frank Zamoris in four heats. Al Quaill beat Herbie Katz, who technically stopped John Pavlovich in the fifth round. Bud Mignault defeated Buddy Ryan. Joe Wagner kayoed Chester Palutis in seven rounds. Tommy Tucker beat Eddie Saxon and Doug Gibson. Ray Miller beat Al Zappala and kayoed Wally Sears in the first round, while the latter stopped Freddie Fiducia in eight heats. Ray Matulewicz defeated Hobo Williams.

Freddie Steele's kayo of Bob Turner in the first round leads the middleweight parade. The latter was also whipped by Allen Matthews. Fred Apostoli whipped Glen Lee, who, in turn, stopped Angelo Puglisi in six rounds. Al Hostak kayoed Jack Hibbard in one. Solly Krieger kayoed Al Diamond and Johnny Rossi in one and four rounds, respectively. Diamond was then beaten by Jimmy Jones while Rossi scored over Emil Calcagni. Teddy Yarosz defeated Paul Mahoney. Ben Brown kayoed Eddie Polo in one round and Texas Joe Dundee in two rounds.

Eric Seelig beat Joey Parks. Walter Woods scored over Ken Overlin. Ossie Stewart stopped Eric Lawson in two and Joe Butch Lynch in one round. Gorilla Jones bested Frankie Hughes. Antoine Christforidis defeated Gustave Eder. Fred Henneberry bested Tom Chester on a foul in the seventh round. Edie Pierce defeated Darky Ellis. Frankie Blair scored over Gordon Wallace. Paulie Walker won from Tony Ciaccio, who was also beaten by and drew with Gene Buffalo.

Kid Tunero won the decision over Assane Biouf. Dick Foster defeated Dale Sparr. Young Terry won over Johnny Pastore. Al Holus kayoed Sammy Slaughter in five rounds. Rudy Marshall defeated Milton Shivers. Midnight Bell kayoed Mike Kanski in four rounds. Ralph Chong defeated Charley Jerome and Jimmy Webb.

Ceferino Garcia's two-round knockout victory over Mickey Serrian heads the welterweight class. Serrian was also disqualified in the sixth round of his bout with Ralph Zannelli, who then kayoed Pancho Villa in seven. Jack Carroll defeated Jimmy Leto. Holman Williams beat Manuel Victoria. Andre Jessurun whipped Tony Falco and stopped Frankie Saia in five rounds. Phil Furr beat Frankie Cavanna, Mickey Makar and Mike Frattini. Makar, in turn, whipped Wickey Harkins while Frattini scored over Joe Lemieux and the Cocoa Kid. Milt Aron stopped Charley Burns in three. Cleto Locatelli kayoed Gustave Humery in six rounds. Dick Humphreys defeated Izzy Jannazzo.

Tommy Bland whipped Sonny Jones. Bobby Pacho won over Sammy Luftspring. Pete De Ruzza whipped Billy Beeg. George Daly defeated Lew Raymond. Ercole Buratti won from Joe Marsh. Leon Zorrita defeated Carlos Miranda. Johnny Lucas won from Willie Burroughs. Wildcat O'Connor knocked out Verne Patterson in the sixth round.

Pedro Montanez's victory over Tommy Spiegal heads the lightweight division. Wesley Ramey defeated Wesley Farrell. Billy Beauhuld defeated Maxie Berger, who in turn whipped Tommy Rawson twice. Johnny Bellus defeated George Zengaras. Paul Junior won a newspaper verdict over Eddie McGeever. Charley Gomer beat Al Roth, Pete Cara, and kayoed Lou Camps in three and Pat Foley in four rounds. Foley in turn whipped Sailor Born, while Roth decisioned Eddie Brink. Norment Quarles whipped Howard Scott and kayoed Tommy Cross in the third round.

Nick Camarata defeated Cristobal Jaramillo and Johnny Rohrig. Pete Lello whipped Everette Simington. Tony Chavez beat Hubert Dennis. Wally Hally beat Orville Drouillard and stopped Chico Romo in three and Kenny Reed in the same round. Frankie Klick beat Felix Garcia. Lew Massey defeated Midget Wolgast. Tippy Larkin scored over Mickey Duca. Johnny Dean won from Bobby Britton twice. Jimmy Walsh defeated Johnny Kilburn. Yucatan Kid scored over Snag Trowbridge by a kayo in five rounds. Nick Peters defeated Umio Gen, and Dave Crowley won from Douglas Kestrell. Sammy Angott defeated Harvey Woods. Honey Melody drew with Mike Kaplan.

Henry Armstrong again takes the lead among the featherweights. He kayoed lightweight Enrico Venturi in six rounds, Tommy Brown in two, Frankie Castillo in three heats, Chalkey Wright in three, and Al Citrino in four to fatten his knockout batting average. Freddie Miller defeated Billy Charlton. Jackie Wilson drew with Leo Rodak and defeated Varias Milling, who in turn scored over Jackie Callura. Young Rightmire beat Jackie Sharkey and Moon Mullins. Johnny Hutchinson defeated Frankie Terranova and stopped Tony Fernandez in five rounds. Lew Farber whipped Mickey Miller. Pete Scalzo kayoed Al Gillette in two rounds.

Al Reid defeated Johnny De Foe, Tony Dupre, and drew with Vincenzio Dell Arto, who in turn defeated Lou Camps. Juan Zurita beat Joe Conde. Bernie Friedkin whipped Jack Sharkey, Jr., and drew with Young Chappie, who in turn scored over Johnny Cabello, and kayoed Cyril Josephs in three rounds. Nat Litfin beat Johnny Compo and Al Mancini, who scored over Joey Wach. Wach was also beaten by Jimmy Lancaster, who trounced Johnny Mirabella.

Kayo Morgan leads the bantamweight division with his victory over Jackie Callura and kayo over Lenny Cohen in three rounds. Callura also lost to Frankie Martin. Lou Salica beat Ernst Weiss. Baby Yack stopped Mog Mason in three rounds, and whipped Indian Quintana. Sammy La Porte beat Al Brown, who in turn won over Tommy Forte. Jim Hayes scored over Jackie Brown.

Champion Benny Lynch knocked out Maurice Filhol in the fifth round. Tiny Bostick kayoed Paul Archambeau and Emile Brenner in five and six rounds, respectively. Tut Whalley won over Walter Morton, and Frank Kid Bonson. Jim Warnock beat Al McCoy and Dick Lewis. Valentin Anglemann kayoed Young Gonzales in nine rounds. Pat Palmer defeated Pedrito Ruiz and Billy Pleace. Billy Nash kayoed Tommy Fletcher in seven rounds. Fortunato Ortega beat Robert Raquet. Bobby Magee defeated Johnny Horner, and Joe Curran kayoed Peter Miller in nine rounds.

Flyweight—Jackie Burke, England.
Bantamweight—Al Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.
Featherweight—Frankie Agnes, Chicago, Ill.
Lightweight—Quentin Breese, Kansas City, Mo.
Welterweight—Hubert Knoth, Germany.
Middleweight—Billy James England.
Light-heavyweight—Fred Senn, France.
Heavyweight—George Collins, Sauris, P. E. I. Canada.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending February 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddie Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
2—James J. Braddock	Tiger Jack Fox	Glen Lee	Jack Carroll
3—Nathan Mann	Jock McAvoy	Al Hostak	Gustave Eder
4—Tommy Farr	Gus Lesnevich	Solly Krieger	Kid Azteca
5—Tony Galento	Eddie Wenstob	Young Corbett	Saverio Turiello
6—Gunnar Barlund	Ralph De John	Teddy Yarosz	Holman Williams
7—Buddy Baer	Melio Bettina	Carmelo Candel	Vittorio Venturi
8—Jimmy Adamick	Fred Lenhart	Lou Brouillard	Andrea Jessurun
9—Bob Pastor	Ray Actis	Ben Brown	Phil Furr
10—Al McCoy	Dave Clark	Eric Seelig	Mike Frattini

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddie Miller	Pancho Villa	Peter Kane
2—Davey Day	Leo Rodak	Kayo Morgan	Jackie Jurich
3—Wesley Ramey	Everette Rightmire	Sixto Escobar	Tiny Bostick
4—Billy Beauhuld	Jackie Wilson	Lou Salica	Tut Whalley
5—Johnny Bellus	Ginger Foran	Baby Yack	Jim Warnock
6—Paul Junior	Dick Corbett	Indian Quintana	Pierre Louis
7—Eddie Cool	Johnny Hutchinson	George Pace	Small Montana
8—Irving Eldridge	Lew Farber	Johnny King	Valentin Anglemann
9—Charley Gomer	Pete Scalzo	Tobe De La Rosa	Pat Palmer
10—Norment Quarles	Al Reid	Aurel Toma	Frank Kid Bonsor

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

PRO boxing came back to Syracuse with a bang when Bob Pastor, New York heavyweight, scored a technical knockout over Hans Haverlick of Austria in the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round battle at the Arena. A crowd of 3,000 fans witnessed the gory spectacle, which was replete with thrilling exchanges from start to finish. Pastor ripped into the towering Haverlick in the first round, and kept up a continual two-fisted assault to the head and body, weathering the terrific right-hand shots of the hard-hitting Haverlick without a change of expression, although some of Hans' heavy smashes knocked Bob backward.

Haverlick held Pastor even for six rounds, but in the seventh Pastor turned the tide of battle his way when he ripped a deep gash on the bridge of Haverlick's nose and the crimson flowed freely from the wound. In the eighth, Haverlick spat out his mouthpiece and one of Pastor's left hooks opened a gash in Hans' lower lip. After an examination by Dr. John W. Carter during the minute rest period between the eighth and ninth heats, it was decided by the physician that Hans could no longer continue without suffering a permanent injury. Unable to respond for the ninth round bell, under orders of the doctor, the pleading Haverlick lost the hard way, by a technical kayo.

In the special bout, a torrid six, Joe Boscarino, New York lightweight, made a hit in outpointing the game, aggressive Joe Nealon of Scranton. The bout was full of hard punching and clever ring work on the part of Boscarino, and both were given an ovation that lasted fully five minutes, after it was over. Tommy Tucker, hard socking New Yorker, won over Eddie Saxon, Syracuse Negro middleweight, in the six-round semi-final. Tucker swarmed all over Saxon, and while it was close and bitterly contested for four rounds, Tommy was away out in front in the last two stanzas and deserved the nod. Steve Kahley, Hazleton, Pa., middleweight, slugged out a decision over Alfy Williams, Syracuse Negro, in another hard fought six. In the opener, Joey Kushner, Syracuse featherweight, knocked out Young Mickey Walker of Scranton in the fourth and final round of their battle.

Fighting before the home town fans for the first time since he clicked in a big way at Buffalo, where he is the outstanding fistic attraction, Ralph De John, popular Syracuse middleweight, knocked out Fanis Tzanatopolous of Boston in the second round of their scheduled eight-round tilt. The Greek, in poor condition, didn't put up much of a fight, and Ralph's victory goes down in the books as one of the hollowest on his record.

Joe Boscarino, New York lightweight, handled by Gabe Genovese and trained by Gabby Gans, turned in another sparkling performance when he drew with Don Eddy, former amateur champion from Niagara Falls, in the six-round semi-final. Boscarino was forced at top speed all the way, and while some voiced the opinion he had won, Eddy's repeated comebacks in the face of a steady storm of leather gained the sympathy of the fans and the decision was cheered to the echo. Eddy proved a good workman, and had the 4,000 fans yelling themselves hoarse as he stood toe-to-toe with the machine-like punching robot from the metropolis. In the other bouts, Earl (Red) Conway, Niagara Falls heavyweight, knocked out Jack Downey, giant six-foot four-inch Scranton slugger, in the fourth round of their scheduled six-round bout; Steve Kahley, Hazleton, Pa., middleweight, defeated Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse, in six hard rounds; Steve Gatcha, Scranton lightweight, knocked out Tommy Tedesco of Buffalo in the first round with a series of lefts and rights to the jaw after being floored with Tedesco's first punch, in their scrap, slated to go six; and the first war showed Jimmy Gilligan of Niagara Falls the victor over Joey Kushner, local featherweight, at the end of four rounds.

Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., of Syracuse, of which your correspondent is matchmaker, wishes to inform out of the state fight managers, their boxers must have New York State licenses before we can sign them to contracts to box here . . . . Our office at 203 Stephens Building is packed daily with dyed-in-the-wool boxing fans, eager to keep as close to those in the game as humanly possible . . . . Pro boxing is due for a big boom here this year and also in Rochester . . . . George Pottinger got off to a bad start at Binghamton when Eddie Brink's kayo of Jerry Maloni of Springfield, Mass., in the second round, failed to "take" with the fans . . . . Why is it that good fighters seek "soft" opposition in their forays upstate? . . . . Hans Haverlick, his cuts suffered in the Bob Pastor fight completely healed at this writing, requests another crack at Pastor.

Irv Robbins, located at the Seymour Hotel here, books the Simon-pure gladiators for the Syracuse Arena Amateur Club . . . . Pro wrestling is going over big here every other Monday night . . . . The amateurs use the same Arena on Friday evenings and pack them in . . . . Brady's gym, owned by Jackie Brady, one-time Syracuse welterweight star, and located on the North Side, is one of the finest equipped in this part of the state . . . . Irv Robbins is now managing the sweat shop, which has been entirely redecorated.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

ALTHOUGH the Coal Region fighters saw plenty of action the past month in out-of-town rings, there was only one boxing show staged in this region, that being at Scranton, where hustling Hank Stezar is at the controls. Featuring Stezar's boxing program, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor of Carbondale, continued his kayo streak at the expense of Verne Patterson, Chicago Negro. O'Connor, who lost a decision to the Chicagoan in a previous meeting, turned the defeat by belting out Patterson in the fifth round of a scheduled ten. The show paid off on thirty-one hundred net. O'Connor, in his last three starts, proved his worth of being the holder of the Coal Region welterweight championship. This title he won in a Scranton ring a year ago.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Jimmy Young, Italian light-heavyweight from Dunmore, won a close verdict over Joe Orlosky of Herrick Center. The match was a very close one. Gene McColligan, Scranton welter, decisioned Paul Griffiths of Mayfield in a six-rounder. If McColligan changes his style to be a bit more aggressive, he will go places and make money. In the other bouts, Emil Kozel of Throop stopped George Marinko of Swoyersville in the fourth round. In the opening bout, Major Bowes of Honesdale stopped Gene Corbett of Minooka in the second round.

The attendance the past three shows at Scranton just goes to prove that the fans will pay for good fights, featuring local fighters.

At Taylor (amateurs): In a Simon-pure boxing show conducted by Abe Adell for the benefit of the Taylor Hospital, champions were crowned in every division from flyweight to middleweight. The results of the finals were: Flyweights—Alec McDonald of Throop decisioned Eddie Tomson of Scranton; bantamweights—George Simko of Taylor beat Joe Dougherty of Dunmore; featherweights—Andy Simko of Taylor beat Tom Hargraves of Dunmore; lightweights—Joe Cebulski of Throop beat Paul Bradshaw of Dunmore; welterweights—Frankie Baptist of Moosic decisioned Leo Grabino of Throop; junior middleweights—John Sampson of Scranton K.O.'ed Stan Carey of Taylor, Bob Lewylin of Moosic decisioned Tom Kane.

In a show at Binghamton, N. Y., which featured three Coal Region boys, the star bout was scheduled for ten rounds and Eddie Brink, Scranton lightweight, K.O.'ed Jerry Maloni of Springfield, Mass. In another bout which pitted two boys from the Coal Fields against each other, Rego Dell, Dunmore welterweight, outpointed Steve Gacha of Wilkes-Barre in six rounds. Gacha was a last-minute sub and was taken from his job as a laborer in one of the local Coal Mine Collieries.

WITH THE PUNCHERS IN OUT-OF-TOWN RINGS—At Syracuse the past month, Steve Gacha, 133 pounds, of Wilkes-Barre, kayoed Tommie Tedesco of Niagara Falls in the first round . . . . Steve Kahley, Hazleton middleweight, drew with Jack Hoffman and defeated Alfy Williams . . . . Jack Downey, Scranton's heavyweight star, lost to Red Conway of Buffalo as the result of a badly cut eye . . . . The up-state fans are going "ga-ga" over the leather-pushers from the Coal Fields . . . . The reason is they are "always throwing gloves" . . . . At Newark, Wally Sears, Minersville light-heavyweight, kayoed Freddie Fiducia in eight rounds of a scheduled ten-rounder . . . . In another ten-round bout, Chester Palutis, Scranton heavyweight, didn't fare as well when he lost by a cut eye to Joe Wagner in the seventh round . . . . Newspaper accounts credited the bout even . . . . Eddie Brink, Scranton, lost a split decision to Al Roth in eight rounds at the Bronx Coliseum . . . . Eddie McGeever, Scranton, lost a ten-round verdict to Paul Junior . . . . Mickey Serrian, Scranton, was kayoed by Ceferino Garcia in two rounds.

A BIT FOR ALL—Billy Shaw is doing a splendid job making the matches at Syracuse. His first top was Bob Pastor with Hans Haverlick. In the other show, Ralph De John, Joe Netro's classy Syracuse light-heavyweight, kayoed Fanis Tzanatopolous in two rounds . . . . De John will be the biggest card in up-state New York . . . . With Shaw's shrewd matchmaking, the town will be built into one of the leading fight centers in the East . . . . Lew Diamond, as well as Billy Shaw, is using Coal Region fighters exclusively in his prelims. . . . . From the semi down to the opening bout . . . . Shaw used six Pennsylvania miners in his last two shows . . . . Jake Ouslander, Scranton fight manager, has his stable in good shape . . . . Hank Stezar, Scranton promoter, is dickering for a Wildcat O'Connor-Barney Ross match. This match would do around twelve grand . . . . O'Connor is drawing houses of thirty-five hundred net with ordinary opponents . . . . THE RING Magazine is on sale at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields . . . . When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's Book Shop.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AT the New Haven Arena, Al Nelson Gainer, leading challenger for John Henry Lewis' title, outfought Jim Howell, New York mauler, to win the 10-round decision in the main event.

A Canadian battler, Babe Beattie, made a hit with the spectators when he showed hitting ability in sending George Fitch, promising light-heavyweight, to sleep in the second round of a scheduled eight-round semi-windup. Beattie nailed him with crushing blows to the body and a hard right to the chin. Bobby Poison Ivy, Hartford boxer, suffered his first pro defeat when Jimmy Ritchie, local leather tosser, took the decision in a fast four-rounder. Julie Kogan scored a triumph over Pin Boy Salvino of Stamford by punching out a six-round decision. Gene Bonin, Willimantic heavyweight, lost no time in flattening Joe St. Peter, New York, in the first frame.

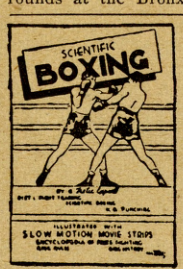
An attempt was made to revive boxing in Hartford for the first time in many months when the fistic followers witnessed a professional mitt show at the Foot Guard Hall. Around 1300 fans attended.

The program featured a rematch between Eddie Reed, the Hartford ringster, and Joey Izzo, in an eight-round bout. Reed proved Izzo's master again when he piled up a wide margin with rights and lefts in the greater part of the encounter to win the unanimous decision. Izzo hit the resin for no count in the first frame from a right-hand punch to the side of the jaw. In their previous engagement of two years ago Izzo was badly beaten by Reed.

In the semi-final of six rounds, Jimmy Ritchie, Hartford, banged out a decisive triumph over Eddie McGraw of New Britain. Julie Kogan, New Haven, tucked away Armand Massy, from Holyoke, in the third round. Bobby Ivy, Hartford featherweight, in his second pro fight, scored a quick kayo over Jimmy Armstrong, New Haven, in the first round that started at a fast clip. Dan Buckley, Holyoke mitt slinger, received the duke over Tony Amore of Hartford on points.

Adam Kohn, Waterbury knuckle pusher, who is fighting in New York, scored a point victory over Jack Garry at the Coliseum and boxed a draw with Ernest Tarres of Cuba.

Heavyweights and light-heavyweights who are free should get in touch with Louis Preslofsky, 50 Crown Street, Waterbury, Conn.



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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE silent man with the bombing fists and a heart as big as the state in which he lives, finally called it quits the other day, but before he hung his soggy red gloves on the wall, he wound up his career in a blaze of glory, and all those who saw him come through the stretch to nip Tommy Farr at the wire will never forget the fighting picture he presented in the ring at Madison Square Garden.

Jim Braddock fought himself into the memory of every fighting man the hard way. He made the grade on the up-climb, and bowed out in much the same way. Hopelessly out of the running at the end of eight rounds of punching, Braddock came with a rush to batter his man into near submission in the ninth and tenth rounds to win going away, in the parlance of the racing fans, and those who had expected him to tire as the bout progressed, remained to be pleasantly surprised.

The sympathy of the crowd was with Jersey Jim. He didn't need it. He used his hard-punching fists to gain for himself a victory over the British Empire heavyweight champion, and at the termination of the bout he was cheered to the rafters when the decision in his favor was announced. The victory put Braddock in line for several lucrative matches and for a while it was thought he might be matched with Louis in an effort to regain his title. A few days after the fight, however, the former ruler of the heavyweight roost announced his retirement from the ring with a statement that he was well set for life, was preparing to enter another business, and that he owed it to his wife and kids.

The fight attracted a capacity house with the gross gate receipts reaching the $80,645.23 figure.

Braddock used a long left hand to good advantage to win the opening round. Farr weaved under the punch in the second and used a good body attack that, though it lacked effectiveness, was enough to gain for him the session. Farr came out with a volley of blows in the next heat that would have won the round for him, but he dropped a punch below the Mason-Dixon line and was penalized. From the fourth through the eighth round it was all Farr. He seemed to nail the Jersey Irishman at will, and once, in the eighth round, hurt Braddock with punches to the left side that colored it to a flaming red.

Then Braddock came as if from nowhere. He started the ninth round by hurting the Welshman with a jarring right, and continued to stagger him with good punches throughout the three-minute fighting period. Braddock continued his fast pace in the last round by forcing the fighting and nailing Farr hard and often. The late Charley Lynch cast his ballot for the Welshman, while one judge and the referee gave it to Braddock. Jim won the fight because the rounds in which he scored, he won by a decided margin.

In an eight-round semi-windup, Bob Tow defeated Eddie Hogan, while in sixes, Jorge Brescia outlasted Jack McCarthy, Stanley Hasrato defeated Bobby Millsap, and Johnny Rossi defeated Emil Calcagni. George Maselli whipped Dick Hogan in the four-round curtain-raiser.

Fred Apostoli, San Francisco's former bell-hop, lassoed Glen Lee in their twelve-round Garden middleweight tussle, but the fiery Italian from the Golden Gate couldn't tame the Nebraska wildcat, and they were slugging in a heated frenzy at the conclusion of the brawl. A dead even fight, with nothing to choose between them at the ten-round mark, Lee couldn't match the ring generalship of Apostoli, as Fred came on to win the final two rounds and the decision along with it.

For concentrated punching, thundering blows and thrill-packed action, the writer can't think of a middleweight tussle in recent years that could match the sensationalism of the battle. It was one of the greatest tussles seen in the Garden and left the spectators in a state of limpness. Apostoli was the perfect fighter, trying to chop down the "never-say-die" spirit of a lad who wouldn't concede defeat, and though Fred walked off with the laurels, Lee left the ring with the deafening plaudits of the crowd ringing in his ears, a worthy tribute to the most courageous fighting spirit these eyes have seen.

Apostoli started out like a positive winner, with a possibility of a knock-out victory. He stung Lee with blistering punches to the head and in close quarters ripped savage uppercuts to the chin with both hands. Lee came in fighting, however, and with an incessant body attack, walked off with the laurels in the third round. Fred won the fourth with a fancy display of boxing, and in the fifth round, bounced an assortment of punches off the chin of the Nebraskan until he had him reeling drunkenly about the ring. Glen wouldn't go down. He rushed Apostoli with a savage attack and once, during the sixth round, shook the San Franciscan with a hard right to the jaw. Until the tenth round, it was a toe-to-toe slugging bee, with the lead changing hands often. In the tenth round, a terrific left hook to the jaw shook Apostoli to his heels and for a split-second it looked as if he would go down. The crowd screamed for Lee to apply the finishing touch but the bell rang before Glen could do more damage. The last two rounds won the fight for Fred. He kept stinging Lee with punches to the head to pile up a lead that meant the decision for him.

Although both judges gave Apostoli the decision, Referee Arthur Donovan cast his ballot for Lee.

Frankie Blair won over Gordon Wallace, Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin was penalized the first round and went on from there to whip Jack Sharkey, Jr., and Young Chappie defeated Johnny Cabello in six-round contests. In another scheduled six-round event, Charley Gomer knocked out Lou Camps in the third round, and in the scheduled opening four-round event, Jerry Torres stopped Andy Thomas in two. The gate was $32,985.

Henry Armstrong continued his rampage among the lightweights. In a scheduled ten-round event in Madison Square Garden, the featherweight champion of the world scored a knockout over Enrico Venturi in 2:49 seconds of the sixth round. Venturi went down from an accidental low blow, and when he refused to arise at the warning of Arthur Donovan, there was nothing left for the referee to do but count him out. The gross gate was $32,433.44.

Venturi evidently planned a running battle with which to lick the California Negro. He jabbed Armstrong at the outset while on the run, as Henry shuffled in close to nail the Italian in the body. When Armstrong switched his attack to the head, he dropped Venturi for a short count. Enrico kept running, however, and Armstrong, in an effort to slow him up, shot his punches for the body. Henry was penalized the fifth round for a low punch. The blow that dropped Venturi in the sixth session was also low, but when he disregarded Donovan's urge to get up, he was counted out.

In the semi-final six-round contest, Phil Furr surprised by whipping Mike Frattini. In other sixes, Wesley Ramey scored over Wesley Farrell, Nunzio Bisagnio drew with Johnny Rinaldi, and Armanda Sicilia defeated Cristobal Jaramillo. In the opening four, Sammy Julian kayoed Dom Colan in the second round.

In a slow and uninteresting ten-round contest in the Hippodrome, Walter Woods was given the decision over Ken Overlin. Woods forced whatever fighting there was to score a unanimous verdict over the Richmond middleweight entry. There was evidently something wrong with Overlin as he displayed very little in the way of fighting ability. Walter hurt Overlin with inside right-hand uppercuts that kept tilting Ken's head back.

Nick Camarata turned the tables on Johnny Rohrig in the eight-round semi-windup, when he won the decision in rather easy fashion. Leo Red Finnegan scored a six-round decision over Frank Castiglia, while in another six-round bout, Dom Scappature defeated Willie Pavlovich. Harry Ovis kayoed Vinnie Herbst in the second round of the curtain-raiser.

Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside middleweight, scrambled the middleweight situation when he won a decisive ten-round argument over Ben Brown in Miami. The highly touted Atlanta entry, who was being primed for a titular tilt, came out of the skirmish a bad second before the punishing efforts of the Russian Lion. A badly under-rated fighter, Lesnevich has scored wins over the leaders of his division, and his victory over Brown places him in line for some lucrative matches—Ossie Stewart, hard-punching Negro 160-pounder, kayoed Joe Butch Lynch in the first round of their Rockland Palace battle. In the semi-windup, Harry Arce stopped Vic Nelson in the second—Solly Krieger, Brooklyn middleweight campaigner, knocked out Al Diamond in one round at the Broadway Arena. Diamond took two knockdowns before he was counted out. Allie Stolz stopped Tony Pagano in two rounds of the semi-final.

Bob Pastor, the New York State heavyweight champion, dropped Buck Tracey five times in their Windsor Palace battle before the referee intervened in the second round—Frankie Klick won an eight-round decision over Felix Garcia, who subbed for Johnny Bellus, in their Coliseum fight. Irish Johnny Dube defeated Sindulfo Diaz in six, while in another six-round bout Eddie Steele won from Eddie Guerra—Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin got off the deck to earn a draw in his eight-round fight with Young Chappie at the Broadway Arena. Ray Napolitano knocked out John Carmone in the first round. Lou Fox stopped Gerald Delia in one round on the same show—Dave Clark scored a four-round kayo over Bruno Sala when the referee stopped the fight because of Sala's badly cut eye, in a Rockland Palace show. Rudy Marshall whipped Milton Shivers in eight rounds—Bob Olin announced his retirement following a loss at the hands of Steve Dudas in a ring at Philadelphia—Danny McNichol boxed in the first show held in Merchantville, N. J. He stopped Midget Burke in the third round.

Red Burman, protege of Jack Dempsey, and Bob Tow, from the Joe Gould stable, fought to a draw in their ten-round main event at the Hippodrome. Red made a belated last round rally to earn the draw verdict. Eddie Maguire scored a nine-second knockdown in the first round to earn a decision in eight rounds over Stanley Hasrato. Paul De Bella whipped Frankie Rotante in six rounds, while in another sixer, Andy Melia drew with Irwin Allen. Joe Hernandez defeated Sammy Crocetti in four. The gate was $3,664.61—Phil Furr won a torrid eight-round argument from Frankie Cavanna in the Windsor Palace main event. Furr's cleaner punching entitled him to the award. Tommy Roman drew with Georgie Levy in six rounds.

Max Schmeling, in line for a summer meeting with Joe Louis for the title, engaged in a twelve-round tune-up argument with Ben Foord and was awarded the decision. Although everybody had predicted a knockout for the beetle-browed German, there were those who thought he had carried the Boer as a come on for champion Joe—Al Reid drew with Vincenzio Dell Orto in a tough eight-round fight in the Windsor Palace. It was an even bout throughout. Mike Frattini defeated Joe Lemieux in the eight-round semi-final affair—Zack L. Roberts, P. O. Box 540, Concord, N. C., is shopping for material for his new armory which seats 3,200 people—Dave Clark defeated George Brothers in the eight-round feature of the Rockland Palace show. Ossie Stewart kayoed Eric Lawson in two rounds of the semi-windup—George Maselli, former Golden Gloves champion in 1935, is a young Mt. Vernon heavyweight who is undefeated in twenty professional starts.

Billy Beauhuld defeated Maxie Berger in eight rounds at the Windsor Palace. Vincent Delicurti beat Andy Melia in six—Johnny Bellus scored over George Zengaras in the feature eight-round bout at the Coliseum, while Andy Miratalla won from Nick Pastore in six rounds—Charley Gomer dropped Al Roth for a nine-count in the third round to win a ten-round decision at the Broadway Arena. Al Mancini whipped Joey Wach in six and Bobby Birch defeated Larry Marinucci in another six-round bout—Maxie Berger scored over Tommy Rawson in eight rounds at the Coliseum. In the semi-windup, Nat Litfin won from Al Mancini in six rounds, and over the same distance, Harold Valon defeated Al Gillette—Ercole Buratti, in his initial bout in this country at the Windsor Palace, won in eight rounds over Joe Marsh—Doc Cutch is handling Gene Buffalo, promising 150-pounder. Cutch expects to send Buffalo to the Coast for a series of bouts, and anyone having seen Gene in action will certify that he is all action and should satisfy.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

IN the thriving prune city—San Jose, Calif.—which happens to be my home town (but the Chamber of Commerce there doesn't brag about it), there's a prize fistic package named Jackie Jurich.

For our money, Jurich can lick a roomful of Benny Lynches and Peter Kanes. The socking Slav is fresh from an easy win over Small Montana, former flyweight king, in San Jose.

We urge Eddie Borden to place Jurich at the top of the flyweight ratings in the next issue of THE RING.

Probably the greatest lightweight that ever lived was born and reared in San Jose. His name was Aurelio Herrera, dynamic socking Mexican 135-pounder. Tillie (Kid) Herman and Young Carmen were also products of the Garden City fistic wars.

Kenny Reed won a close ten-round decision over Georgie Hansford at the border town. Hansford needs more work. He is still a dangerous foe, but has not been active.

Orville Drouillard, 22-year-old French boy from Windsor, Ontario, made a great hit with movie city fans when he slugged toe to toe with Wally Hally, dropping a hairline verdict. Drouillard can come back any time. It was a wild mill of leather and blood.

George Ades, who booked the Canadian star at Hollywood, plans to bring Drouillard back to Hollywood for fights with Jimmy Garrison and Tony Chavez.

Ades is also trying to make an Armstrong-Drouillard match for Milwaukee.

A Freddie Steele and Oscar Rankins match is in the making for over the weight at the Olympic. It's a sure sellout. Rankins is back with his old manager, Mushy Greenstein, following two years of ring warfare in Eastern and Mid-Western rings.

Steele and Manager Eddie Miller were guests of Starter Eddie Thomas at the Santa Anita Handicap. Thomas has been a close friend of Steele, Eddie and the late Dave Miller for many years.

Nate Druxman, mitt maestro of Seattle, is hot after Glen Lee to battle Al Hostak in Seattle during May. Joey Greenberg, Lee's manager, revealed that Druxman offered Lee $12,500 to clash with Hostak following Lee's great match with Fred Apostoli.

Vic Nardoni, who has been fighting like a champion since hooking up with Al Lang, came through with a smashing triumph over Buddy Holzhauer to earn a main event shot with Swede Berglund at Hollywood.

Joe Waterman, Olympic matchmaker, is paging Ralph De John, Joe Netro's Syracuse belter. Netro may come to the Coast this summer. The light-heavyweight division is exceedingly active out here.

One Monday afternoon we strolled into Al Lang's Manhattan Gymnasium on Spring Street in Los Angeles. Here is a list of fighters that were working out: Henry Armstrong, Big Boy Bray, Mickey Serrian, Vic Nardoni, Buddy Holzhauer, Holman Williams, George Hansford, Pete DeGrasse, Johnny Brown, Andy Scrivani, Lou Nova, Claude Varner, Frankie Castillo, Joe Bauer, Sal Ruggirello, Jack Roper, Eddie Simms, Lee Orey, Henry Hook, Benny Wilson, Benny Goldberg, Al Romero, Angelo Puglisi, Bob Ford, Iron Man Burke, Melio Bettina, Al Bernard, Pete DeRuzza, Jimmy Wakefield, Jimmy Lydell, Chief Paris, George Theodoratus, Chuck Crowell, Bert Colima II, Bobby Seamon, Art Johnson and Frankie Frontino. Quite a delegation of scrappers!

The Olympic has a real heavyweight natural coming up in Big Boy Bray and Chuck Crowell. Joe Waterman has been trying to make the match and may get the pair together for a May show at the Grand Avenue punch palace.

The famous Baron Henry Stumme manages Crowell. Bob Cowan, who promoted the Joe Louis-Lee Ramage match at Wrigley Field, pilots Bray.

For many years, the good Baron has been seeking a heavyweight who could stand up and got only canvasbacks. He inserted an ad in the newspapers and the consequent run of hungry heavyweights nearly ate him out of house and home. But the Teuton proved a persistent cuss and he finally bobbed up with Crowell, who stands six feet four inches and weighs 220 pounds.

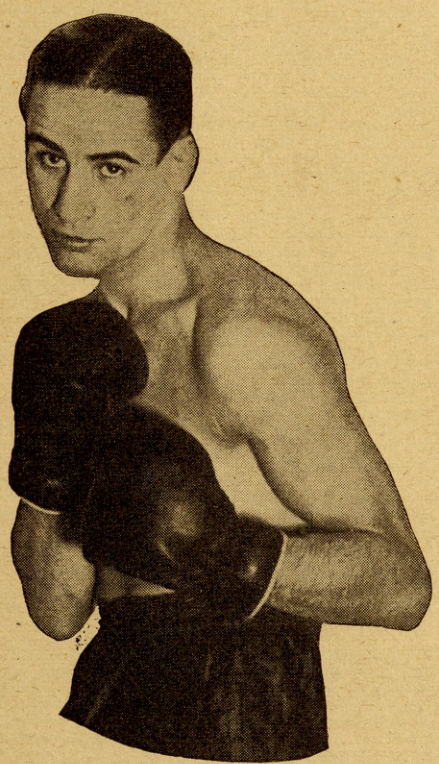
In rapid succession, Crowell knocked out Nash Garrison, George Theodoratus, Tony Souza, Sonny Boy Walker and Bob Nestell.

Stumme didn't have much luck at first getting matches for Crowell in Los Angeles. He packed up and took Crowell to Frisco, where Bobby Evans, Dreamland Arena matchmaker, gave him a chance. Walker was a ten-to-one shot to beat Crowell, but the ex-shot putter laid Walker low in two heats. It must have been a sizable wallop because Walker was out for five minutes.

The Baron gives Evans a lot of credit for giving him a chance at his club.

Crowell will find Bray a tough nut to crack, when and if they ever meet. A lot of wise fight men claim Bray is ready for Joe Louis and Max Schmeling.

RANDOM SHOTS—More than 3,000 people were turned away the night Armstrong stopped Chalky Wright at the Olympic . . . . in spite of his loss at the hands of the mighty champion, we like Wright to whip ninety per cent of the featherweights in the U. S. A. . . . . Promoter George Ades of Milwaukee wants to sign Wright for three fights in the Wisconsin metropolis . . . . he was in a huddle with Johnny Keyes and Babe McCoy when in Los Angeles . . . . George Parnassus says he will take Ceferino Garcia to Australia to box Jack Carroll if the Barney Ross fight doesn't materialize for the hard-hitting Filipino . . . . Garcia can get $12,500 and three round-trip ducats to face Carroll, according to Parnassus . . . . Garcia flashed rare form in polishing off Mickey Serrian, the tough Scranton, Pa., Italian, in a couple of rounds at Hollywood . . . . the arena was sold out four days in advance



Ernst Weiss, Austrian flyweight and bantam title-holder, who is in this country under the managerial care of Charley Harvey.

. . . . Tommy Farmer is booking Henry Hook in California . . . . California critics call Vic Nardoni the "Italian Mickey Walker" . . . . Gene Tunney tabs Buddy Baer the best young heavyweight in the country . . . . Big Boy Bray would be a two-to-one shot to whip Buddy in Los Angeles . . . . Roscoe Toles would be our selection to knock out Maxie's brother . . . . Jimmy Adamick would knock Buddy Baer into the eleventh row . . . . Shang Welch, manager of "Killer" Coates, has more offers than he can handle for the Ohio belter . . . . San Diego wants Killer to tangle with Johnny (Bandit) Romero; Frisco wants Ray Actis versus Coates; St. Louis promoters are trying to get Junior Munsell in the ring with Coates . . . . Coates stiffened Munsell in Los Angeles, and promoters will have to do some tall talking to get Pepper Martin's protege in the ring with the colored clouter . . . . Al Manfredo may accept a juicy offer for three fights in Honolulu . . . . Baby Breese, Manhattan, Kan., lightweight, is one of the better of the younger prospects of the nation . . . . 28 knockouts out of 35 battles.

Suey Welch, supervisor of boxing at Olympic and Dreamland clubs, won a fat bet when Glen Lee fought Fred Apostoli in Madison Square Garden . . . . the popular Irishman, before boarding a plane for New York, wagered $1,000 against $600 that the Nebraska kid would go the distance with Apostoli.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action out here with Al Lang, Barbara Hotel, 6th-Westlake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

IT appears that amateur boxing is becoming of great importance insofar as the two states of Georgia and Florida are concerned. Tournaments, such as sanctioned by the Golden Gloves, as well as schools, churches, clubs, etc., are bringing to the front some very good fighters. It may be recalled that it was in the Golden Gloves that Ben Brown, prominent Georgia middleweight, got his start.

Jacksonville, Fla., had its share when Johnny Teal, a catcher in the City Baseball League, forgot his mask in the first round of his feature fight but managed to score over Eddie Clark in a light-heavyweight clash; Frank McGrath, 162 pounds, scored over Alva Glover, 158 pounds; Antoine Johnston, 156 pounds, won the decision over Henry Overstreet, 164; Frank Touchton lost to Bill Pike; Lester Glover lost the duke to Willis Tompson. They are light-heavyweights. Jimmy Stebbin's right uppercut to the jaw spelled defeat for his lightweight foe, Chubby Meeks. Jimmy Lumby, 127, T.K.O.'ed Jimmie Tinsley, 128 (1); Billy Roberts, 128, T.K.O.'ed Walter Harris, 128 (3); and Maxie Coleman, 112, T.K.O.'ed Tiger Stanford, 112 (3).

The referees were Ed Corley, Manny Begal and Dick Gore. Johnny Blaine also officiated.

Their 1938 campaign launched with a six to three victory over Orangeburg, South Carolina, High School, the beezer busters of the Savannah, Ga., High School are looking forward to meeting other schools shortly. The Savannah fighters, ranging from the 87-pound class to the 144-pound class, won five bouts from Orangeburg, earned two draws and dropped two nods.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

JOHN HENRY LEWIS again proved that his is the Midas touch when it comes to making the turnstiles rotate. St. Louis fandom paid $15,000 to see him put the thump on Isadoro Gastanaga at the Arena, and a month later he drew over 8,000 people at the Auditorium fighting Marty Gallagher. Larry Atkins promoted the Gastanaga slaughter, while Jack Callahan attended the Gallagher wake.

Gus Lesnevich and Joey Parks drew a disappointing house at the Coliseum in what proved to be a thrilling ten-round draw. The match, coming as it did in the wake of the new year, caught the boys a bit on the economic down beat; this and the fact that the publicity was not too hot—we know, we did it—may explain the lack of business in the place. It was Pete Fabro's first solo flight into the promotional stratosphere and despite the draw the maestro of Olive Street is itching to go again on April 1st.

Another headache from the standpoint of cakes and ale was Kid Bandy's double attraction a few weeks later. The two-gun final featured Allen Matthews walloping Bob Turner in ten and Eric Seelig taking the decision from Joe Parks over the same course. It was nothing short of a crime that these doings were not better attended as both fights were three alarms all the way.

The Lewis lure was sandwiched in between these shows and quite naturally did neither any good. Jack Trammell, incidentally, showed on the semi-final of this program. The human walking stick hurt his hand on the skull of Obie Walker but had no trouble in winning.

POINT, COUNTERPOINT: Lew Raymond, boxing's best one night stand, is again in our midst. Since he left us about a year ago, Lew and his dead cigar have been in Cleveland and New Orleans. He now rejoins Benny Greenberg. The license is in Jack Calahan's name . . . . The Golden Gloves will occupy the stage here for awhile now and it is hoped that the *Globe-Democrat's* circulation fares better than that of those who get sick of reading about nothing else for that forlorn period . . . . Geo. Smith is doing all right with his Brown Bombers . . . . John Henry Lewis' ace trainer spells his name A-m-a-d-e-e and not as we spelled it some time ago. If that is correct, Larry, our's is pronounced as the twenty-four hours in the day . . . . Lou Thesz, world's champion wrestler, while he stays in St. Louis, wrestled on a preliminary in Boston. Can it be that the land of the bean and the cod doesn't know its flounders. You see, Thesz beat Marshall twice, Marshall beat Ali Oop Baba thirteen times, but not until the curdled Kurd had lost the title to Levin. Detton took the title from Levin and in turn succumbed to the Bronk. So it's easily seen how Thesz is the champ. Boston, of all places, should be ashamed of itself . . . . Archie Moore is the best prospect we've had since Beauhuld started professionally. Al Stillman doesn't mean maybe in his comeback . . . . Leonard Bostick looks much better than he did before going to the Coast.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

JAMES J. BRADDOCK'S surprising victory over Tommy Farr provided the high spot in New Jersey boxing last month. The popular Cinderella Man of boxing from North Bergen fooled the experts once again. To Jersey Jim's credit, we must say that even in his days of champion he was always a gentleman, ever modest and ever willing to please the public. Good luck to you, Jimmy!

Tony Galento, the colorful Orange bartender, had hoped to meet Braddock if Jim lost to Farr, but Tony's plans were upset by Jim's retirement. Tony's manager, Joe Jacobs, has challenged all of the leading heavyweights in the world. But few will dare enter the same ring with Galento, who is very popular with boxing fans who crowd his tavern nightly to hear Galento boom out, "I'll lick Joe Louis, Max Schmeling, Nathan Mann and Max Baer all in one night in the same ring or in the cellar, if necessary!"

MAILMAN WORKS OVERTIME:

K. Pheils, Toledo, Ohio—Your letter was very welcome. Write again.

C. Luippold, St. Louis, Mo.—Thanks for your invitation to visit St. Louis. Should we go to the Coast, St. Louis will be one of our stops.

S. Lo Presto, Jamestown, N. Y.—Received your picture. You certainly make a good appearance and we predict you will be a success. But above all, don't worry!

G. Varacksa, Woodbridge, N. J.—Enjoyed your comments. Always nice to hear from a person as kind as you.

R. Villa, Roselle Park, N. J.—Sorry we did not get in touch with you sooner. We were busy covering Farr's activities in this country for Reuters, British news syndicate.

A. Kassiwitz, East Orange, N. J.—Regret you couldn't see the Braddock fight. Perhaps you can see the next important battle in New York.

J. Rattie, Harrison, N. J.—Please get in touch with us. We have some important information for you.

When Babe Culnan, Newark promoter, invited Ted Broadribb to see the Newark bouts, Babe said, "Here's one fight club which won't bar you from the weighing-in ceremonies." Babe alluded to Broadribb's ejection from the Braddock-Farr weigh-in at New York . . . . Newark fans consider Broadribb one of the finest gentlemen in boxing today. He will always be welcomed in this state . . . . Among the most ardent fight fans in Jersey are Mrs. B. Sayles of Chatham and her charming daughter, Hope, who know the ins and outs of the boxing game thoroughly. Hope sees all the leading fights at Madison Square Garden and is well known at Madame Bey's Summit training camp, being a close friend of Madame Sidky Bey.

Freddy Fiducia of Newark experienced two defeats that will hurt his standing. He lost an eight-rounder to Jersey Joe Walcott of Merchantville at Philly and was knocked out by Wally Sears of Minersville, Pa., in the eighth round at Newark after a tough fight . . . . On the same card, Joe Wagner, formerly of Cleveland, returned to action when he technically knocked out Chester Palutis of Scranton in the sixth round. Palutis had a cut eye and was giving Wagner a humdinger of a battle.

Ray Caffrey of Elizabeth is one of the most admired men in New Jersey boxing today . . . . Frank Zamaris of Orange ran into more hard luck when a cut eye made him lose by a technical K.O. to Stanley Hasrato of Yonkers for the second time in the fourth round at Newark . . . . Mickey Makar of Bayonne lost a ten to Phil Furr at Holyoke . . . . Freddy Fitzgerald of New Brunswick technically stopped John Harris of Newark in the third at the Broadway Arena . . . . Jackie Stewart of Paterson lost a four-rounder to Doug Marsh of Montreal at the New York Coliseum . . . . Andy Malloy of Newmarket was stopped in the first by Joe Mulli in New York.

Heinz Volkmer of Gruenberg, Germany, writes that The Ring failed to rate Arno Koelbin of Germany. Heinz says Koelbin is considered German champion because Max Schmeling did not defend his title there . . . . Frankie Williams sustained a cut eye in decisioning Jacey Warner in eight at Atlantic City . . . . Send best wishes for the recovery of Roscoe Manning, who recently visited a Passaic hospital. Roscoe can still lick some of the country's best middleweights if given the chance.

Bravo for Joe Donovan, sports editor of the Newark *Ledger*, who successfully put over a benefit show for the seriously ailing Joe Moresco of Orange at the Laurel Garden, Newark. The show grossed $2,459, with a profit of $1,421, and this sum, increased to $2,207 by contributions, was turned over to Mrs. Moresco and her four desperate children. The boxing fraternity deserves credit for the manner in which it helped the needy Moresco, who is said to be dying. But the affair points to the urgent need of a boxers' fund to take care of indigent boxers, the fund to come from a small percentage of the purse of each final and semi-final bout fighter.

In the main event of the show, Tippy Larkin avenged a previous defeat by outpointing Mickey Duca of Paulsboro in eight rounds. Joe Sankey of Philly stopped Andy Melton of Manville in the sixth, Ritchie Carangelo had a slight edge over Clarence Elwood, and Frankie Conn of Lyndhurst bested Johnny Sciarra of Union City in the sixes.

Teddy Williams, popular trainer and second, can be reached at Tom Ross' Arena Gym, 104 Mulberry Street, Newark . . . . Al Diamond, veteran Paterson middleweight, came out of retirement to lose a ten-rounder to Jimmy Jones in Philly and lose by a kayo to Solly Kreiger in New York . . . . Two more good prospects: Clarence Elwood, Newark featherweight, and Dick Carangelo, Silver Lake lightweight. The latter is managed by the rotund Jimmy Wilde . . . . To all old-timers: Write this column and tell us your whereabouts so that we may inform readers . . . . To readers in France: We invite letters from French boxing fans. An interpreter will help read your messages. Of course, we'd like to receive letters from Ring fans in all foreign countries. The address is 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Jack Rapaport of South Orange, former leading contender for the welterweight title and once manager of Ruby (On the Coast) Gross, is now boosting his "new champion," George Wallace, a 185-pounder. Wallace, incidentally, is Jack's brother-in-law. Jack is having Wallace train with Sam Rose's amateur battler, Matt Mayanski, former Bloomfield football player. When Jack and Sam get together, Jack always talks about his left hook and Sam talks about his inventions. In another two months, Sam Rose and Harry Rapaport will be attempting to cool off the Sahara Desert with their different types of fans.

POSTMAN RINGS TWICE:

Heinz Volkmer, Gruenberg, Germany—Thank you for your interest. You probably read about Jimmy Braddock's victory over Tommy Farr. He lives fifteen miles from Newark in North Bergen. Newark has a population of about 500,000, with a surrounding population of another half-million in its suburbs. Freddy Fiducia is twenty-six.

Leo Netreba, Newport News, Va.—Glad to hear from you and know that you are making such wonderful progress.

El. Carse, Glendale, Cal.—We may be on the Coast in another six months.

Lex Qualey, Warren, Ohio—You remember El., don't you?

Young Terry, Trenton middleweight, announced his retirement after decisioning Johnny Pastore of Hightstown in ten rounds at the Trenton Armory. Terry had an admirable record in eleven years of battling. He failed to win the championship against Ben Jeby and Gorilla Jones but licked many great boxers in his day. He was known as the "Trenton Buzz-Saw" because of the humming action he provided. Terry was a gentleman in and out of the ring, and the best wishes of the fight game go to him.

They can't stop Paulie Walker's winning streak. The Trenton pugilist trounced Chuck Woods of Detroit in eight rounds at New York . . . . Ray Miller, managed by the popular Sonny Banks, stopped Tom Kapsack of New Brunswick in three rounds at Atlantic City . . . . Banks said Whitey Healey was mistaken when he called the contest between his Vincent Reed and Slugger White of New York "no contest" in the second round at Newark. Banks claims Reed would have stopped White in the third round . . . . Joe Lemieux of New Bedford outpointed Seaborn Ashley of Bayonne in a return six at Newark.

George Daly of London ended his American campaign successfully by outpointing Lew Raymond of Baltimore in a ten-rounder at Newark. Daly was a fine sportsman and made many friends here. During his American stay he knocked out John Toomey of Camden, Al Dunbar of New York, won on points over Mike Piskin of Freehold, Paul Junior of Lewiston, Maine, Lew Raymond, and lost close, questionable decisions to Midget Wolgast of Philadelphia and Bobby Pacho of Mexico. Daly returned to England with Ted Broadribb and Hugh McAlevey of Ireland, both of whom visited Newark to see Joe Wagner kayo Chester Palutis technically. When Broadribb and McAlevey heard that a benefit show would be held at the same arena the following week for the ailing Joe Moresco, McAlevey, Irish bookmaker, stepped into the ring and donated $50, and Broadribb contributed $25, thereby gaining for both of these fine men the hearty applause and respect of all boxing fans in the state.

Steve Dudas of Edgewater beat Bob Olin in ten at Philly . . . . Young Phil Sharkey, managed by Billy De Foe of Newark, kayoed Benny Perez of Mexico in the second round in Texas . . . . Al Ryll of Southwick, Mass., outpointed Ferdie Rogers of Jersey City in four and Tom Schenck of Passaic stopped Leo Brown of Allentown in two at Newark . . . . Jay Macadon, the South Orange war horse, licked John Henry Johnston at Atlantic City in ten . . . . Here's hoping Sam Rose of Newark comes up with a good heavyweight soon. Sam is one of the cleverest managers in the game and one of the most popular. He deserves a break.

Because of the renewed popularity of boxing in New Jersey there is plenty of room here for ambitious, worthy boxers in all weight divisions who have made good records and who would like to fight in New Jersey and New York. Boxers without managerial contracts can make good connections here by writing I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. It is important that those who write be willing to pay their own expenses to New Jersey, have no signed contracts with managers at the present time, must enclose their complete fight records, clippings, and self-addressed stamped envelopes. Please don't write unless you can conform to all these requirements.

IN ANSWER TO YOUR LETTERS:

Pennah Renzola, Denver, Colorado—If you wish to fight here, send your record and clippings.

Roger Davis, Lapine, Alabama—Advise you to get started in boxing around Birmingham instead of coming North.

Charles Zalkauskas, Flemington, N. J.—Information on amateurs can be obtained at the New Jersey A. A. U. offices, 17 Academy Street, Newark.

Harry Rapaport, Miami, Florida—Write and tell how things are in the land of everlasting sunshine.

Abie Bain, Hollywood, Cal. (now known as Al Bayne)—How are the movies treating you?

George Alexir, Nome, Alaska—Happy to hear that you enjoy our efforts.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THIS month witnessed the passing of another internationally known boxing character, Jake Carey, the man who put this town on the boxing map and who was instrumental in developing champions and near-champions both locally and abroad. He died last January 13. Jake was known to all as a right man. During the World War, Jake was in charge of the boxing bouts held over in France and it was through these bouts that Gene Tunney, Bob Martin, Bill Roper and a host of other great names got their start.

Jake promoted bouts in Canada and all over New York State. But it was in Rochester that he really carved a niche for himself. Under his promotion, men like Sam Langford, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Dundee, Packy McFarland, Panama Joe Gans, Jack Dillon, Rocky Kansas, Kid Norfolk, Battling Levinsky and many others showed their wares to local fight fans. Most of the local boys who attained fistic distinction owe a lot to him for he started many of them on the road to fame and fortune.

It was for Jake that the once king of heavies, Jack Dempsey, broke a long standing precedent last year when he was asked by Jake if he wouldn't spar a few rounds with Mike Conroy. This was Jake's last stand as a promoter and referee and will probably mark the last time Dempsey will appear as a performer in a public ring.

Following are the results of the better amateur bouts that took place during the month at weekly Elks Club cards:

Al Fields, Rochester, decisioned Tyco Lange, Erie, Pa., heavyweights; Jerry Miller, Corning, kayoed Wilee Hull, Erie, welterweights (4); Carl Erne, Rochester, scored T.K.O. over Kid Snookie, East Rochester, lightweights (3); Joe Sicnolfi, Rochester, decisioned Harry Griffin, Cleveland, heavyweights (5); Tony Palozzi, Rochester, kayoed John Henry, Cleveland, welterweights (3); Eddie Smith, Rochester, won decision over Bob Kearns, Cleveland, featherweights (5); Bill Seide, Rochester, decisioned George Hoysic, Charlotte, middleweights (5); Tilly Bellucci, Rochester, decisioned Eddie Cox, New York City, junior middleweights (5); Eddie Forrner, New York, won from Paul Columbo, Batavia, bantamweights (5); Eddie Smith, Rochester, decisioned Joe Memoli, New York City, featherweights (5).

At Watertown, N. Y.—Hughie Smith, Rochester, kayoed Jimmy Moore, Montreal, lightweights (3); Jimmy Reina, Rochester, kayoed Billy Barrie, Montreal, featherweights (3); Henry Smith, Rochester, defeated Stanley May, Ottawa, junior lightweights (5).

At Endicott, N. Y.—"Slambang" Sammy Goritz, Rochester, won from Red Johnson, Syracuse, lightweights (5); Gene Pinter, Philadelphia, won from Don Stevens, Rochester, middleweights (5); Lee Dundee, Endicott, beat Eddie Pagan, Binghamton, middleweights (5); Jimmy Reina, Rochester, defeated Freddie Stefano, Endicott, featherweights (5).

Low Campbell, Chicago: I am sure you can get some fights around here.

Don Boritz, Coalport, Pa.: You also can get some fights in town.

Bob North, Brixton Hill, London, England; D. W. Chester, Sutton, Surrey, England; G. W. Farmer, Nottingham, England: I am glad to oblige you, and Jackie Polvino will keep in touch with you.

The Ring is sold at the corner of Clinton and Main Streets in Rochester, and fans, fighters, promoters and managers wishing any information can write the writer, Sam Porcelli, 181 N. Union Street, Rochester, New York.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By WILLIAM PIKER

IN the twelve-round attraction in Motor Square Garden, Billy Conn, popular East Liberty ringster, and Honeyboy Jones, Smoky City Negro, clashed for the fourth time with Conn making it four straight. The contest was a veritable storm of leather. Conn and Honeyboy electrified the attendance by staging a slam-bang jam session with gloves in the closing frames. Conn got the decision and earned it.

In the semi-final, Al Quaill, popular Brookline middleweight, defeated Herbie Katz, Brooklyn sockologist, in eight rounds, the last three of which were characterized by slugging. The Brookline belter won Referee Buck McTiernan's decision when the judges disagreed on the winner.

A new fistic organization known as the Pittsburgh Fight Club made its bow in local pugilistic society last month. Steve Cox is the promoter with Jack Hollister matchmaker. The new combine is toying with the idea of staging novice professional cards weekly in an effort to discover and promote new talent. Eight fights make up a card and every bout is billed at four rounds. Each boxer gets a $20 purse. The plan should take.

The *Sun-Telegraph's* Diamond Belters occupied the local limelight the past month. Greater interest than ever was fostered by fans, fighters and boxing men in the annual newspaper amateur mitt classic. This year the tournament was productive of many illuminating glovesters.

The inaugural card of the new fight club was held in Duquesne Garden. The results follow: Charley Burley knocked out Tiger Jackson; Rich Gregory stopped Red West; Kid Teeko defeated Tony Constantino; Minnie De More won from Sammy Toarmino; Ralph Gizzy whipped Tommy Daniels; Zack Robinson disposed of Babe Halick; Irving Sarlin stopped Zeke Ellis; and Casey Rhodes chalked up a win at Charley Fabiana's expense.

Two prominent members of the Smoketown fight fraternity passed away last summer. The Grim Reaper tolled the count of ten over Johnny McGarvey. At the time of his death McGarvey was active as co-manager of Billy Conn. McGarvey, well respected, passed away shortly after he returned home from a trip to San Francisco where Conn boxed Young Corbett. As a promoter McGarvey staged fights in Motor Square Garden during the prosperous twenties when he introduced to the Steel City many fighters who became famous in later years, among them George Godfrey, Harry Greb, Johnny Risko, Young Stribling, Tommy Loughran and Gene Tuney.

Tony Marino, late world bantamweight champion, is one little fistic star who shines brightly in that Spacious Beyond where already gleams the brilliance of such stars as Stribling, Greb and Ernie Schaaf. A small star was Tony, but he was a fine fighter. Tony fits nicely in the constellation.

Lester Biederman of the *Press* reveals an item or two on Billy Conn in the following vein: Billy's favorite movie actor is MISTER Paul Muni. Best film he saw last year was "The Life of Emile Zola." Of the actresses his choice is Loretta Young. Conn's favorite magazine (you guessed it) is THE RING.

Next to Henry Armstrong, whose name we behold in utmost reverence when true fighting accomplishments are discussed, the busiest champion in the fold is John Henry Lewis. John Henry is sole owner of the 175-pound toga. The light-heavyweight champion has campaigned in the heavyweight class with telling success and plans are under way to place Lewis in a major test.

Ralph Gizzy (correct name Ralph Urilli) is around and working in prelims. He is the younger brother of the sensational Battling Gizzy of recent vintage. Ralph is the proud owner of two decisions over Billy Conn, scored at the outset of Billy's professional career.

GATHERED ALONG BOXING'S BROADWAY—Promoter Jake Mintz has an official document calling John Henry Lewis to defend the light-heavyweight champion against the onslaughts of Al Gainer . . . . Teddy Yarosz plans an intensive campaign after spending several months on a visit to Poland with his ma . . . . Jules Aronson has been appointed a member of the State Athletic Commission . . . . Bruno Sala of Donora, light-heavyweight boxer, is back in training . . . . Billy Conn hit the scales at 165 pounds against Honeyboy Jones, which makes Billy a full-fledged member of the light-heavyweight brigade . . . . Henry Armstrong engaged in his lone Smoketown appearance last summer through the influence of Jules Beck, genial local matchmaker . . . . For sound logic this scrawler thinks Havey Boyle's daily output in the local morning sheet is tops . . . . Your correspondent is eager to hear from readers in foreign lands. Comment and criticism cheerfully solicited. Write yours truly at 333 Locust Street, Donora, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. Enclose international reply coupon if response is desired. . . . . Note to Pittsburgh boxers: Send me your autographed photos for my personal collection.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DON KOONS, heavyweight in Southern Ohio, Frankie Jarr, bantamweight; Wendall Bubp, middleweight from Indiana; Bad Boy Harper, Louisville, Ky., junior welterweight, and Gorilla Jones, former middleweight champion, lead the fisticuff parade in the Middle Western States rings.

Koons, likeable Hamilton, Ohio, collegian, who cast off his cloak of wisdom seeking to dent noses, recently returned from the West Coast along in company with Promoter Herman Katz and Jimmy (Doc) Shevlin, his trainer. Koons took in a pair of winners while on the Coast and after Promoter Katz looked over the fine work Shevlin and the California handler, Whitey Eckwert, did in the technique of Don, the Cincinnati first impresario will probably feature the big fellow in several headliners, immediately after the amateur tourneys are complete in and around Southern Ohio.

The simon-pures have been holding sway, high, wide and handsome since Katz went to the West Coast. Joe Blink in sponsoring the *Times-Star* tourney at Music Hall should be commended on the fine way in which he handled the two-night roundup. Other clubs to stage amateur cards of late were the American Legion, the Elks, Holy Family Club, Fenwick Club and several others.

This column takes its beret off to Al Bechtold, member of the Cincinnati Boxing Commission and official of the A.A.U.

It is quite a peculiar thing that all of the time Herman and Maxwell Katz were promoting weekly boxing shows in Cincinnati, numberless fingers have been pointed at the Parkway Club's personnel, that favoritism was played. It was supposed to be a cashed affair that no one else could operate boxing shows here.

YOU CAN EXPLODE THAT ONE!

Mr. Katz has been out of the city for over three months. THERE HASN'T BEEN A PROFESSIONAL BOXING PROGRAM HELD IN THE CITY SINCE!

This writer believes THREE MONTHS WAS SUFFICIENT TIME FOR ANYONE TO TAKE A SWING AT SOME PROMOTING!

Yea! When the Katz's Parkway Club resumes operations sometime in March, they will be welcomed with open arms by fans and especially so by managers, boxers and the previous erstwhile promoters themselves.

Gorilla Jones, the former middleweight champion, is hitting on all four since his contract was taken over by the veteran Joe Basco of Akron. The Gorilla took Irish Bob Turner into camp in a 10-round decision tussle at Akron and a few weeks later in the same ring the Jones-man hammered out a rather easy victory at the expense of the tough Clinton, Ind., star, Frankie Hughes.

Basco's other star, Lloyd Pine, lost a couple of heart-breaking decisions to Ray Sharkey of Cleveland, one at Cleveland and the other at Akron. According to news clippings, both decisions which the Forest City Irisher gained were loudly met with the fans' disapproval.

Bouncing right back into the fight photo with a 10-round draw with his most dangerous rival, Frankie Jarr of Fort Wayne, Indiana, bantamweight king, battled Paul Tennessee Lee of Indianapolis to a hot-even tussle at Fort Wayne, Ind. The match, billed by Promoter Buck Mathias for the Hoosier 126-pound title, which Lee claims, was one of the most gruelling fought in F.W. annals. Jarr, under the management of Dick Detrick, has taken on a new lease of life. Detrick has a good prospect in 130-pound Ike Gaunt, who has chalked up six winners and one draw in seven times on the canvas. On the Jarr-Lee bill, Gaunt punched out a six session score over Ted Tello, Mexican star from Louisville.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—King Wyatt looked quite impressive in his topper over Bill McDowell at Fort Wayne . . . . Mike Griffin, the granddaddy of boxing pilots in Ohio, has an excellent gymnasium, located at McMicken Avenue, right off Vine, eastward . . . . Mike's setup is clean from floor to ceiling, perhaps the best professional quarters in the city . . . . Mike welcomes all visiting boxers to train at his gymnasium, the Yokum Club . . . . Russell Firestone of the tire fame and Al Sutphin, Cleveland's big boxing giant (The Arena) were front row specs at the Mile of Dimes show at Akron . . . . I have the report that the night of the show, the weather was toughest in years in the tire city . . . . yet the turnstiles clicked to over three grand . . . . thanks to the hustling of Johnny Hanison, Akron promoter, and the fine newspaper organization backing him . . . . Gorilla Jones knocked out Tiger Carsonia of Indiana in a pair of rounds on the first all-colored show staged in Louisville . . . . this new inauguration was made by Verne Franklin . . . . W. J. Bender's Detroit heavyweight, Johnny Vorce, is getting the run-around from all of the leading heavies, according to Bender . . . . Tony Brown and Jimmy Marsh, New York pilots, bulletin that their heavyweight star, Jim Howell of Harlem, was really the victor over Jack Trammell of Ohio at Rockland Palace in New York . . . . A word for Mrs. Evelyn Harper, America's No. 1 woman fight manager . . . . Mrs. Harper, from Louisville, Ky., has a fine group of scrappers lined up under her direction and the fact remains that Mrs. Harper herself is quite a drawing card . . . . she can be reached through this column . . . . Al Holub, Akron welterweight, slipped over a right-hander on Jackie Thomas in the closing round of their six session fray . . . . result, Thomas rocked to slumberland.

Louisville, Ky.—Bad Boy Harper, Louisville, knocked out Phil Jones, Louisville, in seven rounds; Wild Bill McDowell knocked out Joe Valla in three rounds; Kid Brock, Louisville, won six-round decision over Franky Lockwood, Cincinnati; Bruce Atwel, Louisville, won four-round decision from Tommy Brown, Cincinnati. Harper and McDowell are Mrs. Harper's top hats.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

EDDIE PIERCE, South Africa, won over Stafford Barton, Jamaica, in convincing style at the end of 10 rounds at The Ring, London.

Dave Finn outpointed Phil Bevan in a spirited 10-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Nat Josephs' show at King's Hall, Belfast, was packed with K.O.'s in all the bouts, all ending by the short order.

Jim Warnock K.O.'d Mickey O'Neil of Sunderland in the first of a 10-round bout.

"Spider" Kelly of Derry stopped George Williams of Wales in the initial round of a 10-round contest.

Dan McAllister of Belfast, who looks a certainty for title honors, knocked out Kid Oliviera, the Portuguese featherweight champion, in the fourth of a 10-round bout.

Pat Marrinan of Belfast defeated Jeff Wilson of Windsor in the seventh of an eight-round bout, and Dom Lydon of Ireland stopped Ivor Malcolm in the third of a six-round bout.

Syd Parker of Bolton knocked out Alf Pass of Birmingham in the fifth of a 12-round bout at Birmingham.

Billy Ross of Stepney stopped Packy Paul of Canada in the third of a 10-round bout when the latter received a very bad cut eye at Hammersmith.

Jackie Wier of Glasgow made a welcome return to the ring when he stopped Johnny McKay of Glasgow in the eighth of a 10-round bout at Premierland, Glasgow.

Bill Webster of Kentish Town defeated Alban Mulrooney of Macclesfield in a spirited 12-round bout at Salford.

George Marsden of Nottingham knew too much for his Scottish opponent, Alex Jackson of Glasgow in their 10-round bout at Leicester.

Dan Gillespie of Derry proved a popular winner over Pat Cowley of Belfast in their 10-round bout at the Stadium, Belfast.

Pat McStravick of Belfast and Joe Skelly of Barnsley put up a hectic 10-round bout at Arena, Belfast, before the former was declared the winner.

Jackie Quinn, Irish bantamweight champion, was lucky to share honors with Bobby Hinds of Barnsley in their 10-round bout at Arena, Belfast.

Tommy Stewart and Al Sharpe, both locals, fought a great bout over 10 rounds at the Arena, Belfast, with Stewart's aggressiveness earning him the decision.

Tiny Bostock of Leek was extremely unlucky to have to share the honors with Dick Lewis of Wales at the end of 12 rounds at The Ring, London, when he appeared to have been well in front.

Jimmy Webster of South Africa scored a K.O. over Paddy Gregory of Liverpool in the fourth of a 10-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

In the other 10-round bout, Pat Palmer of Battersea knocked out Mickey McGuire of Newcastle in the fourth of a 10-round bout with a beautiful right to the jaw.

Curley Edwards of Bargoed gained a clever points win over George Francombe of Abertillery over 10 rounds in the latter's home town.

Benny Caplan of St. Georges won his eliminating bout over 12 rounds when he outpointed Frank McCudden of Glasgow by a narrow margin at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court, for the N.S.C. Show.

The winner meets John Cusick of Manchester for the right to meet Johnny McGrory, the champion, for the latter's title.

Harry Silver of Clapton again showed clever form in outpointing Mike Speary of Canning Town in a sparkling four-round bout.

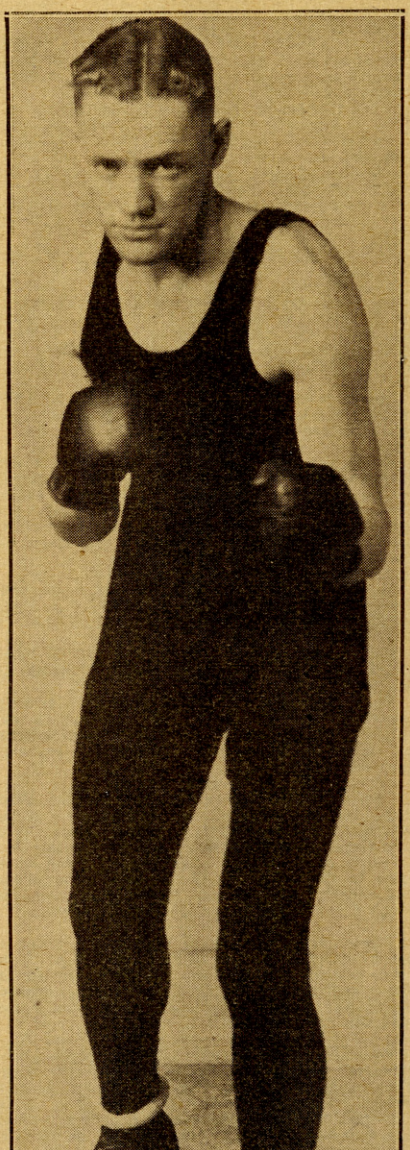
Mick Carney of Middlesborough gained a narrow points win over Johnny Jenkins of Glasgow over six rounds; Johnny Holt of South Africa outpointed Bobby Magee of Newcastle in six rounds; Bert Bevan of Wales defeated Joe Quigley of Ireland on points, and George Alexander of Canning Town stopped Johnny Boyle of Luton in three rounds when the referee intervened.

Danny Paul and Packey Paul, two Canadians, won their heavyweight contests at the Stadium Club, Holborn, when Danny forced Dick Allen to retire at the end of three rounds, and Packey knocked out Johnny Rice of Hounslow in the fifth of an eight-round bout.

Bernard Cook of Finsbury Park narrowly outpointed James J. Britt of South Africa over the eight-round course.

Len Wickwar of Leicester defeated Walter Rankin of Glasgow in the fifth of a 12-round contest at Nottingham when the referee stopped the contest in Wickwar's favor.

Alf Cozens of Acton outpointed Ted Barter of Kingston over 12 rounds at Hammersmith after a good contest.



George Elliott, featherweight champion of New South Wales.

Charlie Bundy of Wales K.O.'d Jack Strongbow of Leicester in the third of a 12-round bout at Briton Ferry.

Bert Gilroy of Glasgow enhanced his reputation when he K.O.'d Tommy Henderson, Scots cruiserweight champion, in the second of a 10-round bout at Premierland, Glasgow.

Paddy Ryan of Collyhurst outpointed Billy Tansey of Middleton in a hard hitting 12-round contest at Manchester.

Albert Demmy continues to pack the Regent Stadium, Salford, with his good fighting programs.

Tommy Rose of Liverpool outpointed Tommy Tune of Barnsley over 12 rounds.

Ernie Hendricks of Hulme, B. C., lost a close decision to Tommy Hall of Barnsley in another 12-round contest that was full of thrills.

A 12-round contest saw Nick Lucas of Armenia lose on points to Billy Barker of Droylsden in a return contest.

One of the most thrilling 10-round contests was seen when Dick Gale of Salford received a merited decision over Joe Loss of Rochdale.

Tommy Jones, the Welsh southpaw welterweight, now residing in Derby, knocked out Jack Calvert of Mansfield in the fourth of a scheduled 10 rounder at Spinney Hill Club, Leicester.

Tom Kennedy of Plymouth fought with rare determination when he caused Jock Nicholson of Portland to retire in the 5th of a 10-round bout at Plymouth.

Tommy Henderson, Scottish cruiserweight champion, suffered another reverse when he was beaten by Jock McKnight of Ireland in a rousing 10-round bout at the Arena, Belfast.

Bert Gilroy, the Glasgow middleweight with a punch, stopped Pat Cowley of Belfast in the seventh of a 10-round contest at Belfast.

Whilst Tim Sheehan, the Merthyr welterweight, was training for a contest in Wales, he collapsed and died.

Sheehan, who was 21 years of age, was married only a short time. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved family.

George Davis of Notting Hill outpointed Glen Moody of Wales in a 12-round contest at West Ham.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool's crack welterweight, easily accounted for Jack McCabe of Preston when they met over 12 rounds at Blackpool, the decision being only a matter of course.

Two young heavyweights, Billy Ross of St. Georges and Len Rowlands of Eagenham, mixed it for 12 rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and the packed house cheered at their display which ended in a win for Ross.

Charlie Connolly of Stepney stopped Con Flynn of Islington when Flynn was forced to retire with a badly cut eye in the seventh of a 12-round bout at Hackney.

What must have been a big disappointment to the committee of the N.S.C. at their show at Earls Court was the termination of the bout between Frank Hough, the Battersea cruiserweight, and Marcel Lauriot, the French champion, scheduled for 10 rounds which ended in the second with Hough ruled out for a low blow that sprawled the Frenchman out on the canvas.

A newcomer to London was Jim Cameron, Glasgow lightweight, who performed with credit by stopping Freddie Wilcox of Nelson in seven rounds of a 10-round bout.

The non-stop Irish battler, Johnny Ward, met one after his own heart in Jackie Wier of Glasgow and the latter lasted into the second round of a whirlwind attack when the referee stopped the contest in Ward's favor.

Charlie Parkin of Mansfield outpointed Bert Bevan of Wales over 10 rounds at Birmingham.

Tut Whalley of Hanley easily defeated Walter Morton over 10 rounds at Birmingham.

"Battling" Jimmy Hayes, the local idol, of Leeds, mounted another rung of the bantamweight championship ladder, when he outpointed Jackie Brown, former flyweight champion of the world, in a spectacular contest over 12 rounds at Leeds Town Hall.

There was no denying the smartness of the new bantamweight sensation who outsmarted the Manchester boxer at every move.

Billy McHugh, Hayes' stable mate, outpointed Bobby Magee of North Shields over 10 rounds of fast boxing.

Little Joe Curran, Liverpool's crack flyweight, scored a spectacular K.O. victory when he put Peter Miller of Gateshead down for the full count in the ninth of a 10-round bout at Newcastle.

Jack Robinson of Nottingham had to be content with a drawn decision of his 10-round bout with Harry Rowles of Battersea at Oxford, although he seemed to have the best of matters.

James J. Britt, the South African heavyweight, stopped Big George Davis of Banbury in the sixth of an eight-round bout in the chief supporting bout.

The main event at Northampton between George Marsden of Nottingham and Cuthbert Taylor of Merthyr was devoid of destructive hitting for the whole of the 10 rounds and at the end Marsden received the referee's decision.

Presido Pavesi of Italy was no match for Larry Gaines, former Empire champion, in their scheduled 10-round bout at The Ring, London, and he was K.O.'d in the second round.

Billy Nash of Clerkenwell defeated Tommy Fletcher of Plumstead in the seventh of an eight-round bout when the referee stopped the bout when Fletcher received a badly cut eye.

Johnny Softley of Poplar gave one of his best displays when he stopped Les McCarthy of Manchester in the seventh of a 10-round bout that was full of thrills.

There was no let up once the bell started them on their way, and the condition and fighting abilities of Softley were the deciding factors in a hectic bout.

George Williams of Treherbert was again returned the winner over Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, at Capt. Prince Cox's show at Bristol.

The bout, over 10 rounds, was fought at a fast pace, and Williams surprised everybody by coming up from behind to win the closing rounds, and earn the decision by a narrow margin.

In outpointing Curley Edwards at Abertillery over 10 rounds, Norman Rees of Abercrombi gave a polished performance.

Ireland's flyweight champion, Jim Warnock, had to travel all the distance of 10 rounds at Belfast before he was acclaimed the winner over Al McCoy of Wales.

Jackie Moody of Pontypridd and welterweight champion of Wales K.O.'d Curley Fay of High Wycombe in the last round of their 10-round bout at High Wycombe.

Billy Hardy, Leicester stopped Bobby Dobbs of Newcastle in the sixth of a 10-round contest at Derby, and Stan Kirby of Oakthorpe defeated Tosh Humphreys in the fifth of a 10-round contest when the latter retired.

It did not take Jack Garrick, Hull's hard hitting lightweight, long to convince Frank Barton that his previous K.O. win was no fluke, for at White City, Hull, he repeated the performance in the second of a scheduled 15-round contest for the Northern Area lightweight title.

Eddie Peirce, South African cruiserweight champion, gained a narrow points victory at the end of 12 rounds over Darkie Ellis of Bridlington at West Ham Baths.

Bob Scaly of Glasgow was ruled out in the eighth of a scheduled 12-round bout against George Cornwall of Yarmouth for alleged butting.

Pat Palmer of Battersea outpointed a good opponent in Billy Pleace of Portsmouth, who lasted the 10 rounds at Ipswich after taking considerable punishment.

Boy Boon of Chatteris beat a Scottish lightweight, Alex Jackson, who put up a good show against the hard hitting Boon, but lasted the eight rounds of a hard hitting affair.

Pat Palmer of Battersea outpointed Pedrito Ruiz of Spain in a contest that was cut down to nine rounds, at The Ring, London, owing to the rules of the B.B.B.C. stating that "No boxer may engage in thirty minutes of boxing within four days of his last contest.

Palmer came in as a substitute for Dick Lewis, who suffered a cut mouth and had won a contest three days previously.

George Davis of Notting Hill was ruled out for persistent holding against Elfryn Morris of Wales in the sixth of a 10-round bout.

Dave Finn of Stepney won a good bout on points when he beat Tommy Williams of Twickenham at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Billy Ros of Stepney stopped Jack Roberts of Gravesend in the 10th of a 12-round bout.

Johnny Rice of Hounslow outpointed Danny Paul of Canada in a spirited 10-round bout at Hammersmith.

Capt. John E. Harding's show at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court, for the National Sporting Club, drew a crowd of 8,500 to witness Frank Hough, the Battersea "Hussar," and strong Holland champion, Harry Staal, over 10 rounds.

The bout was of the hard hitting type, and Hough, although conceding 22 pounds to the Dutchman, forced the pace throughout, and was a winner at the end.

The other bouts consisted of young heavyweights who are trying to make headway and provided good sport for the large gathering.

Seaman Harry Rowles of Battersea outpointed Pat Marrinan of Ireland on points after 10 rounds.

James J. Britt of South Africa K.O.'d Johnny Carr of Islington in the third of a six-round contest.

Danny Paul of Canada outpointed Tom Casey of Ireland, and Packy Paul of Canada won in the third round against Jim McKenzie, who was ruled out for persistent holding.

Jack Fitzpatrick of Wales outpointed Bill Medhurst of Swancombe after a good six-round bout.

Jimmy Walsh of Chester and British lightweight champion won with ease over Johnny Kilburn of North Shields whom he outpointed over 10 rounds at Newcastle.

Larry Gains, former British Empire champion, continued in his victorious "comeback" campaign when he K.O.'d Bill Wainwright of Birmingham in the third of a 10-round contest at Sheffield.

George Odwell of Camden Town K.O.'d Jack Lewis of Bournemouth in the third of a scheduled 10-round bout at Paddington Baths with a good right to the jaw.

The Charity Show at the Stadium Club, London, was a huge success and the results of the boxing were as follows: Phil Bevan of Poplar K.O.'d Billy Murdoch of Newcastle in the fifth of a scheduled 10-round bout; Billy Walker of Stratford outpointed Dick Titley of Birmingham over 10 rounds, and Dusty Welland defeated Young Connolly of Stepney on points over 12 rounds.

Tut Whalley of Hanley accounted for Frank Kid Bonsor of Nottingham in their 10-round contest at Sutton-in-Ashfield and won clearly on points.

Jim Toohig of Croydon knocked out his local rival, Albert Johnson, in the fourth of a 12-round bout at Mitcham Baths.

Len Hampston of Batley came a cropper when he met Bernard Leroux of Paris in a 12-round bout at Leeds and was declared the loser after a fine bout.

It did not take Tiny Bostock of Leek long to win his bout with the Belgian, Paul Archambeau, at Hanley, for the latter lasted into the fifth of the 10-round bout, putting up a game bout before being knocked out.

George Markwick, the Young Bombardier, had his first fight since he left the army and distinguished himself when he met the experienced Jeff Wilson of Windsor in a scheduled eight-round bout at West Ham but two were sufficient for Wilson, who was put down for four counts, and the referee stopped the bout in Markwick's favor.

Jack Powell of Sheffield made short work of George Bunter of West Hartlepool, whom he beat in the third of a 10-round bout, the referee intervening with Bunter outpunched.

Angus McGregor of Scotland gained a narrow points decision over Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green after a good bout over 12 rounds.

Boy Boon of Chatteris, one of the hardest punching lightweights in the game, knocked out George Reynolds of Wolverhampton, who had a 12-pound weight advantage, and the crowd at Devonshire Club, Hackney, cheered him to the echo. The bout was scheduled for eight rounds but ended in the second with Reynolds out for the full count.

Frank Hough of Battersea and Marcel Lauriot, cruiserweight champion of France, met in their return engagement at the Earls Court headquarters of the National Sporting Club and drew a crowd of 9,000 people, amongst whom were some of the leading citizens and fashionable smart set of Great Britain.

The bout, fought over 10 rounds, was fought at a very fast pace and was very even till the seventh round when Hough lifted the Frenchman off his feet with a right uppercut and put him down for an eight count, and from then on Hough had practically the fight his own way to win on points.

Tom Bodell won over Tom Curran when the latter was ruled out in the eighth of a 10-round contest for what was alleged to be a low blow.

Johnny Ward, the popular Irish lightweight, was forced to retire with a very bad cut eye at the end of the second round in his contest with Billy (Kid) Brooks of Stratford.

Jack Tredaway and Harry Edwards fought an eight-round bout which ended in a draw.

Jock McAvoy, middle and cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, had a workout at the expense of Bill Hardy of Leicester, who was knocked out in the sixth of a 10-round contest at Leicester.

Len Beynon, featherweight champion of Wales, successfully defended his title when he forced George Williams to retire in the seventh round of a 15-round contest at Swansea after the latter had taken considerable punishment.

George Davis knocked out Dave McCleave in the third of a 10-round contest at Paddington Baths.

The Brothers Paul, Danny and Packy, from Canada, won in the first round of their contests when the former K.O.'d Jack Baldwin and the latter K.O.'d Tommy Luscombe in their contests at Paddington.

Jim Warnock, Irish flyweight champion, scored a clever points victory over Dick Lewis at the end of their 10-round contest at Belfast.

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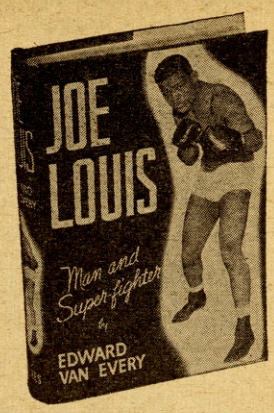

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

RAOUL GODBOUT will likely be Montreal's main promoter during the spring, summer and fall season. He has been negotiating with the Forum and it is likely that he will have exclusive rights to stage boxing shows there this year, with a minimum of ten events of major proportions. At this writing, all that remains is the signing of the contracts as the agreement has been settled as to terms and conditions, etc., so it is likely that the pen-wiggling ceremonies will be completed before this comes off the press.

Godbout is an ideal man to take over the reins, insofar as this observer can judge. Backed by plenty of experience, notably as manager of Leo Kid Roy and Pete Sanstol in their most brilliant periods, and a keen gambler at heart, he should not lack for enterprise and ability, together with a sound knowledge of what Montreal ring fandom likes. Godbout was associated with Alex Moore and Armand Vincent in their most triumphal promotions, which speaks for itself, so it looks like a big year for fistic doings in Montreal, with every probability of outdoing Toronto, Canada's current capital of mitt activities.

Toronto has been somewhat fight-crazy for some time, particularly when Baby Yack, their colorful little Canuck bantam champ, displays his wares against highly rated foes. Yack and Mog Mason, Tommy Farr's Welsh protege, attracted 10,100 fans to see them meet in a return bout with the Canadian again winning, this time via T.K.O. when Mason sustained a badly cut eye in the third round. An even bigger house was realized when Yack opposed Indian Quintana in his next showing and got a "split decision"—a Toronto specialty.

Dave Castilloux, stocky and powerful Montreal lightweight, gave a classy display on the Yack-Quintana card to administer a neat boxing lesson to Georgie Carlo. Castilloux added to the fine impression he made previously when he outpunched the shifty Mel Glionna and will appear several more times in the Queen City. It looks like a busy year ahead for Dave as he will likely get several good shots in Montreal.

Another interesting incident occurred on the Quintana-Yack card when Len Wadsworth, Hamilton middleweight, kayoed Irving Pease, nominated by the Canadian Federation as the Canuck middle champ, in two rounds of a scheduled six-rounder. Both men were under the middleweight limit, but it was not at championship distance. However, the result, a quick and decisive knockout, would indicate that the title should change hands. Al Shank, king of western Canada middles, is in Montreal and is keen to battle either or both of them in his campaign for the crown. He is a brother of Oliver and a rugged, hard-hitting battler, somewhat of the Schmeling type.

Oliver Shank dropped the first decision of his pro career when he battled Ted Keating, Toronto light-heavy, in a catchweights bout, over the six-round route on Playfair Brown's Tommy Bland-Sonny Jones card. Shank, who was tipping the scales at more than 190, agreed to make 185 for Keating and trained steadily for three weeks. However, a tiresome train trip and a sudden rise in temperature caused him to be drawn too fine as he scaled 183 and was a dog-tired, pepless fighter when he entered the ring. He battered Keating freely but with punches that lacked fire or snap, in the first two rounds, though his timing was haywire, and had to force himself to punch in the last half of the fight, defeating himself by consistent forcing and missing.

Toronto seems quite a spot for catchweights matches for the convenience of their battlers. Jack Corcoran wanted Harry Gerson, Montreal bantam who is No. 1 challenger for Baby Yack's title, to meet Spider Armstrong at 121 pounds for the right to meet Yack for the title. It is known that Armstrong has a hard time making the weight, but it is all right for him to make it for Yack, but not for the hard-hitting Gerson.

STRAY SHOTS—Maxie Berger, Montreal's classy lightweight, who holds the Canuck title, whipped Tommy Rawson, Boston's New England titlist, in their rubber battle at the Bronx Coliseum . . . . Oh, yes, we forgot to mention Davey Paul's win over Angelo Callura, Hamilton featherweight, on the Yack-Quintana card at Toronto . . . . it was the second straight win for Paul, another Julius Goldberg protege, since his return to the ring after a lengthy layoff due to illness . . . . Fred Osborne is going to promote shows again in Edmonton shortly . . . . wants Oliver Shank to travel there for a few shots . . . . Ted Keating does not relish return bout with Shank, who says he would feel more optimistic fighting one of the five leading heavies than making 183 to battle any amateur . . . . which reminds us that Tommy Osborne, Harry Hurst and Joe Gagnon, Montreal's heavy, light and flyweight representatives at British Empire Games in Australia, won their opening bouts and are rated good chances to cop the Empire crowns . . . . win or lose, a reception is planned for the local ring representatives when they return and they will be featured performers in big international amateur tourney at Forum . . . . Dennis White and his "yes-men" need an Empire titlist or two to awaken the slumbering interest of local amateur ring fandom . . . . Farr-Braddock match attracted tremendous lot of interest in Canada . . . . seems that fight interest is reaching towards a peak again in 1938 practically everywhere . . . . Shawinigan Falls also likely to turn into fistic spot . . . . have new hockey arena, right up-to-date, that could house over 6,000 for good fights . . . . now that Eddie Wenstob is back from England several good houses may be attracted in the Middle West and Pacific Coast on Dominion . . . . Chuck Nickason seems to be coming along on Coast . . . . likely to meet Wenstob in "natural" at Vancouver . . . . Danny and Packy Paul seem to be doing all right under Bud Davies in England . . . . well, cheerio till next month.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

CUBAN representatives in the boxing class who left for the Olympics held at Panama are as follows:

FLYWEIGHT—Raul Sanguilly.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Jorge O. Estrada.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Mario Baeza.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Armando Diaz.
WELTERWEIGHT—Antolin Estevez.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Gaspar Sagrera.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Juan Valdes.
HEAVYWEIGHT—Wilfredo.

The best of the above group appears to be Raul Sanguilly, flyweight, and it is expected that he will bring back a title to Cuba.

Aramis Del Pino is the coach of the Olympic boxing team, and also is in charge of the National Boxing Academy of Cuba, which won the silver cup donated by Commandante Jaime Marine for the most winners during the Olympic eliminations.

Commandante Jaime Marine, president of the Cuban Boxing Commission, is doing splendid work for the game, and boxing is improving right along.

Isidoro Gastanaga, Spanish heavyweight, won by a knockout in the fourth round over Goyito Rico of Cuba. Rico was winning easily when one of the Spaniard's right uppercuts finished the fray.

Joe Pedreso, Cuban crack lightweight, won on a technical knockout in the second round over Alex Yanes. Pedroso also won from Pedro Ortega of Mexico in ten rounds.

Pedro Medina is the new Cuban flyweight champion by his six-round knockout over Joe Morales, former champion. Medina looks like he has the goods.

Kid Manzanillo of Mexico won a ten-round decision over Kid Chichi, Cuban featherweight. Chino Mercado won by a knockout in four rounds over Little Tommy Loughran of Cuba.

Pedro Herrera fought Kid Gibara a twelve-round draw that was suposed to be for the middleweight title of Cuba. Therefore, the title is still vacant.

Baby Louis is the new featherweight king by virtue of a seven-round knockout over Tommy Avia. Louis is a stiff puncher and knows plenty of boxing.

Kid Chocolate is out in the country training for some future bouts that Juan Belmonte, local promoter, is lining up for him.

Angel Sanchez, veteran middleweight, scored a ten-round decision over Tony White. White gave a good account of himself, but Sanchez was too cagy for him.

Arena Cristal, Cuba's popular boxing center, now has a roof on it, and fights will never be suspended on account of rain.

BOXING IN BRITISH HONDURAS
By MIKE GARBUTT

THE British Honduras Boxing Commission emphatically denies all reports in The Gleaner re-Jamaica Carnera-Kid Clifford fight for the heavyweight championship of this colony.

Jamaica Carnera was an easy victor over Kid Herbs, heavyweight, by K.O. in the first round of a scheduled 10-round bout.

In a savagely contested heavyweight bout at the Palace, Jamaica Carnera, a new hope of Jamaica, B.W.I., lost to Kid Clifford, heavyweight champion of this colony, on a foul.

A large gathering witnessed the lightweight contest between Kid Boiler and Pal Silver at the Palace Theatre. Silver dominated the fight from the early rounds. After 2 minutes, 22 seconds of the seventh, Referee Lightburnt awarded the fight to Silver on a T.K.O.

The biggest upset seen in a Belize ring in many moons was witnessed at the Palace when Al Brown, Jamaica's star featherweight, gained a classic point victory over Kid Boiler, 133 pounds. Brown gave a wonderful exhibition of slipping, ducking, weaving and other methods of defense. Brown suffered a browen thumb in the contest.

Before a medium crowd, Wishy Jones, the lightweight champion of Texas, made his debut at the Palace against National Kid, who is heading a comeback brigade. Wishy displayed championship form and outclassed the Kid all the way, but failed to add the Kid to his long string of K.O.'s. The Kid's defense was superb and should be complimented for his stand against the American rival. The satisfied crowd cheered the American victor and heralded the loser.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B.W.I.
By JACK LOUIS

AMATEURS selected to represent Jamaica at the Pan American Olympics in Panama. Light-heavyweight, T. K. Wint, Jr.; middleweight, L. Walker; welterweight, A. Josephs; lightweight, C. Cameron; bantamweight, A. Johnson; flyweight, F. G. Thompson.

These boys show the earmarks of sterling scrappers, and I feel confident they will hold their own against the best boxers anywhere.

Our amateur weight-lifters give definite promise of creating records. The team consists of: O. G. Charley, E. C. Williams, G. M. Espeut and C. L. Goldsmith.

On the whole, I am confident that our team will put up a showing that will earn for them a high place in the final accounting of the Games.

In England, Buzzy Barton, after a long string of meritorious victories, lost the decision in a return bout with Eddie Pierce, the renowned South African middleweight champion, and contender for Empire middleweight honors.

Our welterweight, Lefty Flynn, has not been active for quite a while. However, we hope to have early reports of a busy campaign, and trust he will land a title bout and win the crown.

Williams and Chocolate seem quite unable to break their long string of defeats.

THE RING IN MEXICO
By CHARLES V. FULTON

PANCHO VILLA, the great little fighter who has a victory over world's champion Harry Jeffra, will battle this month Tiburcio De la Rosa, the bantamweight champion of Mexico. De la Rosa is considered to be the ninth bantam of the world by THE RING. The fight between Villa and De la Rosa will be one of the best of the year.

Jerry Pelton, popular manager from Los Angeles, is now in Mexico City with his fighters, Emilio Magana and Toby Vigil. In his first appearance, Magana lost an unpopular decision to Joe Conde, lightweight king, while Vigil decisioned Rodolfo Casanova in a very close match.

Joe Sarno arrived here for the second time. He is handling three colored boys: "Yambo" Andrade from Puerto Rico, Willie Cheatum and Frankie Anselm. Sarno has met with tough luck as his fighters were defeated in their debuts.

Kid Azteca, welterweight champion of the Republic, is planning to go to the States soon. In his last battle he defeated Saverio Turiello from Italy, and is ranked in fourth place with ten best welters of the world.

Promoters wanting to use Azteca can get in touch with Luis Morales at Estrella No. 62, Mexico City.

In one of the best bouts of the month, Luis Zaldivar, promising lightweight, beat Paco Villa by a decision. "Maestrito" Flores knocked out "Midget Azteca" and lost to Alex Garcia. Jose Mendoza beat "Yambo" Andrade. Sebastian Gonzalez decisioned Willie Cheatum, and Frank Anslem was held to a draw by "Kid Torero."

Lightweight and welterweight wrestlers wanting to show their wares here, and bantam, feather and lightweight boxers may get in touch with the writer at "La Aficion" newspaper, Iturbide 16-A, Mexico City.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

AL REID, clever New York featherweight, handed Tony Dupre of Manchester, N. H., a licking over the ten-round route at Washington. Dupre was a topheavy favorite to lick the New Yorker, mainly through his decisive win over Lou Gevinson in Washington. While Reid won by a good margin, the match was far from one-sided, with the less experienced Dupre making a gallant stand in the latter rounds.

Buck Everett, Indiana heavyweight, put a stop to the winning ways of young Murray Kanner, Washington heavyweight, when he tagged Murray with a terrific right cross in round two. Kanner, a game youngster, struggled to his feet at the count of nine, but was in no shape to continue. George Abrams, undefeated Washington middleweight, continued his streak by winning over Leo Red Finnegan of New York in eight rounds. Johnny Lucas of Camden, N. J., outpointed Willie Burroughs of Mobile, Ala., in the third eight-rounder of the evening. Burroughs, a rough and ready mixer, gave Lucas a real evening's work, but Johnny is still too good for the average boxer among the welterweights.

Roosevelt Rowe of Philadelphia registered a six-round technical knockout over Bobby Moseling of Washington at the Richmond Armory in Baltimore, when the bout was stopped because of Bobby's helpless condition. Lem Salmon knocked out Jose Alvares in two heats and Young Zando scored over K. O. Clark in six rounds when the bout was stopped, it being so one-sided.

Stumpy Jacobs, veteran lightweight of Richmond, Va., made his first step on his comeback by handing Lou Jallos of Cleveland a beating over the ten-round route at Richmond. Jake Denning of Durham, N. C., another veteran on a comeback campaign, also was successful when he took the duke over the hard-punching Red Lewis of Richmond, Va., in ten rounds.

Baltimore fans handed something new in the way of ring oddities, when Sammy Laporte put on the first sit down strike thus far witnessed in the ring. Laporte was engaged in battle with Lawrence Gunn before some two thousand fans. The boys met in a return battle, their last encounter being a humdinger. After six rounds of stiff milling, with Laporte having slightly the better of the argument, Sammy decided he had done enough work for the night and remained seated when the bell rang for the seventh round. Sammy did not protest that he was hurt or tired, but merely refused to continue the battle by remaining seated in his corner. Sammy refused to break his sit-down strike and the bout was awarded to Gunn on a technical knockout. As an aftermath, it was acknowledged by Sammy that he was paid to sit down by some smart guy, so Sammy did just that, and instead of taking a dive, Sammy used his novel method of a sit-down strike. As far as the National Boxing Association is concerned, Sammy can continue from now on. (Sammy has been suspended indefinitely.)

Andrea Jessurun, rugged French boxer, handed Tony Falco a terrific pasting in ten rounds before the Rialto Club in Washington. Falco never flinched but was just no match for the oncoming Jessurun, who has a world of class. Pete Scalzo of New York belted out Al Gillette, also of New York, in two rounds. Joey Green had the better of Brooks Bowen of Richmond in the special six-rounder. Doug Sweatman was too good for Vince Carino in the opening six-rounder.

Buck Everett, veteran Washington heavyweight, made a grand stand against the highly touted Bob Pastor in ten rounds at the Turner Arena in Washington. Pastor has yet to nail the cagy Buck with his famed right hand, although Bob did connect with many damaging left hooks that shook the veteran Everett to the heels. Everett was not without his moments, though, and on several occasions he hit Pastor with right crosses that would have taken down less sturdy opposition. The fight was a hard one, but lacked the thrills mainly due the systematic way that Everett boxed his younger and stronger opponent. Steve Mamakos bested Joey Spangler in a hectic six-round preliminary that saw both boys on the deck.

Ray Ingram and Stumpy Jacobs, two veteran lightweights, staged a great fight in ten rounds at Richmond, Va., with Ingram coming out on the long end.

PICK-UPS—Washington is in line for one of the biggest fight arenas in the country . . . . A corporation of local business men have an ice hockey arena under way that will seat at least 12,000 fans to a boxing show, so it looks like the Nation's Capital will see some big time matches in the winter months as well as in the outdoor season . . . . The Arena will also be air-cooled, and the promoters intend to stage boxing contests the year around . . . . Amateur boxing is having its yearly innings in Washington at the present, with big shows being staged at the Catholic University and Maryland University Gyms, and while both places can seat easily four thousand fans, there are always many turned away . . . . Lou Gevinson, former amateur champion of these parts, has just finished his first year of professional boxing, having engaged in fourteen contests, two of which he lost, and winning the other twelve . . . . Thus far, Lou has had all of his opponents on the floor at some stage of their battle . . . . That Lou is popular in Washington, where he engaged in all fourteen of his matches, can be seen by the fact that he grossed better than six grand for his year's work.

After three unsuccessful shows, Howard Livingston has given up at the Rialto Theatre in Washington . . . . Livingston ran into all kinds of tough luck with substitutions that ruined his main attraction on three attempts to stage shows . . . . Heinie Miller, secretary to the boxing commission of the District of Columbia, has been promoted to a major in the Marine Reserves, he being in charge of the local battalion of Marine Reserves in the district . . . . Heinie also edits a magazine, and to make sure that his boxing will not deteriorate, he coaches the Maryland University boxing team, his team last year winning the Southern Conference title.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

PETE DERUZZA, punching New York welter, scored over Billy Deeg of San Antonio in his first start here. Pete had Deeg down a couple of times, but the game Billy came on to make a good fight of it.

Kenny LaSalle, classy California welter, who has won 14 of his 15 local starts, took the measure of Johnny Durso in a fast set-to. Durso moved out in front the first few rounds, but Kenny put on the heat and won going away.

Tony Bruno, who flattened Cowboy Marlin Owens several months ago, gave Owens a return match, and although apparently an easy winner, saw the Cowboy's hand lifted in token of victory.

Al Bernard, Jewish 160-pounder, stamped himself as a real comer when he knocked out Roy Beard in his initial appearance here. Bernard is one of the best looking prospects the writer has seen in a long time and we predict a brilliant future for him.

"Silent" Sammy Musco, Omaha, featherweight, showed great form in trouncing Al Manriquez and stopping Young Maxie Rosenbloom. Spotting Sol Levinson ten pounds and several inches in height and reach, proved too much of a handicap for Musco and Levinson won a close decision.

Tony Musto, Chicago heavyweight, made a clean sweep of the Texas heavyweights, Max Roesch being the last to fall before the pile-driving fists of Bill William's protege. The bout, staged in Dallas by Promoter Dick Griffin, drew a large crowd and was rated as one of the best fights ever staged there.

A two-day Golden Glove tournament saw eight classy young amateurs crowned district champions. They were: Hayden Harper, heavyweight; Billy Colbert, light-heavyweight; Calvin Bennefield, middleweight; Elby Pettaway, welterweight; James Foytic, lightweight; Jesse Williamson, featherweight; Harry Roth, bantamweight, and Johnny Santarelle, flyweight. Colbert, Pettaway and Williamson were the outstanding performers and all look like comers. The high school trophy was won by Pettaway and his Sam Houston team.

Billy Pereira, flashy feather, continued his victory march with impressive wins over Chick Sanchez and Kayo Augustine. Pereira showed plenty stuff in getting off the deck to whip Sanchez.

Promoter Hugh Benbow, Houston's impresario, continues to draw near capacity houses week after week, and the game here is in the most healthy state it has ever known. Fighters, managers and others wishing to show here may reach the local promoter at 214½ Main Street, Houston, Texas.

Bill Raggio, classy New Orleans middleweight, is cutting a wide swath through the ranks of the state's 160-pounders. A knockout over Doyle Tittle and a one-sided victory over Cecilio Lazado moved Bill right up among the top rungs hereabouts.

Other results over the state:
Young Ernest K.O.'ed Joe Darby and drew and won over Jose Morales. Johnny Lindsey beat Jack Taylor. Taylor scored over Jim McNeil. Raymond Serrano was held to a draw by Lew Jenkins. Ran Jackson beat Pork Chops Alexander but lost to Baby Jack Thomas. Larkin Colley beat Doyle Tittle. Newell Bridges drew with Floyd Adams. Joe Agler trimmed Lou Duran and Dick Porter. Santos Ramirez K.O.'ed Joe Darby. Phil Sharkey, promising New Jersey feather, showed class in scoring kayo wins over Benny Perez and Clyde Morris. Ralph Vitela beat Frankie Rao for the second time. Al Manriquez, rugged 126-pounder, knocked out Young Maxie Rosenbloom . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

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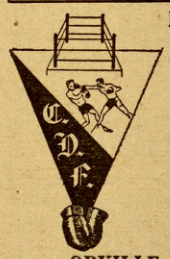

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UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI

By KEN FERGUSON

TWO major upsets among the Miami lightweight colony startled local fandom this month and convinced us that "experts" never know how to pick them. Yucatan Kid decisioned Norment Quarles, and Irish Johnny Dean returned greatly improved from Washington, D. C., rings to lower Bobby Britton's colors in a great swatfest.

Tony Celli, rugged Boston heavyweight, whipped Charley (Hobo) Williams in a good ten-round main event at West Palm Beach. Celli has beaten everything sent against him in Palm Beach this year, as has Ralph Chong, Chinese "Cutie" from New Orleans. Chong added to his scalps Pat Wright's Texas middleweight, Charley Jerome, and Jimmy Webb, promising middleweight from St. Louis. The latter fight was Matchmaker Pat Wright's initial card at Miami Beach, where a new canvas roof has added immeasurably to the drawing powers of the former "Rain Bowl."

Ned Nelson, promising Philadelphia light-heavy, tossed leather for ten rounds at Carl Knowles and finally earned the decision. It was an excellent win for Pete Leto's kid. Young Halligan decisioned Dal Goodwin in six rounds, and Pete Tarpley, a good junior welter, belted Ike Goldberg into the resin at will.

Jim Downing, veteran of the Tampa hemp, has left that city to promote in Atlanta, and reports emanating from there indicate he's off to an auspicious start. He staged a Ben Brown-Eddie Polo fight that drew well. Brown dumped Polo into the land of nod in one round with two well aimed punches.

Al Ketchell, the fellow who has done such a neat job of promoting in St. Petersburg, has commuted across the Gandy Bridge to take over Downing's old job at Benjamin Field. Al has built up the St. Pete club to some semblance of its old self and he is quite capable of doing well in Tampa. Ketchell will continue as matchmaker at St. Petersburg as well.

And speaking of St. Pete reminds us that Percy Watson, the Hialeah "water works kid," made quite a hit there by belting rugged Ray Lyle around for ten rounds, following which Lyle looked like he'd been playing with a buzz saw. Watson is a determined workman, who avenged a former knockout at Lyle's hands in Miami. Ceal Yancey is another favorite of St. Petersburg fans, as is flashy Red Hutchins, a featherweight. Over in Tampa, Chino Alvarez, Baby Miller and Norment Quarles continue to play the leading roles, all lightweights. Al Ketchell is endeavoring to land a return match between Yucatan Kid and Norment Quarles for Tampa in February.

After knocking out Eddie Polo in Atlanta, Ben Brown returned to Miami's Armory Arena to knock out Texas Joe Dundee in two rounds. Ben had previously decisioned Dundee twice, and an interesting twist of fate found Freddy Steele, world's middleweight champ (recuperating on the Florida sands after the Apostoli beating), as referee of the Brown-Dundee match . . . . Brown, as you know, is one of Freddy's outstanding challengers, and after Announcer Jerry Weinberg announced Steele as the "world's middleweight king," he followed up by hailing Ben Brown as "the next middleweight champion" . . . . It brought a cheer from the crowd and a smile to good natured Steele's lips.

Lou Novarro, retired Cuban lightweight, who battled most of the best, is handling many Havana importations . . . . His ace-in-the-hole is Sixto Morales, former lightweight champion of Cuba, who is in demand by the Latins around Tampa. Lou is well liked around the Florida fistic circuit and his boys get lots of work.

Wishy Jones and Johnny Higgins, those Popeyes of the seaways, are in British Honduras where Wishy meets National Kid, Nicaraguan lightweight, and later is scheduled to engage Kid Hartley, lightweight champion of Jamaica, British West Indies . . . . Jones is a classy boxer, an Irishman from Louisville, who has whipped Orville Drouillard, Georgie Hansford, Midget Mexico, Galitto Ramiriz, Cecil Payne, Roger Bernard and Al Hamilton . . . . Higgins is a middleweight with a hard punch.

Yucatan Kid returned to action following wins over Tommy Speigal and Norment Quarles, getting a T.K.O. over Snag Trowbridge in an Armory main event in the fourth round, after the hard punching Snag had the Kid in a bad way in the third round . . . . A cut eye ended the bout.

Stanley Porado, Detroit lightweight, twice earned the extra purse for best preliminary performance when he drew with Young Halligan and Herb Fischer, Montreal kid, in six rounders at West Palm Beach . . . . Porado gave Toby Scroggins a bad beating in eight rounds at the same club.

Announcement has just been made public that Captain W. H. Peeples, Jr., has signed Gus Lesnevitch, Russian Lion, ranked sixth among world light-heavyweights, to fight Ben Brown, Cotton Belter, at Coral Gables Coliseum. It probably means that Brown will campaign among the 175-pound boys in the future, and this opinion is substantiated by the 165 pounds Ben carried into the ring in his last start against Texas Joe Dundee . . . . Ben, only twenty years old, is growing rapidly, and many critics think he will attain heavyweight proportions.

The Joey Zodda-Yucatan Kid match, scheduled as Pat Wright's second effort, resulted in Yucatan Kid's withdrawal when Zodda weighed in one pound overweight . . . . Joey Raymond, Tampa youngster, substituted for the Mexican and whipped Zodda in a nip and tuck finish . . . . Snag Trowbridge, the old war horse from West Palm Beach, decisioned Sixto Morales of Cuba in a 10-round supporting bout, and Chet Giddeon kayoed Al Williams, heavyweights . . . . Abe Schneider knocked out Young Figuerado, junior welters, and Eddie Lee, Chinese bantam from St. Louis, outpointed Young Murdock, jockey-fighter from the West Coast, in an opening four . . . . Jack Larrimore, St. Petersburg welter, gave Dal Goodwin a workmanlike pasting in another four.

We want to thankfully acknowledge many letters from all parts of the world during the past few months . . . . Ira M. Pommells, youthful businessman-promoter from Belize, British Honduras, is building up boxing in that city . . . . Best of luck to you, Ira!

Gladstone DeSouza, genial promoter of Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, has written us frequently about his fruitful plans for the present winter . . . . "Puckoo," as he is known all over the Pan-American world, has young Herrera, heavyweight champion of Cuba and the West Indies, as his biggest attraction . . . . Another Jamaican ace is Syd Brown, middleweight, while a number of Jamaica's favorite sons are campaigning in England at present, chief of whom are Kid Silver, welter; Buzz Barton, middleweight; and Lefty (Satan) Flynn, welter . . . . Jamaica, that tiny isle in the Caribbean Sea, produces some first class fighting men.

We're sorry we can't personally answer all letters requesting information concerning the Miami area unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is included.

The H.M.S. "Apollo," British light cruiser, is fortunate in having Lieutenant Commander Holden as boxing instructor . . . . The "Apollo" has Able Seaman Judge, open heavyweight champion of the Royal Navy, on board . . . . also many other lesser fleet champions . . . . The "Apollo" spends much of her time in West Indian waters . . . . Our correspondence with Commander Holden has been both educational and entertaining.

We welcome correspondence from our Pan-American neighbors to the south and will be pleased to answer any questions, promoters or boxing fans in the West Indies, Panama, or South America may desire answered. Address Ken Ferguson, Box 448, Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida.

Unencumbered fighters, anxious to show in Florida, may get action here by writing the same address.

Irish Johnny Dean swarmed all over Bobby Britton in their rematch to take his second successive Miami victory in 1938 . . . . Dean is a greatly improved fighter over last year's form and it will take one of the nation5s best to beat him.

Johnny Paulus of Philadelphia was given the nod over Wen Lambert, Duluth middleweight, in a good action semi-final on the Dean-Britton card. It could have been a draw.

Southern promoters will kindly have their notes in by the first of the month.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

THE question before the beef board on this chilly morning regards the chances of Phil Brubaker, the Dinuba divinity, regaining his place in the fistic firmament following successive knockout defeats at the hands of Monsieur Andre Lenglet, the inconsistent Frenchman, and Eddie Simms, Cleveland's battle-worn Polack. Since that disastrous Friday night at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, when Simms bounced him into the resin after sixty seconds of the initial inning, our Philip has made four starts—and to date is batting one thousand per cent—which is hitting, even in the Prune Belt League. He has knocked out Ted Johnson, Frankie Simms, Johnny Erjavec, and one other whose name escapes me at the moment, which all goes to prove that, if nothing else, the one-time prospective parson is hitting harder than ever before. Showing at the Dreamland Auditorium against Simms, brother of Eddie, Brubaker dropped that worthy as cold as a pawnbroker's eye. He gave Erjavec a terrific pasting at the Oakland Auditorium before Referee Duffy stopped it in the fourth stanza, and although his timing was off woefully and he carried a bit of excess freight about the tummy, he disposed of the awkward Duluth boy in no uncertain manner.

Brubaker, still a young man, has all the tools which made him a sensation not so long ago, and with marital and managerial troubles a thing of the past, the sparsely-haired heavyweight may yet go to town. With the exception of Louie Nova, he can probably lick any heavyweight on the Coast right now, and with a few more important victories under his belt, in a little better shape, he'll be ready for Larruping Louie himself. That, my friends, would be a "natural"!

While we're on the subject of local heavyweight society, it's not amiss to wonder a bit anent the present fortunes of Sonny Boy Walker, Frank Schuler's Arizona Irisher. The victim of a stunning upset when he was knocked out by big "Chuck" Crowell, Walker seemed to slip appreciably, for in his next start he was stopped at Hollywood by Jack Roper of West Virginia, not a first-class ringman by any stretch of the imagination. Walker hasn't been heard from, fistically speaking, since the Roper debacle, and one wonders whether this once-prominent youngster has decided to call it a day.

The guy whose murderous right hand sent Walker on the road back, "Chuck" Crowell, had a pretty good month. He started off by stopping one Sandy McDonald, a very cautious Scot, in six rounds at Dreamland, but was then the victim of Eddie Simms' superior experience, losing a decision to the Cleveland veteran at the local boxfight barn. Traveling southward, he rated the headlines again by flattening Bob Nestell, ex-wonder boy of the Los Angeleno fight colony, in two rounds, and is now looking for new worlds to conquer. Baron von Stumme's pride and joy lacks any semblance of class, which is excusable in view of his mere score of professional starts, but man, how he do sock!

Louie Nova, this state's first heavyweight by right of conquest, surprised everybody by getting only a draw in his tenner with Lee Ramage at Hollywood. Seems as though the Movie City atmosphere doesn't agree with promising young pachyderms from the San Francisco sector. Brubaker and Walker were flattened in Charley McDonald's arena, and Nova shouldn't have had serious trouble with Ramage, who was through two years ago.

That's all the heavyweight gossip that means anything in the national fistic forum, but there were some lesser lights among the big boys who saw some action. Bobby Larue, Paddy Ryan's heavyweight hope, kayoed Matt Rhoades of Denver in two rounds on the Crowell-McDonald card and then was held to a six-round draw in his bout with colored George Hughes of Los Angeles in a supporting feature to the Brubaker-Frankie Simms tiff. Over across the bay at Oakland, Domingo Valin, the perennial Portuguese from Haywards, was held to a ten-round even-stephen by Johnny Erjavec, this being a return engagement of their first meeting, won by the latter.

After winning a hotly-contested ten-round battle at the Civic Auditorium, Dick Foster, Dolph Thomas' promising young Berkeley middleweight, is now two up in his private feud with Dale Sparr, Ray Carlin's two-fisted sailor boy. Foster came through with a last-round spurt that dissolved all doubt as to the victor after ten furious rounds of melee. It would appear that Master Foster is going places in this boxfighting business, for he has come along by the proverbial leaps and bounds in the past year, a hairline loss to Young Corbett, cleverest of the Old Guard, being the only blemish on his record.

The six-round slugfest between Harry Cahill of this city and "Red" Farmer of Honolulu, T. H., staged at the recently reopened National Hall, tiny Mission Street arena, was a throwback to the days when men were men. The mustached Cahill, a terrific right-handed walloper, and carrot-topped Farmer, a tireless, two-handed workman of the Bat Nelson school, put on a Donnybrook that ranked with the thrillers of modern San Francisco ring history. They punched and punched and punched some more and the fans were so thrill-drunk at the finish that they nearly ripped the roof off with heartily-voiced approbation. Cahill was the winner.

In poor contrast was the companion feature, involving Norbert Meehan, local lightweight southpaw, and "Kid" Ray, the Stockton mauler. Meehan outclassed Ray for six straight rounds and walked off with the decision.

Formerly known as the "Bucket of Blood," National Hall plans to show every Monday night, and their two presentations to date have been a bit of all right, from an action standpoint. In the first, Young Joe Roche, classy North Beach bantamweight, whipped tough Donnie Maes of Los Angeles over the six-round route, and Kui Kong Young, hard-hitting Chinese southpaw featherweight, stopped Tony Manini of this city in the second.

Al Young, the dean of local fight impresarios, under whom the "Hall" made San Francisco history, is again at the helm and promises that every single card will make up in he-man action what it lacks in "name" performers.

En route to San Francisco from Los Angeles for a fight with Lester Marston, Ritchie Fontaine, Missoula, Mont., featherweight star, and his manager, Bud Taylor, one-time bantamweight idol, were seriously injured when their car was smashed into by another. For a time it was feared that Fontaine's boxing days were over as the result of the injuries he received but as this is written, both he and Taylor are on the road to recovery, over which, we hope, they may travel speedily.

Chico Romo, Los Angeles Mexican, substituted against Marston and was stopped in the eighth after being floored nine times.

Joe Gavras, promising young Greek lightweight, was the victim of a miscarriage of justice when his bout with Lester Marston was called a draw at the end of ten rounds at the Oakland Auditorium. Gavras floored his local rival in the fourth and fed him a nice straight left for ten rounds, more than offsetting Marston's infighting superiority, but Referee Billy Burke couldn't see it that way, thus the toss-up verdict.

"Red" O'Malley, hard-socking San Diego heavyweight, stopped "Sunny" Jim McVey, inconsistent Negro slugger, in the second round of the semi-windup, scoring three knockdowns before a halt was called.

Mickey Duris, a human shock-absorber from Pittsburgh, took a lacing for ten straight rounds from Eddie Booker, classy Negro welter from San Jose, and received a draw for his fortitude at the conclusion of their Dreamland encounter.

HERE 'N' THERE—Results of the less important boxfights throughout the sector: "Little Tiger" Wade, Peoria, Ill., Negro welterweight, trimmed Johnny Bassanelli in ten at Sacramento; Bassanelli also dropped an eight-round duke to Johnny Fasano, who, in turn, was whipped by Henry Woods, Yakima, Wash., colored boy, both being Dreamland affairs; Tommy Cobb of San Jose whipped Filipino Santos Hugo over ten rounds at San Jose; "Red" Farmer of Honolulu, middleweight, whipped Mario Duchini of Sacramento in four bristling rounds at National Hall; "Newsboy" Millich, tough Russian light-heavy, outbanged "Big Tiger" Wade of Peoria, Ill., in a bruising sixer at Sacramento; at Dreamland, "Red" Farmer stopped "Ace of Spades," Milwaukee Negro middleweight, in the fourth.

THE LAST BELL tolled for George Sharkey, veteran San Francisco fight "character," during the month past. The story has it that Sharkey once passed the chance to handle Dempsey, preferring Al Norton, a heavyweight who later fell victim to the great "Mauler."

MORE HERE 'N' THERE—George Cirimele, terrific-punching amateur lightweight ace, is turning to the pro ranks after winning forty-five of fifty Simon-pure starts . . . . When George hits 'em, they drops! . . . . The class of the recent P. A. junior amateur tourney was young Jack Lunny, sixteen-year-old C. Y. O. lightweight, who exudes class.

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

CHICAGO is once again gaining importance as a boxing center. We are now fortified with two fight clubs which present weekly attractions, namely, the Marigold Gardens Arena and the Rainbo Fronton. The former entertains fight-goers on Monday evenings and the latter on Friday nights. Billy Cepak is getting into the fold again at the Cicero Stadium, while Migue Malloy, "Chicago's impresario promoter," is contemplating nation-wide interest bouts at the Chicago Stadium.

Jackie Wilson displayed his craftiness afoot before local audiences on two different occasions this past month. He drew with Leo Rodak, Chicago's featherweight, and his second appearance was against the formidable Filipino larruper, Varias Milling, peppering Milling's suave face with rapidity and opening a deep wound over the Filipino's forehead which bled incessantly. Milling, previous to this combat, outslugged the rugged Jackie Callura of Toronto, Canada, for ten stanzas, exploding T.N.T. smashes to the body and to the side of the jaw with regularity.

Pete Lello, stellar lightweight prospect, won a hectic encounter from Everett Simington. Both boys sustained deep gashes over one of their optics—Lello's incapacitating him to such an extent that his scheduled New York affair with Charley Gomer was cancelled. Tony Zale, ponderous middleweight from Gary, Ind., administered a severe beating to Henry Shaft of Minneapolis, battering his adversary into the resin on three different occasions of an eight-round tiff—one-half of a double wind-up presented for the ardent Marigold followers' enthusiasm of this sport. In the other eight, Tony Petroskey, Muskegon Pole, plastered the weaving Mexican from Mexico, Remo Fernandez, garnering two knockdowns to his favor—unleashing sweeping right hands with telling effect.

Harry Thomas, state heavyweight champion, harnessed himself into winning stride, subduing Unknown Winston of Salem, Mass., in round three of a tenner at Minneapolis. Winston is the colored demon who upset Maurice Strickland, imported from Australia, in four rounds at the Chicago Stadium just a year ago. Thus, this win will inevitably place Thomas on the right track among his competitors.

Jack Fargo of Winnetka, 193-pound behemoth, rose from the preliminary ranks to main events, toppling the swarthy C.Y.O. heavyweight hombre, Tom Keneally, with a "pot shot," in less than a round. With this stunning accomplishment, he was signed by the Rainbo Fronton to oppose Art Oliver, a winner over former world's heavyweight champion Max Baer, for eight markers. Fargo maintained a continuous and devastating body attack to notch out a victory. In the semi-windup at the same distance, Jimmy Clark, the sweetest concoction of fighting rhythm to grace our city, methodically stowed away an ebony flash, Elby Johnson, in two chalkers.

Johnny Helstrom, local pride, scaling 138 pounds, ran into a tartar in his anxiety to enclose himself into headline jousts, losing a corker to Georgie Van Der Hayden. After assimilating a beating at the hands of the Belgian for three of their six-round combat, being on the canvas for a nine-count in the third, Johnny spurted and outscrambled the South Bend puncher in the latter three decisively, the "count" preventing him from receiving a hard-earned triumph . . . . Milt Aron, Chicago's own Jewish welter kayo artist, has chalked up two more stowaways, kayoing Lew Raymond in six and Charley Burns in the fourth.

Gene Spencer is a likely looking prospect whom you can tab as a future possibility. In his last two matches, he has emerged victorious over Young Mickey Walker, scrappy comer from Kansas, and belted Mike Battalino at will to establish his qualifications in the 126-pound weight. Tall and lanky in stature, Spencer wields a mighty two-fisted attack and only Willie Joyce, last year's Golden Gloves feather champion, was able to eke out mastery. Joyce conquered Sammy Scully to retain his undefeated record, marred only by a draw verdict secured by the latter.

Johnny Barbara, fast rising South Bend, Ind., Italian puncher, blasted Sammy Chivas of Detroit out of the picture in the eighth frame of their ten-round swatfest. It was some time afterward before the Motor City Greek regained consciousness—a sterling achievement for this dyed-in-the-wool miller. Verne Patterson, cagy colored dynamo and 1937 Golden Gloves welter champ, repeated his first accomplishment over Tony Petroskey. This time he evaded the murderous clouts of the rugged Pole for eight spectacular innings.

For the benefit of the boxers who deserve recognition in the state, I have compiled a list of ratings which takes in the local boys, some of whom may have been left out in the February issue of The Ring.

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Harry Thomas, champion; Max Marek and Tony Musto.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Young Jack Blackburn, Chet Le Vere and Bill Palmer.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Tony Zale, Nate Bolden, Johnny Barbara and Bob Lo Monte.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Barney Ross, world's champion; Holman Williams, Milt Aron and Harold Brown.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Davey Day, Al Nettlow, Pete Lello and Billy Marquart.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Leo Rodak, Varias Milling and Johnny Brown.

There are no bantams nor flyweights in this sector.

LOOPING THE LOOP VIA THE FISTIC TRAIL—Tony Musto, Billy Williams' heavyweight prodigy, has scored ten out of ten, practically all wind-up bouts. Don Davis, a lightweight contender more than a decade ago, traded punches and ring generalship with such ring luminaries as Tod Morgan, Sammy Mandel, Eddie Shea, Tommy Grogan, Armando Santiago, Eddie Kid Wolf, Phil Salvadore and others too numerous to mention. Don is assisting Ed McNeil in prepping a couple of likely looking amateurs and has been selected as one of our boxing instructors, designated by the commission to further the science of this sport.

Sam Buxbaum, perennial fight trainer, has more "big boys" as prospects at this stage of his career than he has had in any other time, which includes thirty-five years as an efficient handler of glovers; namely, Jack Stamper, Rusty Fields, John Sybryst, Harry Smith, Marian Mosley, Paul Mallory (colored), and Pert Davies, all angling for heavyweight honors . . . . Leonard Harris has taken over the reigns of Lorenzo Lovings, a former lightweight champion of the C.Y.O. . . . . Harold Ryan, inspector for the boxing commission from 1933 to 1936, inclusive, has supplanted Chuck Logan as promoter of the Rainbo Fronton. Ryan possesses the knowledge, personality and experience to transplant this vast arena of 4500 to a profitabe and popular rendezvous. Lou Gross is aiding in a matchmaking capacity, with Fred Embe holding down the post of treasurer. Their offices will be situated in Trafton's Gymnasium, 180 W. Randolph St.

Danny Spunt, busy manager, will do business hereafter in conjunction with Harry Weiss. Spunt will look after Bob La Monte during Capocy's indefinite travel. Johnny Phagan, one of the many Golden Gloves champions in the past, has decided to don the gloves again . . . . Karl Ogren, another great middleweight of a few years back, has a beauteous training camp and resort up at Little Sissabagama Lake, six miles south of Stone Lake, Wisconsin. James J. Braddock, recently dethroned title-holder, utilized the advantages of this splendid training site, preparatory to his title defense versus Joe Louis. Ogren has just attained the tender age of twenty-five and is a very successful business man. Karl fought in all parts of the world and when an amateur, sixteen years of age, residing in the United States for a short period of six months prior to his entry here from Sweden, he astonished fight-goers by annexing the Golden Gloves middleweight championship. His prominence would have been in effect today, had it not been for an abdominal ailment which forced his early departure from the profession that netted him a handsome return. Billy Gilespie, runner-up in the last A.A.U. finals, has been developed by Ogren and having Gus Rock furthering his ring ability.

TOE HOLDS AMONG THE HERCULEANS—The pachyderms have migrated into Trafton's Gym this past month, offering the "paid" onlookers a decided contrast to that of fisticuffs. Distinguished matmen here are: Bronko Nagurski, claimant of the world's heavyweight championship; Frederich Von Shacht, Germany's contribution, who displayed enviable strength in his workouts; Ruffy Silverstein, reigning heavyweight monarch of the state, is in all probability the fastest slipperiest in the wrestling field; Big Bill Beth, "the German Adonis," has also exhibited preponderous power; Steve Savage, a past master in the science of catch-as-catch-can; Promoter Fred Kohler, who isn't any slouch in this manly art of exchanging grips, as well as several lesser athletes who have absorbed the dynamic power, slams the excruciating pain of their generalships. Ali Baba (minus the forty thieves), made an appearance, and does he look garrulous! Short in stature, grotesque in build and sporting a streamlined mustachio, giving one the general impression of a pair of wings . . . . Don't forget to have your notes in not later than the first of the month to 5340 Winthrop Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HENRY J. PETRIN

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

JIMMY ADAMICK, Detroit's sensational kayo king, returned to action last month when he trekked over to St. Paul and flattened Izzy Singer, New York Jewish heavy. There is a lot of talk of a bout between Adamick and Roscoe Toles before the outdoor season opens.

Lorenzo Pack, Detroit Negro giant, returned to Detroit and won by a technical kayo over Johnny Whiters, classy colored boy from Pontiac. It was one of the best heavyweight fights to be seen in Detroit in some time.

On the same program, K.O. Morgan, Detroit's uncrowned bantamweight champion, flattened Lenny Cohen, Chicago star. Morgan was making a nice bout of it, clowning his way to an easy win, when Cohen stung him with a couple of hard shots, and Morgan turned on the heat. It doesn't pay to get Morgan out of humor.

Teddy Dickerson won a very close decision over Ralph Barnett in a six-rounder and Leonard Bennett outfumbled Billy Bengal over the same distance.

Eddie Kozole, River Rouge lightweight star, had no trouble winning the Diamond Belt tourney in the open division. Kozole rates as the best amateur lightweight in the country. He won the Detroit Golden Gloves last year, and went on to take the Mid-Western title in the Tournament of Champions at Chicago. He defeated Joe Kelly, National A.A.U. champion, in an inter-city show at Chicago. Spider Kelly, veteran trainer, has decided to turn Kozole pro, and is considering several offers from big-time managers. Kelly may be reached at the Rouge A. C., Stoner Ave., River Rouge, Mich.

Jack Kearns' outstanding show of the month was his first "home talent" card, and resulted in some of the best fights Detroit has seen. It was a financial success and proved that the good local boys who really fight, interest the fans more than just "names."

The main event marked the return of Al Nettlow to the scene of his early triumphs. Nettlow won everything in the amateurs around Detroit, but went to Chicago to turn pro, and has confined his efforts of the past two years to bouts in out of town rings. Nettlow's opponent was Bobby McIntire, a kid who had belted his way through twenty-two professional encounters without a defeat. McIntire was forced to accept his first setback. Nettlow started well, and took the first few rounds handily, but was staggered and hurt badly in the fourth, seventh and eighth rounds, and it looked like McIntire would come on to win. But a head bump in the tenth round cut McIntire's eye and Nettlow copped that round and the decision.

Clinton Bridges stopped Johnny Vorce; Ralph Barnett edged George Riley; Howell King trimmed Sammy Chivas; Dave Karp stopped Roscoe Rutland, and Walter Spears kayoed Joe Yakish.

Bobby McIntire, 131¼, invaded Chicago's Marigold Gardens to outpoint Georgie Vander Hayden, 135, South Bend, in the semi-final to Leo Rodak and Jackie Wilson. McIntire made a good impression in defeating the rugged "Flying Dutchman" from Indiana. On the same card Billy Bengal won over Russ Nyberg, and Baby Tellino dropped a close "duke" to Eddie Shapiro.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, Kans.—Les Showers, foremost amateur boxing promoter of the Middle West, directed the gigantic amateur tournament in this city and it proved highly successful, both financially and from an entertaining standpoint. Showers used the elite of amateur fighters from New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Texas, Nebraska, North Dakota and Kansas. A packed house witnessed the show the final night, and what an exciting climax to a fight show the way these champions and runnersup fought.

The champions: Heavyweight, Bob Owens; light-heavyweight, Harold Lowe; middleweight, Verlin Hoffine; welterweight, Mickey Dalberg; lightweight, Floyd Roby; featherweight, Ray Smith; bantamweight, Howard Snyder; and flyweight, Jackie Linnens.

Pittsburgh, Kans.—W. H. Millington directed the Golden Glove three-day amateur boxing tournament here at Mirza Mosque, with large crowds attending each night, every bracket filled with exciting fights and the show a big success from all angles. The winners will compete in the Tournament of Champions at Kansas City, Mo., in February. Just got a few of the winners' names of the divisions: Middleweight, Charles Depew; welterweight, Fred Holt; lightweight, K. O. Wheeler; featherweight, Kid Jamison; flyweight, Mike Hogan.

Hutchinson, Kans.—The Golden Gloves amateur boxing tournament closed a three-day show with flying colors and a nice profit and hundreds of pleased fight fans. The winning contestants will show their wares in the colossal fistic congress, the Tournament of Champions, in Kansas City, Mo., in February. The winners: Heavyweight, Ralph McAninch; light-heavyweight, Harold Burress; middleweight, Mervil King; welterweight, Billy Gardner; lightweight, Don Matthes; featherweight, Danny Bottero; bantamweight, Bobby Gardner; flyweight, Jackie Linnens.

Joplin, Mo.—Karl Applegate staged the Golden Glove amateur boxing tournament in this city and it is reported it went over in a big way, with slam-bang fights every night and fans highly elated with such a thrilling fistic tournament. Winners will fight in the Tournament of Champions in Kansas City. The winners: Heavyweight, Marion Fletcher; light-heavyweight, Van Parks; middleweight, Chub Wise; welterweight, Jimmy Willis; lightweight, Johnny Anderson; featherweight, Floyd Green; bantamweight, Windy Morris; flyweight, Jimmy White.

Kansas City, Kans.—Amateur boxing results one night show: Mike Amayo beat Jack Mosena, Albert Cox beat Roy Donanoski, Hubert Spalding beat Rollie Turner, Lou Amayo beat Dick Montavon, Eddie Kissenger beat Eddie Strick, Roy Stegman knocked out Walter Patch in three, Stanley Castaneda beat Tony Ortego, Fritz Gouby knocked out Farrow Luther in the third round.

Chilocco, Okla.—Amateur boxing results one night show. The Indians of the Chilocco beat the Haskell Indians of Lawrence. Jasper Swake beat G. Mace, Alvin Sheyayme knocked out H. Anderson in one, Ray Ragsdale knocked out H. Stain in one, Beeman Sam knocked out Chick Arnold in two, Joseph Brunner knocked out B. Anderson in one.

Topeka, Kans.—Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, reports tournament dates yet to be filled prior to the big Kansas City amateur show will be held at Kansas City, Kans., Topeka, Arkansas City, Lawrence and Dodge City.

Kansas City, Mo.—The three-day tournament in Kansas City came to a close and the winners of the Golden Glove championships will try for ring honors and the trip to Chicago in the Tournament of Champions to be held in February. About 200 champions from tournaments held in Missouri, Oklahoma and Kansas will be in the big leather maelstrom trying for the coveted championships and trophies and the Chicago trip and the try in the Chicago *Tribune's* big Golden Gloves show. Winners of the Kansas City tournament: Heavyweight, Tony Novak; light-heavyweight, Bronko Dodig; middleweight, Maurice Brown; welterweight, Ed Lewis; lightweight, Joey Sanchez; featherweight, Billy Orrison; bantamweight, Eddie Strick; flyweight, Stanley Castaneda.

Kansas City, Mo.—A Golden Glove tournament was held for colored fighters only, and what a classy show they had. Some exceptionally bitter fought contests were witnessed, and these colored champions will battle in the Tournament of Champions. Last year five colored lads won berths in the big show and went to Chicago. I note three winners this year went to Chicago last year, Neaves, Burton and Jackson. The winners: Heavyweight, Charley Neaves; light-heavyweight, Louis Jackson; middleweight, Kid Jordon; welterweight, Ferman Burton; lightweight, Hutson Hill; featherweight, Jackie Simmons; bantamweight, Gerald White; flyweight, Eddie Hudson.

Note: Any professional boxers unattached that can really fight and want to make connections with a square shooting manager that can deliver and get you some good fights worth while, get in touch with my friend, Bob Capocy, 1101 South Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill. Fighters of any weight that can deliver are requested.

George Cox, referee, is scouting around and may line up a few towns and promote shows bi-monthly. George is of the opinion this section is ripe for some good one night shows, either amateur or professional.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Craig, Colo.—"Rattlesnake" Jack Carson, Mt. Harris, Colorado, welterweight sensation, punched out an eight-round decision over Perry St. Louis of Battle Creek, Colo., in the main event of an interesting card.

Dick Dillon, Craig light-heavy, stopped Frank Gwen, Tulsa, Okla., in the six-round semi-windup. Dillon, incidentally, is a relative of the old Indianapolis "Giant Killer," Jack Dillon.

In a special event, Johnny Flynn, Cheyenne, Wyo., heavyweight, stopped Tiger Woodsbury of Rawlins, Wyo., in three heats.

Bud Hurd is the guiding hand of the Craig fight picture. This northwest Colorado city is a crackerjack fight center, and no doubt will be the scene of many good cards during the coming season. Mr. Hurd is anxious to contact regional welter, light-heavy and heavyweights. Address him as follows: Bud Hurd, Mg'r Craig Athletic Club, Craig, Colo.

The Albuquerque Sports Club of Albuquerque, N. M., has just entered the field, and Col. Jack Rickard informs me that they intend to bring in nationally known ringmen for their headliners. The New Mexico metropolis is a good fight town, so some battles of major import should be staged there during the coming season.

Jackie O'Brien, a gangling Australian knockout artist, will appear on the initial show slated for the first week in February. O'Brien, standing five feet eight inches in height and scaling 114 pounds, should be something new to fans of this region. Shades of Panama Al Brown! That the guy is a thunderous walloper is attested by the fact that his record shows some 45 kayos in 60-odd scraps, most of them in the opening heats. Welcome to the Southwest, Jackie.

Genial Joe M. Roybal seems to be cutting a wide swath down through Dixieland with his two aces, Ted Garcia and Mike Montoya. Both boys are on a remarkable winning spree in and around Fort Smith, Ark.

Howard Mann, Fort Morgan, Colo., high school youngster, shows all the earmarks of developing into a first-rate heavyweight scrapper. This kid has been sojourning in the amateurs for a couple of years, and if his showing in the recent Elks tournament is any criterion, he's ready to tangle with any of the current regional heavies.

Less Huffman is anxious to show his Alabama Kid again in these parts. One bout that would be a fistic treat would be the Kid in there with Dale Sparr, the pride of Olathe, Colo. I don't see why some enterprising Mountain promoter doesn't bring this pair together. The Kid always looks like the proverbial million bucks when he struts his stuff before local audiences, and with Sparr rapidly coming to the fore, it ought to be a whale of a battle.

Benny Lynch, Montana light-heavyweight, is anxious to show his wares in this section. Judging by his recent record, the Montana mauler ought to inject a bit of spice in the 175-pound ranks down this way.

B. B., Ogden, Utah: Yes, there was a man by the name of Tom King who once held the heavyweight title. He was an Englishman, who ruled in the bare-knuckle days. He won the crown from John C. Heenan. One of his remarkable performances was a victory over the immortal Jem Mace.

Joe Thomas, Shreveport, La.: At last accounts Joe Mandot was living in his hometown of New Orleans, La. The other New Orleans boy you refer to, Frankie Russell, has been dead a good many years.

Remember, the writer will always be glad to answer any and all questions relative to the glove industry in these parts. Also have a complete list of active promoters in these parts that you can have for a two-bit piece. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Abe Silverman, Denver, Colo.: The Ring was founded in 1922, and so far as I know, is the oldest boxing publication in the United States. Really, I think I would be safe in saying it is the oldest in the entire world.

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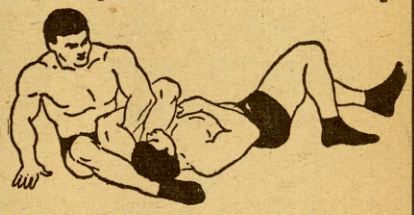

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

ART JOHNSON'S carnival of clout, staged by the Orioles, drew the largest crowd the Broadway auditorium has housed in several years. Johnson's show (an amateur one) made the professional cards look like small fry and the large gathering was vociferous in showing its appreciation. Close to 6500 fans jammed the big arena.

Jocko O'Sullivan, Jackie Donovan and Hiram Jackson won their bouts, but Bert Courage, also booked in one of the top matches, was stopped by a darky named Billy Muldoon from Erie, Pa. The Negro knew too much for the college boy and was complete master of the situation from the start.

O'Sullivan looks like a comer. If he continues to improve he'll be bad medicine for young and coming heavyweights next winter. Let us hope the managers of O'Sullivan will not be silly enough to turn him pro for many a day. The Niagara Falls lad is raw and knows little of boxing science. But he can punch like a trip-hammer with either hand and will go places if handled properly.

About 4500 fans saw Yvon Robert, giant French-Canadian, win two falls from Marve Westenberg in a main event staged by the Buffalo Sporting Club.

Other matches on the card resulted as follows: Everett Marshall threw Jack League; Felix Miquet gained a fall over Henry Graber; Tor Johnson tossed Joe Kujot; Bob Wagner threw Al Dunlop. The referee was Willie (K.O.) Brennan; judges, Bill Meyers and Art Scott; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Jack Herman has the 'rasslin' game booming. The grapplers are outdrawing the boxers, which wouldn't be so if a better class of fighters were used in main events. Herman knows wrestling from A to Z and has the proper connections with the right people. He can get the best in the game and the fans are flocking to his shows. He has lowered his general admission price to 40 cents and his generosity is appreciated and his shows well patronized because of this.

Herman, by the way, is also booking shows for a number of other clubs near Buffalo. Erie, Rochester, and Toronto use the same wrestlers that Herman does.

There is some talk of a new arena for Buffalo to be used for hockey and all sports. The cost of an auditorium similar to the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto would be around $2,000,000. It's safe to say that the proposed project is little more than a castle-in-the-air.

Buffalo's new Civic Stadium will not be entirely completed before late spring or early summer. This mammoth undertaking, built mostly with WPA funds, will cost $2,600,000 when completed. With the exception of football games of great importance it is doubtful if the 35,000 seats will ever be filled. Colgate-Tulane opened the Stadium last fall and did fill the big amphitheater, but games of this particular caliber are few and far between. According to rumor, Duke University and Tulane may meet in Buffalo in mid-October.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Jake Carey, sports promoter of Rochester, who died recently, will be greatly missed by his legion of friends . . . . Jake was of the old school of promoters and his word was his bond . . . . The writer had close business contacts with Jake over a period of many years . . . . The huge turnout at the amateur boxing carnivals staged by Art Johnson proves one thing: Buffalo is a great fight town and the fans only want a decent break in the way of attractions and they'll turn out en masse . . . . The professional shows offered at a general admission of $1.15 are a laugh . . . . Schoolboy Andrews, little more than a fair-to-middlin' amateur, has been featured in two star bouts and knocked out each time by Lou Presto . . . . These lines are not written to belittle Andrews . . . . We merely point out the fact that he has been badly handled and matched improperly by avaricious promoters . . . . Andrews, if he were given a decent break and provided time to improve his style against fighters of little experience like himself, might eventually get some place in the fistic sun . . . . Paulie Mahoney was given the same medicine before he had a chance to find himself.

Rock-'Em-Rudy Stiller, East Side German boy, is the latest protege of Tommy Timlin, who brought out Big Boy Brackey. Stiller, fresh from the amateurs, has won four professional fights and is improving with each appearance. Timlin is known as the Gray Fox and his greatest forte is his ability to see fistic ability in the rough. Manager Timlin is sharpening up Stiller for a joust with Lou Presto, best of the local light-heavies.

"Uncle Bert" Finch, the rotund manager of many fighters of near-championship caliber in the fight game's golden era, is assembling a new stable and will soon be in the thick of activities. "Uncle Bert" is the city's outstanding second and is always in demand for his plethora of boxing knowledge. While Tom Timlin is out of town Finch handles Stiller in his stead.

George Burke (Bird), promising heavyweight from St. Catherines, Ont., has gone to England with his manager, Billy Mitchie, of Buffalo. Burke was a riot in the amateurs and won the Canadian championship. Since turning professional big George triumphed in seven bouts but unhealthy conditions in Buffalo's inner boxing circle made his local future anything but bright. Taking the bull by the horns Manager Mitchie accepted an offer for five fights in England, one of them he hopes will be with Tommy Farr. Mike Martyk, another St. Catherines fighter, who is a featherweight, accompanied Mitchie and Burke on their European invasion.

STRAY SHOTS—We understand Paulie Mahoney and Ralph De John may fight again . . . . The boys have had too many tilts and the fans are tired of watching the same faces . . . . De John should be matched with a light-heavyweight of national reputation.

The Buffalo area offers splendid inducements for fighters of real ability. A heavyweight with a punch who is young and ambitious could clean up a fortune here as Buffalo is the best boxing town in the country. Boxers who are free from managerial tieups and contracts should write Hugh Shannon, Crescent A. A., 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

IN SHORT METER—Charlie Bailey of the *Times* believes the amateurs are a real blessing for the pro promoters . . . . Bailey points out that without the simon-pure shows there would be little or no chance to uncover new faces . . . . Your correspondent believes young boxers of ability from other cities could come here and adopt Buffalo as their home town and soon get the fans back of them . . . . Rumors are afloat that Tony Paul is going to hang up the gloves . . . . Yambo Andrades, Puerto Rican 126-pounder, wants to come to Buffalo for some fights . . . . Bert Courage, highly touted down-stater, will never get far as a pro . . . . He looked very amateurish in there with Billy Muldoon of Erie . . . . Tommy Moore believes Jamestown will see a revival of the pro mittsters soon . . . . Playfair Brown at Toronto has used Tony Sciolino several times of late and Tony is quite a card in the big Ontario town . . . . Promoter Brown, by the way, is angling for a championship fight in the spring.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

CLEVELAND will be the city for boys who want action, as there are two new clubs opening up. The million-dollar sports palace, known as the Arena, started with its popular priced shows with a slam-bang card. A new club by the name of the Forest City Sports Club is now being formed and intend to run weekly. Joe Lewis is making matches for a charity show to be held at the Public Hall. In the main event Freddie Steele will defend his title against Carmen Barth.

Ray Sharkey made it two straight over Lloyd Pine of Akron in the feature bout of Dick Deutsch's first show at the Arena before 2500 paid customers. Sharkey carried too many guns for the veteran Pine.

In the semi-final George Baratko scored a T.K.O. over Billy Burke in the seventh round. Burke made a nice showing with the experienced Baratko. A cut over Burke's right eye halted the bout.

Midge Mangine stole the show to win his fifth straight pro bout. He defeated Joey Toarmina of Akron in the best bout of the evening.

Ed Shelby stopped Long Jack Pallet in two, and Jimmy White stopped Joey Boldin in three.

Tiger "Wahoo" Brown, the inimitable, easily defeated Geo. Bolin in the feature bout at Sandusky before a packed house.

Lou Jallos was back in town for a week before starting on a tour to South Africa. Lou is now under the management of Jim Londos.

Pete Leone defeated Lloyd Pine at Akron. Ray Sharkey drew with Pete Leone a week before. King Levinsky made his appearance in both Cleveland and Akron where he scored kayoes.

Henry Palmeri is back in the gym again. George Pace is still going great guns up around Toronto, Canada. Ted Keating is also winning consistently.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Frankie Sims was stopped by Phil Brubaker in one in San Francisco . . . . The Golden Gloves is packing them in as usual . . . . The favorites are: Paul Almy, Johnny O'Hare, Johnny Giachetti, Tommy Taylor, Johnny Joca, Pat Murphy, Marty Francis, Billy Koerlin and Willie Muldune . . . . Papke is doing well with his amateur team around New York State . . . . Muldune stopped Bert Courage in three up in Rochester.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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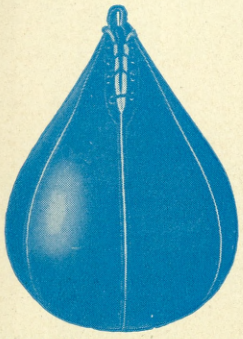

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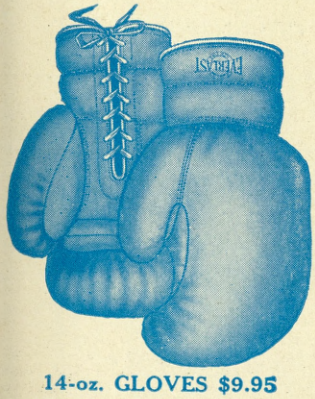

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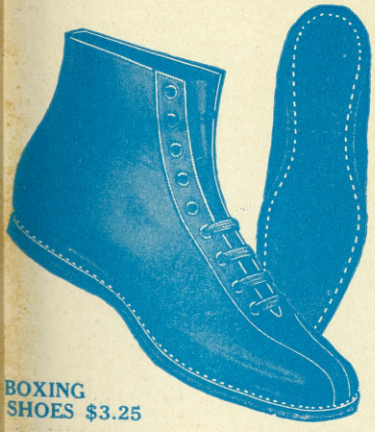

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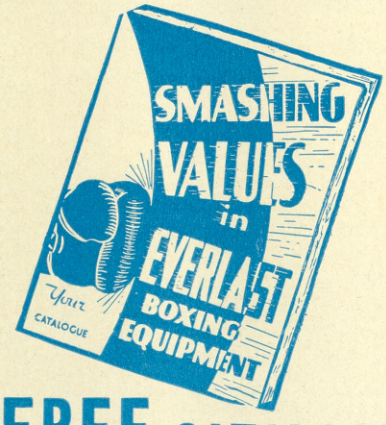

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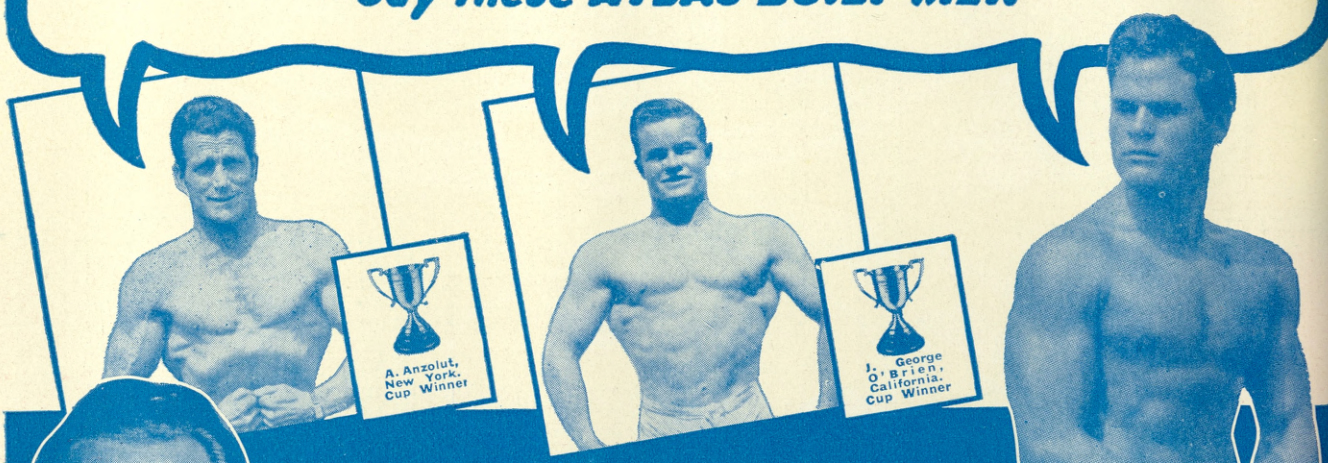

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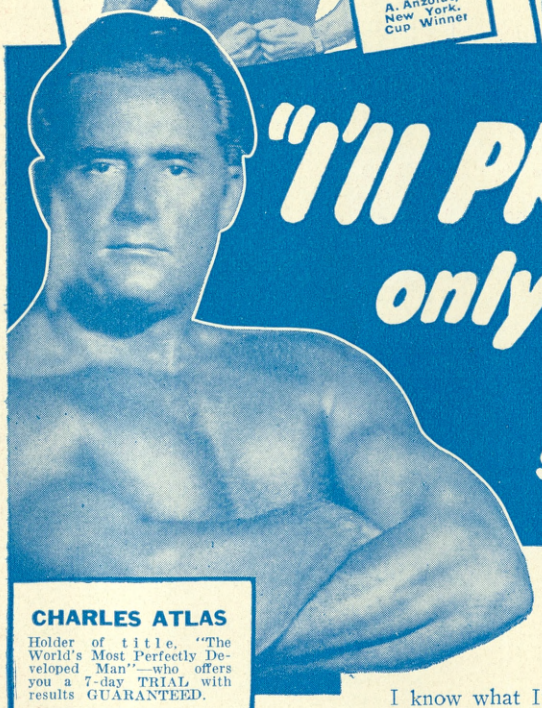

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